This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

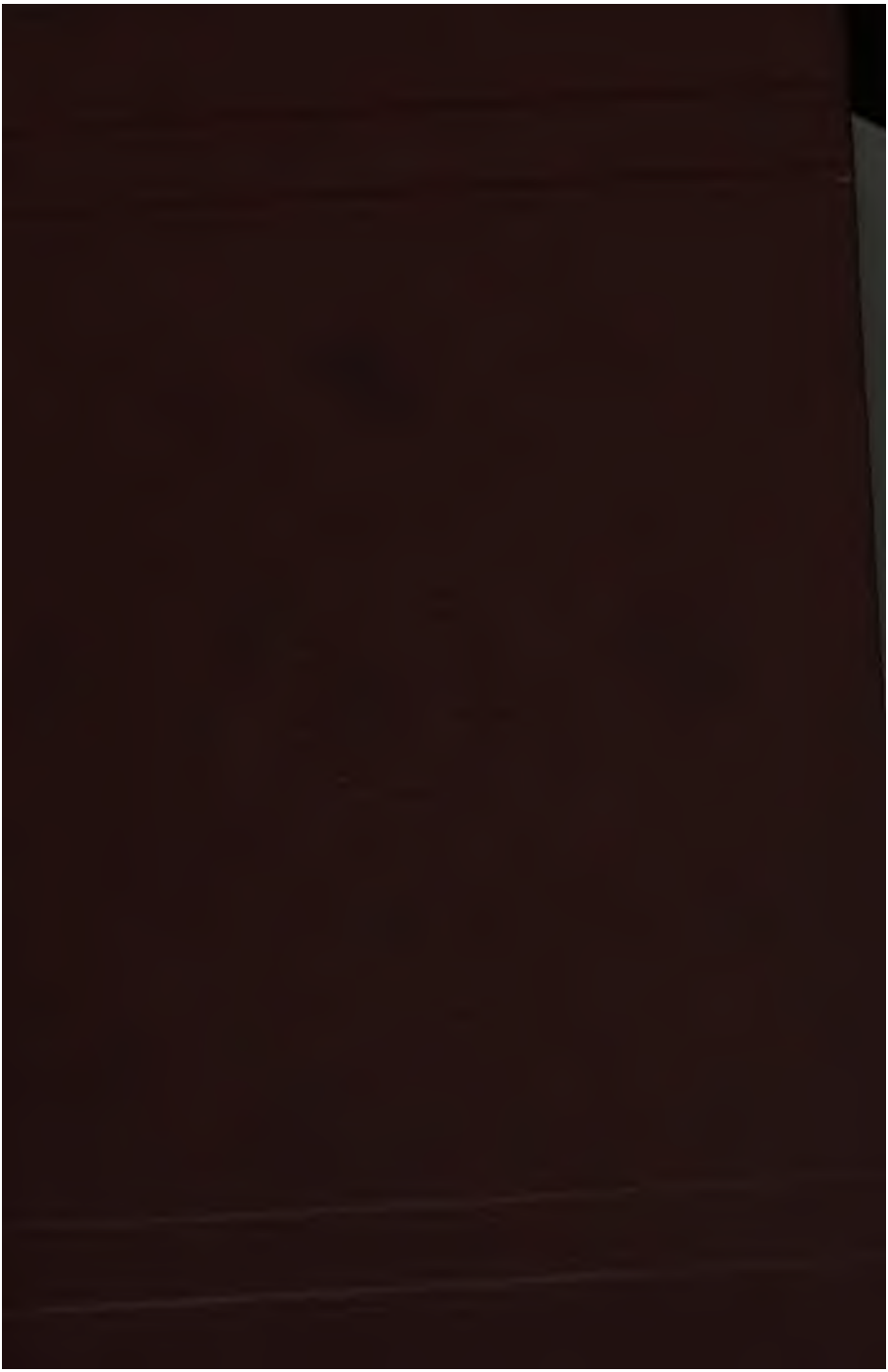
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



C
Pumphrey

Andover Theological Seminary

ANDOVER-HARVARD THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY

MDCCCCX

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

mphrey

Andover Theological Seminary

ANDOVER-HARVARD THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY

MDCCCCX

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Marble

MEMORIES

OF

STANLEY PUMPHREY

BY

HENRY STANLEY NEWMAN

OF ENGLAND

NEW YORK
FRIENDS' BOOK AND TRACT COMMITTEE
714 WATER STREET
1883

ANDOVER-HARVARD
THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
A71.700

COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY
DAVID S. TABER.

TROW'S
PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY,
201–213 *East Twelfth Street*,
NEW YORK.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

BOYHOOD, ... 1

CHAPTER II.

APPRENTICESHIP, ... 14

CHAPTER III.

LIFE IN DUBLIN, ... 35

CHAPTER IV.

CIRENCESTER, ... 47

CHAPTER V.

CIRENCESTER—Continued, ... 63

CHAPTER VI.

IRELAND, ... 73

CHAPTER VII.

WORCESTER, ... 91

CHAPTER VIII.

BALTIMORE, ... 111

CHAPTER IX.

NORTH CAROLINA, ... 122

CHAPTER X.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF PEACE PRINCIPLES, ... 134

CHAPTER XI.

TENNESSEE, ... 156

CHAPTER XII.

PAGE

HAMPTON, ... 165

CHAPTER XIII.

PHILADELPHIA, ... 169

CHAPTER XIV.

NEW YORK, ... 175

CHAPTER XV.

NEW ENGLAND, ... 183

CHAPTER XVI.

KANSAS, ... 199

CHAPTER XVII.

INDIAN TERRITORY, ... 208

CHAPTER XVIII.

IOWA, ... 231

CHAPTER XIX.

INDIANA, ... 242

CHAPTER XX.

WESTERN, ... 251

CHAPTER XXI.

OHIO, ... 255

CHAPTER XXII.

WORK AMONG THE COLOURED PEOPLE, ... 262

CHAPTER XXIII.

CANADA, ... 277

CHAPTER XXIV.

RETURNING HOME, ... 284

CHAPTER XXV.

AT REST, ... 289

MEMORIES OF

STANLEY PUMPHREY.

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD.

In the heart of the City of Worcester, in the Cross, stands St. Nicholas Church, and there in 1837 stood the parsonage, which was for years the home of the late Frances Ridley Havergal, at that time a blithe active girl intent on doing good. Exactly opposite formerly stood a chandler's shop, and there on the 15th July, Stanley Pumphrey was born of sober godly parents. The lad was named after his father, the first boy of the family, having two older sisters. His mother's name was Mary, the eldest daughter of Samuel Westcombe, and as one child after another arrived, scrupulous frugality was needed, and the mother might seem to be careful and troubled about many things; albeit there was a strong reserve force of devout Christianity, and much of her own bright character became developed in her children.

On the birth of Stanley, his young sister was sent up to St. John's with the good news, informing her aunts in her own way, "Polly has got a little *bother!*"

His nurse had a summary mode of putting the child to sleep by closing his eyes and keeping them shut with her own fingers. One day he rebelled against the procedure, declaring he did not want to go to sleep. "Then I shall put your head out of the window," said the nurse. This threat had not, however, the desired effect, and the nurse seized her young charge and thrust his head through the window, astonishing the foot passengers in the street below with the fall of the broken glass.

The boy was early taught the love of Jesus, and the child's heart turned lovingly towards the Saviour. When a very tiny lad on his mother's knee looking at pictures, he said, "What is this picture, mamma?" pointing to the Lord Jesus Christ. She told him of the love of Jesus for little children, and he whispered reverently, with the bright happy look beaming on his face, in the same loving way with which he repeated Ann Taylor's favourite lines, "*My* Mother," emphasizing the words, "Jesus, *my* Saviour."

When about four years old he was very fond of playing at Scripture characters, describing some character and getting the others to guess who it was.

"Grandpapa, I have got some one for thee to guess," he would say to his grandfather.

"Then tell me something about him," the old man replied, for he delighted in his little grandchild.

"Well then, thou wilt find him in the Bible."

"In the New Testament or the Old?"

"In the New."

"Was he a good man?"

"I don't know," answered the child.

"Not know whether he was a good man or a bad one?"

"No, grandpapa, some things make me think he was good, and some things make me think he wasn't good."

"Then tell me something more about him."

"He tried to do a miracle and couldn't," again replied the boy.

The grandfather looked puzzled, and Stanley went on—

"Didn't Peter try to walk on the sea, and fell in?" —and so the mixed character of the Apostle perplexed the lad early in life.

Stanley had such high spirits and was so wilful that his mother often felt anxious. Yet he was a thoughtful obedient boy, and the bias given to his mind in childhood helped to qualify him for the precise work in the Church he was afterwards to fulfil. His mother's narrative of Robert Moffat in South Africa, and other stories, planted within him the germs of that keen interest in foreign missions which made him afterwards such an energetic member of the Friends' Foreign Mission committee, and an efficient helper of the Moravian Missionary Society.

He early learnt that the spirit of Jesus is the spirit of love, and that His followers should not fight their enemies, but do them good. He one day picked up

a tea-paper on which there was a representation of a battle with the Chinese. He asked what it meant, and was told that it was the English fighting the Chinese. He was much surprised, and asked if it happened lately, saying that he had heard of the Chinese War but thought that it was a *long* time ago. He was quite shocked when he found it had just occurred, and he ran off to his little sister Helen, exclaiming in horror, "Helen, dear! the English have been fighting the Chinese, the *English who have Bibles* and ought to know better! Yes, there has been a war in our time, when Helen was three years old and I was hardly five."

"The Bible has always been very dear to me," he said, afterwards. "I well remember the joy it gave me when I first had a Bible of my own, the gift of my precious mother when I was six years old. But long before that it had been my delight to read it, and even then my mind sought to understand its mysteries. 'Mamma,' I said, when one morning before I was dressed I had been reading the account of the Plagues of Egypt, 'how was it that God hardened Pharaoh's heart?' It seemed strange to me that the good Lord should thus *appear* to be the author of evil. Before she had time to reply, my own explanation was ready, and I felt satisfied that it was only just that the very wicked should be thus dealt with. The Book which was the joy of my childhood became not less the joy of my youth, and no time was to me more precious than the half-hour which I devoted every morning to its contents and to prayer."

To his mother he also owed that enthusiastic love

of the beautiful in nature and in art which made him ready both in boyhood and manhood to take a rough scramble after a rare flower, or a long walk early in the morning to secure some longed-for view across the landscape at sunrise, or late at night along the Severn in the moonlight. From these country rambles he would return home with his jacket buttoned round a bunch of wild flowers too big for his hands to hold, or kneeling beside some spring flower that he might admire it the more intently, he would exclaim, "It is too beautiful to pick!"

At other times he would wake his eldest sister Lucy early in the morning, and they would be off to Berwick's brook before breakfast, hunting for fresh-water shells.

Life in the city was by no means congenial to the lad's natural tastes, but he was found busy at work with his sisters sowing grass between the interstices of the flags in the little courtyard where they played at the back of the house, in order that they might have something green to look at, thus acquiring the faculty of adapting himself to his environment, and endeavouring to mould his environment to his own taste.

"How uncommonly good that boy is to his little sister, it is beautiful to see how they love one another," was the remark of Mary Tanner as she saw Stanley at play.

"I can remember," says his youngest sister, "how when a schoolboy he condescended to play at dolls with us, and the style in which he did it. One of my dolls had incurred my serious displeasure, and

we determined to kill it. So first of all she was Anne Askew, and we tied her to a stake and proceeded to burn her at the kitchen fire, but the fire was low and the process slow, and we changed our minds and pulled her out and drowned her, and then brought her to life again as Lady Jane Grey, and cut off her head. Playing with dolls became something exciting under such dramatizing as this.

"Stanley was a grand story teller. Perched on boxes, or sitting in the summer-house, or on all manner of stiles, rails, and fences, Helen and I used to get splendid stories from him, sometimes historical of King Alfred or the martyrs, sometimes good Quaker ones of William Penn, of the little boy who got into disgrace by saying 'thou' to some big man who was indignant because the boy did not say 'you,' sometimes tales such as Stories for Summer Days and Winter Nights, sometimes magnificent yarns spun from his own fancy. On asking him to tell me a story over again another day, he would reply, 'Oh dear, I cannot, I made it up as I went along, and don't remember a word of it now.'

"Our next-door neighbour was a bookseller, and Stanley was a favourite there as elsewhere, so much so that he used to slip in every morning, and his halfpence were spent in pictures and farthing books. But it was not only little story books that he laid hands upon. He was not six years old when he was found one day reading *Barclay's Apology*. 'I think I shall find these *prepositions* very interesting,' he said, but he presently found they were too much for him.

"He had a wonderful love for William Penn, and astonished us very much one day by producing a little box he had obtained, made out of the tree under which Penn signed his treaty with the Indians, exclaiming in boyish glee, 'I value that more than anything else I have except my Bible.'"

About this time he was visiting at Hook Norton, and a farmer coming in began to talk to cousin Edwin Pumphrey about the weather and how bad it was for the crops. When Stanley went to bed that night, he prayed that God would send the right weather for the country, adding "I ask Thee this, Heavenly Father, because I know Thou hears me."

But he was not always grave, sometimes he was full of mischief. Being poorly one day, he was doctored with camomile tea, which he did not relish, and called out to his sister,

"Here, Helen, come and drink it for me."

"That won't do *thee* the good," she replied.

"Why, Caroline would do it for me in a minute," he answered.

"No, she won't," said Helen.

"Caroline, dear," he called out in persuasive tones, "I have got such a lot of nasty stuff to drink, come and help me like a nice little sister, now do?"

Caroline did it, of course, and felt well repaid by the triumphant rejoinder, "There! I knew she would."

At play one day his cousin Mary Caroline said, "I'll give anybody sixpence who'll walk along the under side of that plank."

"All right," shouted Stanley at once, as he turned the plank over and ran along, exclaiming, "Done!"

When on a visit at Ackworth the same summer, Stanley was one day lost. High and low, indoors and out, he was hunted for in vain. At last he was found in one of the deserted bedrooms reading his Bible, and entirely forgetful how time had been passing; and the lad was quite troubled when he found the anxiety he had caused.

He early betrayed a great fancy for giving lectures with diverse illustrations. One of his earliest efforts of this kind was an ambitious attempt at astronomy. Sun, moon, Saturn's ring, and the constellations were cut out of paper, and shown to a delighted but very select audience, in a darkened counting house; a clothes-horse serving as screen, and a lighted candle behind producing wonderful effects. Political lectures followed very early, and at the parliamentary election the little lad drew down the front blinds of the house because his candidate did not get in.

He lost his mother when he was eight years old. This made a deep impression on him, and though it is difficult to point accurately to the time of his conversion, he thenceforward was more decidedly a Christian boy, and became increasingly susceptible to the influences of the Holy Spirit.

About the same time, he was placed at a boarding school at Charlbury, and was known as a thoughtful, conscientious boy, singularly guarded in his conduct. His uncle John M. Albright resided at Charlbury, and his sisters were frequent visitors there. Splendid

rambles in the woods and through the forest, were the delight of those early days. Of course everything in the way of natural history interested the children, such as hunting in quarries for the fossils of the oolite, and expeditions to Stonesfield, where coppers were eagerly exchanged with old quarrymen for sharks' teeth and fossil shells. Once when the party were caught in a heavy shower of rain, Stanley and his sisters found refuge in the overhanging quarry, and there beguiled the time with never-failing stories and poetry.

"Hail to the chief who in triumph advances,"

was Stanley's selection for the occasion, the ringing chorus echoing through the quarry, no one enjoying it more than himself.

"Say it again," exclaimed his little sister.

"What's the good?" he answered, "thou cannot understand a word of it."

"Oh never mind that," replied the child, "it sounds splendid."

He would often act the teacher, and was fond of giving lessons. Were there ever more charming children's lessons than his? Was it history? He must have the map to see how King Charles rode from Worcester, viâ Leominster to Boscobel. Was it geography? It was not to be expected that a child could remember a hard list of names, but Worms, Spires, and the Wartburg became living places when the story of Luther was woven in with them.

He had early joined the Juvenile Temperance Society, and one of his earliest efforts at lecturing

was in advocacy of its claims. He gave a Temperance Lecture at Charlbury school, which was so convincing to his playmates that, with one exception, they all signed the temperance pledge.

He greatly reverenced the men who had laboured for the abolition of slavery, and felt it quite an honour to shake hands with Joseph Sturge, who was attending a meeting against capital punishment.

It was but little pocket money the lad was allowed in those days, and when he had once at school been betrayed into spending it in pear-drops and acid-drops, he wrote home humbly to his father, hoping that he should never be so foolish again as to spend it on "such trash."

At the age of twelve, he was sent to Ackworth School, where his uncle Thomas Pumphrey was then superintendent. He was afterwards a pupil at 20, Bootham, York, under the care of John Ford. On his arrival at York, Fielden Thorp examined the new boys in reading, to judge where to place them in class. One boy read hesitatingly, another stumblingly, but young Stanley "electrified" his teacher by the oratorical power he threw into his reading; "he read it as it ought to be read, read it well, and knew he did."

He here became passionately fond of poetry, and developed those qualities which in after life made him the vigorous botanist and the helpful art critic. He set his face against wrong-doing, and energetically exerted himself to put a stop to bad language in the school. The ministry of James Backhouse at York was much blessed to him. James Backhouse

had returned from his long missionary labours in South Africa, Australia, and Van Dieman's Land, and Stanley reverenced him greatly. When the veteran had been laid aside with a dangerous illness, the schoolboy prayed that his life might be spared for another fifteen years; and fifteen years afterwards Stanley Pumphrey was able to publicly acknowledge how fully and exactly the Lord had answered that prayer.

In the First Month of 1852 Stanley was placed in the first class in French, and in Till Adam Smith's German Class. At this time he was diligently reading the *Life of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton.* He was anxious to learn Greek, but his father put a veto on it for a time. The same month the boys attended a lecture by Elihu Burritt on Ocean Penny Postage.

Stanley was also at work on botany, and in the Second Month records with satisfaction that he had two hundred and nine specimens, and that Samuel Capper and Katharine Backhouse paid a religious visit to the school. On the 16th occurs the following entry in his journal, "The committee for visiting schools was here this evening. After John Ford had read the 28th Psalm, Josiah Forster addressed us. He was followed by John Allen, and then John Pease offered one of the most beautiful prayers I ever heard. It was a delightful and I hope a profitable occasion."

Under date Fourth Month, 24th, he records another school incident, "Soon after ten started on a walk to Acomb. Joseph Rowntree took a leap, and broke

the two bones of his leg. The leap was twenty-one feet long, and eight feet descent!"

The next month he enters another visit to "Joe's leap."

On Fourth Month, 25th, he writes, "Woke at seven minutes past six A.M., and read the *Life of Zwingle*, and part of the *Life of Calvin.*"

"Fifth month, 31st.—I wrote a letter to Willie, attempting to comfort him on the death of his brother. I felt a little of the love of God in my heart. I received an answer from him full of faith about the loss of his brother. In the evening, John Ford gave us an account of the London Yearly Meeting, and concluded with a solemn exhortation on the duty of prayer. In bed the Almighty was pleased to fill my heart with His love, and I prayed earnestly for myself and my beloved schoolfellow Willie."

"Sixth Month, 1st.—Woke early, and offered up my heart to my Maker in thanksgiving and prayer. May he keep me near Him, and enable me not to slip from the path He has opened for me. *His love surrounded me through the day.* 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name.'"

"Sixth Month, 3rd.—After breakfast the Parable of the Sower was read to us. I felt a fear that I might be like the seed cast on stony ground, which is compared to those who at first received the word with joy, but when trials and temptations come, they quickly wither away. Oh Heavenly Father, be pleased to make me like the seed sown in good ground, and enable me to bring forth fruit to Thy glory."

The next day he says, "In the evening I got into a passion about a little trifle; but I believe the sun did not go down upon my wrath, and I trust I found forgiveness for my sin."

On the following Sabbath he woke early, and prayed especially that he might have "good meetings." "In the morning meeting I was enabled to turn my thoughts heavenward most of the time, but I found it very difficult to keep my thoughts from straying. James Backhouse gave us an excellent sermon on the necessity of approaching God in the name of Jesus. After dinner I walked about with Willie in pursuance of our intention to talk together on religious subjects. My heart was full and I could hardly speak, but at last I told him that the Lord had been very good to me in the week. Willie also said that the Lord had been very good to him."

"Sixth Month, 8th.—In the evening I knelt down and offered up a prayer to God which I trust was accepted."

"Sixth Month, 12th.—I received twelve shillings in prizes to-day and fear I am rather elated about it. O Heavenly Father, be pleased to help me for Jesus' sake!"

"Sixth Month, 13th.—I walked with Willie after dinner, and after a long silence I confessed to him that I had advanced but little, if I had not indeed gone back in my heavenward journey. He afterwards spoke, and then I offered up a short verbal prayer for us both. O Gracious God, be pleased to preserve me in the right path, and enable me to love Thee more and serve Thee better than I have done!"

CHAPTER II.

APPRENTICESHIP.

At the age of sixteen Stanley Pumphrey was apprenticed to William Sparkes, ironmonger, High Street, Worcester, and won esteem by thorough attention to his master's business. He was very conscientious. There were many unseen tumults tossing within his soul, but the good was conquering the evil.

The verger of Worcester Cathedral one day politely requested him to take off his hat on entering its "holy" precincts, and was rather astonished to receive in reply a pretty free dissertation against the superstitious consecration of churches, and the supposed holiness of piles of masonry.

The evenings were often spent at home with his father and sisters, and thus was avoided the isolation from home that falls to the lot of many apprentices. "The most pure and gentle life" of his beloved sister Helen was one of the powerful influences for good that moulded his character. The Sabbath evenings were mostly spent in reading with her; but often the book would be dropped, while the two young sisters he delighted to teach, listened with eager interest to his narratives of things he had seen and heard, and the earnest thoughts which made

them think, even as children, "Our boy will certainly become a preacher."

But there was another "pure and gentle life" that was now moulding his career, and filling him with a holy enthusiasm for right doing. The young man's romantic account of his first attachment may stand in his own words.

"Just after I left school I first met with Ellen Horsnaill, the sister of two amiable companions of mine at Charlbury School, herself then a scholar at my aunt Lucy Westcombe's. It was an evening party, and I at once remarked her as the loveliest of the group, her features beautifully formed, her complexion perfect, her golden hair falling in curls over her shoulders. It is not only I who pronounce her beautiful, or my testimony might be suspected, for as Dante of Beatrice (a name under which I have often been accustomed fondly to think of her) I should say that she was far lovelier than any other I have met. I sat down beside her, and talked of her brothers whom I had loved, and as she spoke her features beamed more radiantly, and her smile seemed something too beautiful for earth. When I lighted the company in the passage as they parted, she was the only one who extended her hand to me, and then I felt that I had indeed loved her. The Sabbath, too, seemed more blessed, because I then always saw her. As I sat in meeting my eye would continually turn towards her, and my worship was often interrupted to bestow upon her the blessing of my soul. In my most serious moments I trembled, as I thought she usurped too large a place in my

affections, and I asked myself whether I did not really love her more than God.

"Thus time passed over, and I was unconscious whether my love was returned or no, when one morning in meeting, after I had been more than usually earnest in prayer for her, I looked towards her and found her eye steadily fixed on me. Mine I withdrew, but instinctively looked again, and still that sweet, mild glance was turned towards mine. That glance was long the best assurance I had of her answering affection, and he who is not a lover cannot know the comfort it was to me. At last the time drew near that she should finally leave Worcester, and I well remember the emotion I felt in that evening meeting, the last in which I could expect, for a long season, to behold her face. Our evening meetings generally were silent, but twice in the solemn worship of that summer's eve the warning was uttered by the preacher to keep from idolatry. I felt that the rebuke was due.

"The next time I met her was during my summer vacation in 1856, when I was welcomed to her father's house as her brother Cleverley's visitor, though I need not say there was one whom I was much more solicitous to see. I spent four or five very happy days with them, and the beautiful scenery which I saw in her company round Rochester is still vividly before my mind. Independently of the special charm that household has for me, it is a delightful one to visit. Seldom have I felt so strikingly the governing principle of love, seldom have I been more impressed than I was in William Hors-

naill with the beauty of the Christian character, for I know no one in whom Christianity more delightfully pervades the every act of life.

"The three meetings I attended there, were memorable ones, though there was not a word of vocal ministry. In the first I felt as I had never felt before what it is to have fellowship with the Father. In the second I was shown that it was still possible that I might fall away, and the awful consequences were set before me of so doing after having tasted the good Word of Grace. The third was a time of conflict, for I was much discouraged at not having received some surer evidence of my Ellen's love, but the cloud was at last dispelled, and if ever God made a promise to me, He promised then that my beloved one should be mine. This has often been an unspeakable comfort to me, for more than ever I can now regard her as a gift of His.

"I met her next at Worcester, where she came on a visit in the Spring. It filled me with joy to meet her again, and those whom I met wondered why I looked so happy. I passed several delightful intervals in her society, and received from her some few assuring words. Her presence urged me to complete some verses of poetry which I had long had in hand, for I was anxious that she should be among the first to hear them. When I produced the manuscript, I did not say whose it was, but my sisters suspected it was mine. After I had recited it, they changed their minds, but in her quiet look of pleasure, and I thought of pride, I read a different verdict, and judged, that as was fitting, my beloved

one had thought most worthily of me. I am assured that her heart is true to me as mine to her, and that God is preparing us to enjoy together the voyage of life. I do not love her so passionately as I once did, because, blessed be God, my heart is more firmly centred where it ought to be, so that I could answer unhesitatingly the question that troubled me in days gone by, and feel that through His grace I could give her up if she stood in the way of my service unto Him. But I believe that in great kindness He has ordered differently, and that she shall be my own, and it is my frequent prayer that we may be prepared one for another, to serve the Lord together all the days of our life, our strongest bond of union being our mutual love for God and our Saviour. I would further acknowledge that I believe her influence over me in youth was extremely valuable. I could not at the same time delight in sinful and unworthy things and love her whom I pictured to myself as the very ideal of all that in woman is pure and lovely."

In the foregoing, Stanley Pumphrey alludes to his efforts at poetical composition. There is a time in most men's lives when they incline to be poets, before the sternly practical battle of life sets in upon them with absorbing force, and as the days of poetry with Stanley were the days of early manhood, it may be well here to insert one of his poetic efforts. When his whole life became a poem to the praise of God, it was by firm allegiance to the will of His Master that he realised the higher harmonies of heaven.

If to thee there has ought been given
  Of knowledge, or wisdom, trnth, or love,—
And if for thee the founts of heaven
  Have been opened from above ;
Not for thyself is the gift imparted ;
Thy love is given for the weary-hearted,
Thy knowledge that others may also know,
Thy wisdom to guide them as they go,
  Thy truth to make them free.

Give thou then with unsparing hand
  The wealth of thy mind or soul,
Sow thy seed broad-cast o'er the land,
  Let thy bounty know no control.
The truth that thou givest shall still be thine,
Thou as a star on high shalt shine,
The joy is thine of enforcing right,
Some soul through thy words may receive the light,
  And reflect it back to thee.

Of light and heat does the generous sun
  Pour forth its unchecked supply ;
Freely the rivers onward run,
  Nor fear lest their fount be dry.
Nature doth freely her bounty bestow,
Her treasures she yields in perennial flow ;
And God for ever upon thy head
Showers blessings and gifts unlimited,
  And He bids thee resemble Him.

He was reading early and late in his leisure time, and gathered round him a choice selection of the best authors. He was careful what he read ; and one of his books of poetry had the doubtful passages carefully cut out and other objectionable stanzas pasted over, so that his sisters might be able to enjoy the book with him without offending their

modesty. Sometimes he undertook a special course of study to prepare lectures for drawing-room audiences on Dante, Pascal, Chrysostom, and other congenial subjects. He also devoted much care to the preparation of an Essay on *The Causes of the Numerical Decline in the Society of Friends.* Much to his disappointment his essay did not win the prize of one hundred guineas, but the effort undoubtedly was a boon to him and called forth an amount of definite thought respecting the welfare of the Society of Friends which became fruitful for good.

In reviewing this essay and observing the reflection it gives of the state of Friends when written, it is cheering to note that however many faults may still cling to the Society, it is not now bemoaning causes of decline, but year by year reporting an increased membership, and engaged in many districts in active and successful aggressive work. The line of thought Stanley Pumphrey takes may be epitomized by the headings of the chapters, with a few extracts representing his style as an author. Commencing with a discourse on "Disownments" for marriage, he proceeds to the disadvantages of "Celibacy," and the dangers of "Schism." Then follow chapters on the "Peculiarities" of dress and address at that time in vogue among Friends, the "Spirit of the world," the "Want of religious oversight and intercourse," the "Spirit of exclusiveness," concluding by a chapter on the "Absence of the proselyting spirit."

The "Introduction" runs after this fashion. "A little colony upon a newly-peopled shore parted

from their fellows and went farther ahead into the forest until they reached a broad well-watered valley where the strength of the vegetation betokened a fertile soil. Here they settled. They cleared the woods and drained the marshes. They planted, they builded. The gifts of nature were poured upon them richly from the horn of increase, and when the vintage and the harvest were gathered in, they found that they had enough and to spare. Then they sent to their former companions, telling them the advantages of the spot and asking them to come and share in their abundance. With more labourers the valley became more productive and more beautiful, and they prospered exceedingly. But in the course of time selfishness crept in, whispering 'Why ask more strangers?—Keep the land yourselves, there is none too much for you and your children.' So the invitations became fewer and more cold. Quarrels, moreover, the invariable attendants of selfishness, broke out amongst them. Some were driven away, and the remainder, like Abraham and Lot, parted, one division going to the right-hand and the other to the left. Division is weakness. A curse seemed now to rest upon the settlers. They became listless and indolent, and it was in vain for them that the land was as the garden of the Lord. The forest regained dominion, and the dank jungle again obscured the sparkling stream. Corresponding causes produce analogous results in Christian churches."

Respecting celibacy Stanley Pumphrey observes, "Marriage is the condition naturally designed for

man. It is the ordinance of God, and like every thing else that He has ordained, is fraught with good. To provide for us one faithful friend, who sharing the joys and sorrows of life should enhance the one and mitigate the other, to retain for us one heart for ever true though all others turn aside, whose continual love should ever refresh us and be as the unfailing fountain in the desert, to whom we might open all our sorrows, and whose sympathy might soothe where it could not heal, with whom we might take sweet counsel concerning the things of God, and bow in union before His throne; such are the blessings a beneficent Father intended should be ours, when seeing that it was not good for man to be alone, He provided in His mercy an help meet for him. Some, dwelling upon the cares of married life rather than its joys, are anxious to escape them; others, again, consider that the expenses of married life would be more than they could bear. The first should learn that the pride which leads a young man to be ashamed of beginning life more simply than his father ends it, is a false pride that can never promote his happiness. The latter should be content to live moderately, and cultivate faith in God. God does not give children to His servants without also providing for their maintenance; even as David could testify after the experience of a lengthened life, that he had never seen the seed of the righteous begging bread. God teaches us to regard children not as objects for harassing anxiety, but as blessings from His hand. Children, he tells us, are 'his reward,' and 'happy,' responds the Psalmist, 'is the man who has his quiver

full of them.' He who imparts life can much more maintain it. He who feeds the ravens and adorns the lilies, will give thee food and clothing. Want of faith, and the desire to maintain what is generally regarded as a respectable station in society, are the probable causes of the comparative rarity of marriage."

In connection with "religious reticence" the following incident occurs, culled from his own life. "Some years ago two young men who were upon a pleasure excursion, stopped to attend one of the Quarterly Meetings of the Friends. They came from distant parts of the country, and were entire strangers to every resident in the town, but according to the usages of the Society they were welcomed with warmth and hospitality. It was one of those beautiful summer mornings when all things appear serene and lovely, and when, as far as nature can thus influence us, the heart is disposed to peace and goodwill. All whom they met seemed animated by those happy virtues, many greeted them with words of kindness, and in the solemn pause that followed the morning reading of the Bible, a minister addressed an exhortation specially to them. As they afterwards wandered forth into the garden one of them felt that that morning would not be soon forgotten, and that more earnest desires had been awakened in his soul to be found standing on the Lord's side. Yet it was not the beauty of the summer morning that had touched his heart, nor the kindness of the Friends, nor the words that the minister had addressed to them in the presence of the company, but because at part-

ing an aged pilgrim had warmly pressed the hands of himself and his companion, and expressed with a fervour that evidenced the depth of her emotion, the hope that they would be 'faithful followers of a Crucified Lord.' The tear started to the eye, utterance was choked as he attempted to reply, but from that time to this the hope of that venerable Christian has been the earnest and unremitting longing of that young man's soul."

Again, respecting the contrast between the work of faith and the life of self-trust, he writes, "Wearied with the indolence of the cloister, a company of monks went forth to convert the heathen. They were vigorous men who seemed capable of enduring any inclemency, and skilful, for they had never been worsted in controversy. They were also numerous, and they deemed that their numbers gave them strength. The language was quickly mastered, and they preached eloquently the truths they had travelled to impart. Yet few received their doctrine, many persecuted them, and often the missionaries suffered hunger, nakedness, and cold. Disease broke out among them, and one by one the members of the company were carried to the grave. Two only were left, and one of them was at the point of death. As his companion anxiously watched beside him, a gleam passed over the sufferer's countenance, and the mourner bent to receive his parting words. 'My brother,' said the dying man, 'we have trusted in ourselves, but although you are left alone, God loves you, and He will bless you.'

"From the grave of his departed friend the sur-

vivor turned into the woods to meditate upon his words. His emotions could find no utterance but in prayer. He knelt down and poured forth the anguish of his soul to God. Earnestly he wrestled in spirit, and implored the divine aid and blessing, when it seemed as if some one touched him, bidding him rise, and telling him he had come to help him. The two went forth together to the heathen camps, and wherever the mysterious stranger appeared the people flocked around him, wept as they heard his beautiful words, believed, and were converted.

"In the morning he had disappeared, and the missionary remembered how in his vision a light had seemed to surround him, and a voice had said, 'Even as I have been with thee now, so in spirit am I with thee always; trust only in Me.'"

"Look not to man in the work," said George Fox, "nor to man who opposeth the work, but rest in the will of the Lord."

One more extract must suffice, affording a picture of the state of the Society of Friends in *some* districts at the time it was written.

"Crossing the bleak and uncultivated Radnor Forest, about ten miles east of the picturesque falls of the Wye at Rhayader, the traveller may see high up on the mountain a lone Meeting House of the Society of Friends. Within the memory of many there was here a flourishing congregation. Now the meeting can hardly be said to exist. One infirm, lame old man, disowned by the Society on account of marrying a non-member, still crosses the hills at the hour of worship to sit there alone with God. Where, we

naturally enquire, are the descendants of those simple mountaineers who here worshipped in spirit and in truth, and realised the privilege of the child of God being taught of the Father?"

Thank God we can now give an answer to this question. The Spirit of God has been poured forth afresh on the people in those Radnorshire valleys. Many of them have been converted through the ministry of Friends, and the little congregation, that when Stanley Pumphrey penned these lines was flickering and ready to die, has now forty members, besides many attenders, and many of these members are taking an active part in the service of the church.

Stanley Pumphrey would gladly, at this time, have devoted himself to literature rather than trade. In the earlier part of his apprenticeship he was too much inclined to consider the common duties of business life as drudgery. His father's high-toned example, shrewd counsel and common sense, helped, however, to maintain the balance for his somewhat ambitious son, and Stanley readily accepted the judicious advice given him to remain awhile in business, and undoubtedly reaped benefit from the practical training and acquaintance with life which he thus received.

An old Wesleyan minister, then living in Worcester, greatly helped the ironmonger's apprentice with wise counsel. Able to sympathise with the spiritual yearnings of the young man, Stanley found the pastoral care of the old man very valuable. To him the young man opened his heart, and while the Wesleyan

made no attempt to proselyte, he rendered service never to be forgotten.

Not only was Stanley Pumphrey turning his attention to literature, enriching himself with Milton's Prose Works, and other standard authors, but there was welling up in his heart a "call," more and more distinct, to become a minister of the Everlasting Gospel. As a member of the Society of Friends, he had been trained from childhood to attend their meetings, in which there is no humanly appointed minister or pastor, but where there is the "liberty of prophesying," for all who are moved thereto by the Spirit of God.

Before Stanley ever opened his mouth in the ministry he earnestly prayed that God would bestow the gift upon him, and there were many thoughts towards it stirring deeply within him, to which he thus gives expression:—

"We need faithful and earnest labourers who shall not fear discouragement, but shall go forth to the conflict in that trust which animated Jonathan when, single-handed, he withstood the host of the Philistines in the assured conviction that with his God there was no restraint to save by many or by few. In this field I believe that, unworthy as I am, I shall be called to labour. By the mouth of one of his servants the Lord has promised that He will bless me, that He will make me a blessing unto others, and will enable me to confess His name. Even now already I have felt the call, but I have shrunk back in fear. If talents have been bestowed upon me, time and opportunity will be added for their exercise,

and if called to labour, my prayers ascend to that 'Holy Spirit who is able to enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends forth his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and sanctify the lips of whom he pleases.'" *

Feeling thus in the First Month of 1857, we find him writing again in the last month of the same year on the same subject :—

"Last First Day I felt the call to speak as a minister in one of our meetings for worship. Among many highly-favoured meetings, that was perhaps the most blessed I have known. Early in its course I seemed to receive an assurance I might not doubt that an earnest prayer I raised just as the year came in, that if it pleased the Lord I might ere its close be called to the ministry, should be answered. Then a season of prayer followed during which, under the feeling that the Spirit was indeed helping my infirmity, I prayed for myself and others who are dear to me and for the Church of God; and afterwards I was favoured to be instructed respecting the Saviour in a manner that I think I never have known before. The errors of Unitarianism seemed to stand in nakedness before me, and the many texts of Scripture which treat of the divinity of the Lord crowded on my mind so that I could not doubt that He was indeed God over all, blessed for ever. As it was the will of the Father when the First Begotten came into the world that all the angels of God should worship Him, much more was that adoration due from us,

* Milton's Prose Works.

and much more ought we to bow the knee at the name of Jesus, and confess Him Lord to the glory of God the Father. I cannot describe the rapturous joy I felt. Emotions such as the Holy Spirit raises beggar all description, and in order that *any idea* may be formed of them I am certain they must be known. My whole soul was filled with the love of Christ and with confidence in Him, and I felt able to use in all their force the emphatic words of the Apostle, 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.' And again, 'I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' Then came a calm, and in the midst of that an emotion strong and powerful such as the Scripture alludes to when it says, 'The Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he prophesied,' and I felt that I might not refuse to utter the words then brought before me, 'THE LOVE OF CHRIST CONSTRAINETH US; BECAUSE WE THUS JUDGE, THAT IF ONE DIED FOR ALL, THEN WERE ALL DEAD: AND THAT HE DIED FOR ALL, THAT THEY WHICH LIVE SHOULD NOT HENCEFORTH LIVE UNTO THEMSELVES, BUT UNTO HIM WHICH DIED FOR THEM, AND ROSE AGAIN.' When I sat down, though trembling under the consciousness of increased responsibility, I felt calmness and joy, and

and if called to labour, my prayers ascend to that 'Holy Spirit who is able to enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends forth his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and sanctify the lips of whom he pleases.'" *

Feeling thus in the First Month of 1857, we find him writing again in the last month of the same year on the same subject :—

"Last First Day I felt the call to speak as a minister in one of our meetings for worship. Among many highly-favoured meetings, that was perhaps the most blessed I have known. Early in its course I seemed to receive an assurance I might not doubt that an earnest prayer I raised just as the year came in, that if it pleased the Lord I might ere its close be called to the ministry, should be answered. Then a season of prayer followed during which, under the feeling that the Spirit was indeed helping my infirmity, I prayed for myself and others who are dear to me and for the Church of God; and afterwards I was favoured to be instructed respecting the Saviour in a manner that I think I never have known before. The errors of Unitarianism seemed to stand in nakedness before me, and the many texts of Scripture which treat of the divinity of the Lord crowded on my mind so that I could not doubt that He was indeed God over all, blessed for ever. As it was the will of the Father when the First Begotten came into the world that all the angels of God should worship Him, much more was that adoration due from us,

* Milton's Prose Works.

the assurance was given me that so He gives to His *beloved* peace.

"What an infinitely high privilege it is to be the 'beloved' of God; and yet it is what He would fain have us *all* to be, what we ought all of us to aspire to, yes, even to be like Daniel '*greatly* beloved' of Him.

"I have felt it to be cause for very great thankfulness that my first words should be a testimony to Jesus Christ, whose servant I desire to be, and fervently would I pray that I might not live to myself, but to Him who died for me, proclaiming the glad tidings of His Gospel, leading wanderers back again to His fold of peace, testifying fully and unflinchingly concerning His everlasting truth, and all through the grace and power that He giveth, that He alone may be glorified forever. Since then, I have not felt my Saviour so near me as I could wish, and the adversary tries me with doubts and discouragements, and suggests that I cannot be sufficient for these things. But I believe this is only a passing cloud. I trust I may say that I know in whom I have believed, that my Beloved is mine and I am His, and He is able and more than willing, to keep that which I have committed unto Him."

Thus the boy-preacher tells of his call to the Gospel ministry under the constraining love of Christ. Throughout the remainder of his life the motive power in all his ministry was the echo of these first words, "The love of Christ constraineth me;" and more and more it became evident that he was living not unto himself, but unto Christ who died for him and rose again.

Stanley Pumphrey at that time longed to relinquish business, and devote himself to the office of Lecturer. It was just one of those struggles between two paths which so often come to young men, as the consciousness of mental power opens before them, and an ardent desire springs up within them to live for some good and holy purpose. As years roll on they learn that they can serve the Lord best in the humbler path of daily duties faithfully fulfilled. But inasmuch as this struggle was a very real one, it is well to see how it was met. The calmly balanced counsel of his uncle Thomas Pumphrey, superintendent of Ackworth School, went far to keep his aspiring nephew on the right track. Under date 3rd, Eighth Month, 1858, Thomas Pumphrey thus writes :—

"Thou hast been much and frequently in my thoughts since the receipt of thy letter, which could not fail to call forth feelings of lively interest and warm affection. It is to me a comfort of no ordinary kind to see my young friends, and especially those who are so dear to me as thou and thy sisters are, bending under the power rather than the weight of the cross of Christ, feeling that they are not their own, and in the sense of what they owe to their Saviour earnestly enquiring 'How can I best serve the Lord?' This, I believe, is thy present position, and I would encourage thee to cherish it, to abide under that exercise of spirit before the Lord in which we are quick to hear His voice, and are preserved in a state of readiness to obey. I would not turn thee away from the serious prayerful consider-

ation of the subject of thy future course as a lecturer, but I entreat thee to ponder it well. I am not prepared at present to give it the sanction of my judgment, but I think whatever may be the issue, thou hast wisely decided not to enter upon it yet. Time and observation will enlarge thy experience of men and things, and if thou art preserved in humility, will deepen thy knowledge of thy own heart. That lectures should be thoroughly imbued with the Christian spirit is of the highest importance, especially those on history and literature. They are become in the present day a powerful means of influencing mind. William Allen's lectures on Chemistry, Anatomy, &c., to the students at Guy's Hospital were very powerful for good, not only in neutralizing the infidelity which in the first five and twenty years of the present century was leavening the minds and characters of those young men, but also in establishing in the hearts of not a few a real love of the Gospel. But he was not itinerant, and much of his power depended on that respect for his character intellectually, morally, and religiously, which an enlarged acquaintance with him induced, and which deepened as it enlarged. I do not think it possible that apart from the influence of personal character the same ability would have produced a similar result.

"I would have thee carefully consider the effect which such an occupation would be likely to have on thy own mind, whether it would probably feed or famish the sins which most easily beset thee As a schoolboy thou occasioned us here little trouble

or anxiety, but if my observations were correct (and I found they were in accordance with those of our friends at Bootham) thy obvious besetment was a love of display. There was an evident *consciousness* of mental, and perhaps even of moral superiority, which though it was always under the control of good sense and of a well cultivated mind, so as to prevent it becoming ridiculous, often excited the smile of thy seniors, and led them to endeavour in various ways to counteract and discourage it, I have no doubt with considerable success.

"Still I can believe that it may still be one of the enemies of thy own house, and it has appeared to me that perhaps few occupations would be more calculated to cherish its growth than lecturing. That the lecturer is superior to those he is instructing, at least in the subject of his instruction, seems almost implied. Then to give effect by style and action and deportment seems allowable if not desirable. We want to impress, we are called upon to use the means we possess to produce the impression. There is nothing wrong in this in itself, but with minds constituted as some are, as I think thine to a considerable extent is, the personal danger is great; with others, William Allen for instance, it would fall almost harmless.

"Again, I say, I would not divert thy attention from what thou apprehends is spread before thee as the path of duty at some future day. I only want thee to consider its various bearings and to take a comprehensive view of it. The right exercise of the understanding in the things of God and in the

things which pertain to our spiritual course is of great moment. A sanctified and enlightened understanding is subjected, not destroyed, by the Holy Spirit, and the exercise of the one in Christian humility, is quite compatible with the unfettered guidance of the other. 'I use my knowledge and skill and experience,' said a pious medical man, 'in the treatment of my patients as though everything depended on me; I pray for the divine blessing on the means used as though everything depended upon God.' I think I would encourage a little more time at business. The man who mixes with the world learns a great deal more of the world's character, its maxims, its principles of action, its necessities, than the student or the recluse. I always look back to my business experience as of a highly valuable and practical character, and I regard it as an important element in whatever qualifications I possess for my present post. I would assiduously cultivate my mind, enlarge and systematize, or rather arrange its stores.

"Knowledge of all kinds comes in useful, when wisdom is building. The propriety of taking a course at the University is deserving of consideration, but I would say 'not yet.' Thou wilt better estimate thy own wants awhile hence than at present, because thy views will probably be more clearly defined, and thou wilt have had more opportunity of taking thy intellectual stock."

Stanley Pumphrey wisely accepted this counsel as conclusive for the time being, and continued in business.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE IN DUBLIN.

EARLY in the year 1858, having served his apprenticeship faithfully at Worcester, Stanley Pumphrey took a situation at Edmundson & Co.'s, Ironmongers, Capel Street, Dublin, where an enlarged sphere of usefulness soon opened before him. At the commencement of his career in Ireland, he says :—

"I earnestly desire that I may be enabled to do the work of an evangelist, and to make full proof of my ministry, that whatever work God has for me in Dublin may be done."

He attended the meetings for Christian fellowship and Scripture study, at Henry Bewley's, at Willow Park, and took part in them, realizing the presence and power of the Lord there. On New Year's Day, 1860, he thus summarizes his position in Dublin :—

"I received the call to the ministry two years ago, but it was not until the Dublin Yearly Meeting of 1859 that I began to speak frequently in any but a private way. That summer was a time of great enlargement and happiness."

He then refers to the practical difficulties of a Christian business man, and his conflict in business, in words which find an echo in the experience of many a young man :—

"I have much sin to deplore, and it seems of late to have gained a deeper hold upon me. I need especially to guard my temper, for I have been repeatedly provoked to anger. The temptations of business are manifold. It is difficult to maintain constantly the diligence I owe to my employers. It is difficult always to keep within the bounds of truth. It is difficult to fulfil our promises. It is difficult to avoid feeling angry when more is thrown on me than I think is fair, and when others are unwilling to discharge what I believe to be their duty. It is very difficult to maintain towards a troublesome customer love and patience, and towards a proud customer meekness. But victory is promised through Christ, and I desire not to leave this post till I have gained it, so that I may be able to bear a practical testimony to the all-sufficiency of our Redeemer."

Queries for his own conduct as a young man follow :—

"Have I kept my body in subjection, not unduly indulging it ?

"Have I kept my temper in subjection both in my intercourse with my associates and our customers ?

"Have I been diligent in business ?

"Have I earnestly sought to serve the Lord ?

"Has love been the covering of my spirit ?"

He then bows before the Lord in prayer and thus feelingly lays his desires before God :—

"Do Thou, O Heavenly Father, for Thy dear Son's sake, be pleased to look down upon me. Help me to lay aside all impure motives. May the bonds that have restrained me be loosened so that I may preach

the Gospel of Christ with more of the Spirit's power, that I may be made a blessing and glorify God. May divine wisdom direct my footsteps. May Thy love and the love of my brother man alone find place within my heart. Help me to plead for truth and righteousness. Give me something, I pray Thee, of the prophet's spirit. O Lord, I am but a child for this great work. Give me a continual sense of weakness and of need, that I may run to Thee for help. Give wisdom, O Lord, I pray Thee. Help me to speak so that man may hear and be instructed. Help me to speak with power and with love. Help me at all times to speak as becomes a disciple of the Lord Jesus. I bring my gifts to Thee, O Heavenly Father, increase them if it please Thee, or at least sanctify them, that in the exercise of them Thou only mayst be glorified."

The intense love of nature, and enjoyment of mountain scenery, found many a gratification in Stanley's Dublin life. On the Saturday half-holiday, or an occasional day for recreation, he would be off, with some young man as companion, to Wicklow. On his arrival in Dublin, Donati's magnificent comet was a prominent object in the North-Western heavens, and many an evening walk he took to admire it. Sometimes he would be off before daylight to enjoy the sunrise from a mountain height, or spend the summer's noon, with his friend John Bewley Beale, in the shelter of the quiet woods, drinking in the harmony and beauty of such spots as the Dargle, or the Devil's Glen, with the river making refreshing music at their feet. Or, on a promising

afternoon away to some hilltop, like Killiney or the Sugar Loaf, to revel in the cloud pictures and splendours of a glorious sunset. These rambles were not confined to the summer and autumn. In mid-winter, with the snow deeply covering the ground, they would visit Powers-Court Waterfall, transformed from its usual aspect into a wonderful scene of beauty, looking like imposing temples and grottoes, with combinations of frozen foam and massive pillars of ice. The picturesque valley of Glendalough was visited under similar circumstances, with its ruined churches, lakes, and surrounding mountains, the snow in the brilliant moonlight causing every rock and ruin to stand out in strong relief, such seasons often appropriately closing with vocal prayer and praise.

In the summer of 1859, Stanley spent his vacation in England, and greatly enjoyed his visit home. He attended the Friends' General Meeting at Ross, which was a time of special blessing. Early in the morning before the meetings commenced, he made his way, with a beloved companion, into one of the woods on the steep hillside, out of town, and there both knelt in prayer for themselves and for the welfare of the Church of Christ. Stanley writes :—

"That day I shall very long remember. I most surely believe the prayers there raised will be richly answered by our Father in heaven. How delightful it is to think that not one request is forgotten by God. Our meetings seemed full of the presence of the Lord, and I thought His grace was delightfully manifested in the words that were spoken. Many

of the Lord's children were there, and their hearts were full of love. No love is so refreshing as the love that flows from love to Christ."

On the same journey, Stanley again visited Rochester, concerning which he gives an equally bright record :—

"My visit there gave me very great joy. My dearest Ellen's character seems unfolding most beautifully—so thoughtful, gentle, and abounding in love. I cannot doubt that she is one of the tenderly beloved children of our heavenly Father, and I feel sure that He will make her for me all that I require. With my father's approval I mentioned to William Horsnaill my attachment for his daughter, and he set me at liberty to address her on the subject. I have since received a very nice letter from Ellen, wholly satisfactory. God has done better for me than I devised. She professes her high esteem for me, but I think she is quite right in declining, in a matter of so much importance, to come to a decided conclusion yet. She reminds me how very little intercourse we have had, and candidly unfolds to me the side of her character which I could not have seen, telling me that if I knew her as she knows herself, I should have difficulty in finding anything to esteem or love, and expressing her fear that she would be a hindrance rather than a help to me in the right way. Our sense of weakness will, I believe, draw us closer together, and in the effort to overcome our mutual failings, we shall have a very intimate bond of union. It is delightful to feel that it is of the Lord that we have thus been brought into communion with each

other. The future, as I have told her, is hidden from me.

> "Leave the future—let it rest
> Simply on Thy Saviour's will;
> Leave the future—they are best
> Who, confiding, hoping still,
> Trust His mercy
> To preserve them safe from ill."

His heart then turns towards his work in Ireland in connection with the ministry of the Gospel, which was growing upon him. He found that a young preacher has special temptations to cope with, sometimes from the kind attention and marks of respect and popularity from young and old, and at other times from the coarse criticism of unsympathizing companions, or the well-meant suggestions of unauthorized advisers. He says :—

"My heart feels drawn in very tender affection to the Friends of Dublin Meeting with earnest desires for their everlasting welfare. I do long to help them and to be made a blessing to them, but I am very weak. I am afraid lest they should condemn me, some of them, for pressing too forward. I hope that I shall be very watchful not to give offence to any, and that in life and conversation, as well as in the preaching of the Word, I may show unmistakably whose I am. I think I have felt more than ever that God has placed me here, and I have no doubt that He will give me more service both privately and publicly amongst the Dublin Friends. I fervently desire that it may ever be performed in His strength alone."

It was not all smooth sailing with regard to his ministry in meetings in Dublin. He had spoken frequently for some months, when he suddenly became entirely silent, and not one word was heard from him for a long time. Meeting him one day walking down Capel Street, dear Richard Allen said to him, "Stanley, how is it that thou hast become so silent in meetings? thou used to be heard frequently, and as far as I know acceptably."

Stanley replied, "I thought, Richard Allen, that I saw with clearness, with as much clearness as ever I saw anything, that I had a call to the ministry, but I received such a rebuke that it silenced me, and I feel as though I never could rise above it."

"Wilt thou tell me freely whom it came from?" enquired the old man.

Stanley hesitated, and again Richard Allen queried, "Was it from an Irish Friend?"

"No, it was not."

"Then," answered Richard Allen, "I know all about it. It was from ————, and it should not have troubled thee for one hour. Thou dost not know him. He has long been a trouble to Friends, and he is skilled at hitting at the most tender spot, and thou may dismiss his rebuke entirely from thy mind, and go on with the work to which I believe thou hast been called."

Stanley took heart again, and soon gave evidence that he *was called* to the work.

The Irish Revivals at that time were awakening much attention. Thousands assembled in the open air to hear the Gospel at Londonderry and Bally-

mena. The spirit of prayer was remarkably poured out on the people. Working men at Belfast met daily during their dinner hour and formed a circle for prayer on their knees on the grass in the Park. Conversion became the topic of conversation in the railway cars. Little children by the roadside were sitting down studying their Bibles. Young converts went hither and thither with the Good News, and found large audiences awaiting them. Stanley Pumphrey writes respecting this remarkable work :—

"The revivals in the North are, I am more and more persuaded, cause for reverent wonder and praise. Sinners are being turned to righteousness, and the love of Christ abounds ; and there is so much that is almost entirely independent of human instrumentality that God cannot but receive the glory. I have felt rather more reconciled to the physical phenomena, they are not peculiar to this visitation. There are notices of similar phenomena under the preaching of the early Friends ; and James Backhouse remarks that it is the natural result of sudden spiritual awakening upon an excitable temperament, and that he has witnessed the same in South Africa. Evil is doubtless in some degree mingled in this great work,—but where is it not ?"

The Christian Churches in Dublin were also at that time experiencing a renewal of spiritual life, awakening to the consciousness that the life of the Christian should be something more than the quiet enjoyment of religious privileges. Many young men among Friends gave their hearts definitely to Christ. William Tanner, Joseph Thorp, and others of the

Lord's servants, visited them and clearly presented the Gospel, and many entered into the joy of faith.

Bible-classes, meetings of young men for united prayer and the private study of the Scriptures were inaugurated. Another important result was the opening of the Friend's First-Day School in Dublin, a movement which has developed into a large institution embracing a variety of Christian work. In all these efforts Stanley Pumphrey took an active part. He was one of the four or five young men who commenced the First-Day School, and undoubtedly his preparation for the class and his keen interest in the scholars, were a material help to himself. At Band of Hope meetings, and Literary reunions, he was always a welcome guest. He gave lectures for the Mutual Improvement Association, on Danté's *Divina Comedia*, on the prose writings of Milton, on Blaise Pascal, and St. John Chrysostom. In Dublin his conversational powers were also developed. He added to the life of many a social party, and was eagerly sought for, but his conversation was characterized more by its heartiness and thoughtfulness, than by any desire merely to amuse.

It has been one of the excellent arrangements of the Society of Friends for generations, that ministers from time to time, should pay what are known as "Family visits" to the members, for the purpose of individual dealing with souls. During his residence in Dublin, Stanley Pumphrey received such a visit from Benjamin Seebohm.

He had been feeling his loneliness as a minister

and discouraged that he made so little headway, and as the veteran soldier of Christ sat quietly with the young minister, he delivered to him the following message, as both believed under the direct prompting of the Spirit of God :—

"I may remind thee that while we can do little for one another, there is One who can supply all our need according to His riches in glory by Jesus Christ. I have felt it a great privilege to be caled to labour among my friends, and especially rejoice to meet with those who in early youth, in the very morning of their day, are by the grace of God enabled to accept the offers of mercy and to give their hearts to Him. I am comforted in believing that not only is this the case with thee, but that God who has called thee by His grace, and revealed His Son in thee, has also constrained thee under a measure of the holy anointing, which is truth and no lie, to make public profession of His name, and to testify to the riches of the everlasting Gospel. In preparing thee for this, the Lord has called Thee to pass through many conflicts, and thou must expect to pass through more. The adversary of our souls is strong and subtle. Those whom he has in vain endeavoured to exalt above measure, he tries to cast down in despair. He tries to persuade them that their sins have separated between their souls and God, and that God has departed from them for ever. All our former seasons of divine favour he hides in oblivion, and sometimes tempts us to believe that in speaking in the assemblies of the people, when we may have done so under much weakness and fear, we have blasphemed the

name of God or have acted presumptuously. If such should ever be the case with thee, and thou shouldst know what it is to turn from one side to another and find no comfort, thou must not account it as though any new or strange thing happened unto thee. Such has been the experience of very many of the Lord's servants, whom the Lord has nevertheless lifted up again. It was when the prophet retained no strength, and all his comeliness was turned within him to corruption, that the angel of the Lord was sent to him, bidding him be strong, for he was greatly beloved, and bearing to him wonderful truths and consolation, which have been the comfort of many generations even to our own day. Thus, I believe, it may be with thee, and that out of these deep baptisms thou shalt be called to minister more abundantly, and to shine more brightly as a light in the world. If it should be so, thou wilt know that the glory is the Lord's alone. All that is of the flesh must be brought low before Him. Thou must learn to lean less upon thy own natural powers, and trust in the direction and help of the good Spirit. The higher we ascend the ladder of Christian experience the more deeply are we humbled before God. It remains to be a truth that a good man's steps are ordered of the Lord. I believe that God will guide thee in His providence. Thou must not regard too much what man may say, either as to what thou ought to do, or ought not to do. Thy eye must be unto the Lord, and thou must strive to do His will, not caring for the reproach of men, but fulfilling every secret intimation of the divine will. Thus I believe thou wilt

be made to shine brightly and be enabled to advocate the cause so dear to thee, the cause of our God and of His Christ, thy desires be fulfilled, and thou be made a good soldier of the Lamb, thy riches in Christ be abundantly increased, so that in a spiritual sense thy barns shall be filled with plenty and thy presses burst with new wine. I feel the springs of encouragement flowing towards thee in an unusual way. It may be that these words shall return for thy consolation in days of trial yet to come, and that thou mayst remember even then, that a poor and weak fellow-servant has felt the message of encouragement given him to bear to thee, and the word now spoken may prove as bread cast upon the waters, to be found after many days."

This interview greatly helped Stanley Pumphrey, and is in itself a specimen of a line of service and of ministry none too common. It came at the very end of three years of Dublin experiences, and in a few weeks he moved to England. But Ireland henceforth lay very near his heart.

CHAPTER IV.

CIRENCESTER.

In the spring of 1861 Stanley Pumphrey moved to Cirencester, entering into partnership as an ironmonger with William Alexander, under the style of Alexander and Pumphrey. His Dublin experiences had doubtless materially helped to ripen and enlarge his mind, and on settling down at Cirencester it soon became evident that his views and tone of thought had undergone a marked change. His way of looking at things had become much healthier. He no longer speaks of business as drudgery. He no longer has the vague restless ambition to become a poet. He relinquishes the long cherished idea of devoting himself to lecturing, and has become the thoughtful, intelligent, cheerful, business man whom it was a pleasure to meet, because his Christianity shone out through his every day life. For despite any former disinclination for business, Stanley Pumphrey was soon the closely occupied business man. Naturally industrious, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord," might well have been the maxims of his life. With the quiet settling down to trade came a great change for the

better in many ways. There was less self-inspection and introversion, less sentiment, and more thorough ability and spiritual vigour and strength. Henceforth his words are characterized by much shrewd wisdom and common sense, and very bright and joyous years were spent at Cirencester. On writing to one of his chosen friends on first settling there, he thus expresses the change in his views :—

"Our heavenly Father has taught us that although it is through much tribulation that we enter the Kingdom, it is not His will that we should go forward moaning on our way. He has also taught us that *we must not wait* till we are fit to come to Him before we do so, since at our very best we can only come by the hand of a Mediator. He has taught us also, has he not? that *we must not wait* until we are perfect before we serve Him, but that now, even now, in the ability he giveth, ever looking unto Him, we must do what we can, faithful in the little before we are rulers over much, and that those who teach differently, though they may not think so, are casting stumbling-blocks in their brothers' way, and are serving the prince of darkness and not the Prince of Light.

"This is strong language, but it requires strong language to express what I feel with regard to the error of those who have misguided thee, and who, if the Lord had not had mercy upon thee, would have deprived the church of service which she cannot afford to lose. I pray God that every scale of error may be taken from our eyes, and that we

may know the truth and hold the truth, and that the truth may make us free.

"The assurance is often given me when I bow before His mercy seat that He will graciously make use of me and send me forth and endue me with the power of His Spirit to preach the Gospel. I am so thankful to Him that He kept me from having any lower aim, it is so emphatically the best calling. What is lecturing, authorship, or social reform, compared with making known unto the heirs of immortality the way of everlasting life? I am increasingly persuaded that *the coming of the Lord* draweth nigh. Until He come I would gladly spend all the best strength of my days in making known to others the riches of the salvation that there is in Him."

It was a great change from the large household in Capel Street, Dublin, to the bachelor lodgings on Cicely Hill, Cirencester. But even in lodgings he must find ways and means to have company, and soon a letter was sent to his two younger sisters, "I want you to be my first visitors. It is only proper that Caroline's first visit on leaving school should be to *me*. I want you to see what sort of place I am in, and what nice friends I have round me; and if you will come at once, you will catch the Park in the full glory of its autumn colouring."

Lord Bathurst's extensive Park, so generously open to the public, was a constant pleasure to him. His first lodgings were almost close to its gates. The regular fine-weather walk on First Day was across the Park, when the gates, always closed during hours of public worship, were generally opened

first for the Friends. He loved to explore it thoroughly, and soon knew where the toothwort was to be found, or the finest bird's-nest orchises grew, as well as any botanist in the neighbourhood, and was probably more familiar than they with the wild beauty of the Cathedral Firs by moonlight, and the loveliness that hung at sunset over the ten converging avenues. A warm lover of flowers rather than a scientific botanist, to look for frittilarias at Oaksey, and lilies at Sapperton, became almost annual excursions. The latter spot, standing near the head of the Stroud valley, was his favourite pic-nic, and the stately beech tree on the hill slope, which he boasted was the finest in England, was specially enjoyed as being the most beautiful illustration he knew of the luxuriance of "the tree planted by the rivers of water." It was to these woods that he introduced his sisters on a beautiful autumn Sabbath, and associated their loveliest glades with some of his favourite psalms. Turning, as he used to do, from nature to nature's God, he repeated, "Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty. Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain. Who laid the foundations of the earth that it should not be removed for ever. He watereth the hills from his chambers; the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works. The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever, the Lord shall rejoice in his works. My meditation of him shall be sweet, I will be glad in the Lord." —Ps. civ.

The sisters' happy visit was a short one, but it was not long before his sister Helen was back again, "thinking little, dear girl," he wrote, "of the long days she must spend by herself, for the sake of brightening my few evening hours."

He kept early hours; breakfast at seven and to business at eight o'clock, summer and winter, wet or fine. But often there were late hours too, for the business grew and premises had to be altered, and after a fire in 1870, rebuilt, all which threw much work and worry on the heads of the establishment. His was not a mind to take worries very easily. He liked things in order, and it fidgetted him when they were not. He loved punctuality, and if goods were not delivered to date it was a trial to his patience. But he also loved the men and boys in his employ, and in return was loved and respected by them as "a good master" and "a good business man." It was a great grief to him when driving through heavy rain from Hatherop Castle, where they were doing a lot of work for the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, one of his men took cold, and was laid up with rheumatic fever for months. "Poor Reuben! and to think he most likely would have missed it, if he had only had as good a wrapper as I had!" "What respectable fellows some of our men are!" he said with a master's pride, as he passed two of them in the street on the Sabbath. "Look at those two men now! Don't they look almost as much the gentleman as the master himself!"

There was warm interest felt when any of the men married, and kind words for their children when he

met them, and calls paid when there was illness in their families. "I wish I had time to see more of our men in their own homes," he would often say, "but there's no time to call on week days, and on First Day they are as glad of quiet at home as I am." As he was proceeding to meeting one First Day morning he was much distressed to find that one of the young men once employed in the business had suddenly died. Stanley had never spoken to him about his soul, and he feelingly remarked to a friend at his side, "I find it far more difficult to speak to those with whom I associate daily than to address a houseful at a meeting, but this is a solemn warning to put the Master's business in the first place in our daily life."

In 1862 occurred one of those deeply interesting episodes in church life that in some of its features is peculiar to the Society of Friends.

The "concern" of Russell Jeffrey to travel as a Gospel minister in India was thrown before the Monthly Meeting of Gloucester and Nailsworth. After the usual meeting for worship, Russell Jeffrey informed Friends that for twenty years the belief had rested on his mind that the Lord would call him to work in India, and that the recent visit to London of two or three native enquirers from Calcutta, and the visit of Frederick Mackay to India, had powerfully revived his sense of the Lord's call. He felt it laid upon him to visit the enquirers in Calcutta, the scenes of the late mutiny, the vicinities where there were British and Foreign residents in Bengal and Madras, and the ancient Christian churches in the

Bombay Presidency. He realised something of the danger and difficulty attending such a visit, and felt it might be like the laying down of his life, and yet, with great humility, he desired to offer himself as dedicated to it if it should meet with the approval of his friends.

Many tears of sympathy were shed, and the emotions of many present were too strong to find utterance in words. Russell Jeffrey was an elderly man, were there no young men for such service? Samuel Bowly of Gloucester knelt in fervent prayer for divine guidance, a prayer which evidently rose with the accord of the entire congregation. An unknown woman friend was the first to speak in terms of strong encouragement.

That Quaker patriarch, Antony Fewster of Nailsworth, then rose and spoke approvingly, but dwelling cautiously on the difficulties and dangers. Samuel Bowly followed, appropriately and beautifully dwelling on the excellence of the work, on the goodness of the Master in whose service it would be performed, on the appropriateness of an upholder of the principles of peace going into the district of the mutiny where opposite principles had so largely prevailed, and on our duty in spreading the Gospel of our Lord.

Stanley Pumphrey then expressed his full unity, quoting the words of our Lord Jesus, "Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time,

houses and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life." Stanley dwelt on "*the hundredfold now*," that though according to human calculation the balance might seem entirely in the other scale; yet the servant of the Lord was so refreshed with *joy* from His presence, and with the consolations of His Spirit, that he was enabled to testify to his Master's faithfulness, and to the fulfilment of His promise.

Thomas Brewin quoted the great missionary charge of the risen Saviour, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Isaac Pitt, Eliza Sessions and others followed in a similar strain of approval, and a committee was appointed to prepare a certificate for the Lord's messenger to take with him. Ultimately he was accompanied by Henry Hipsley, and William Brewin, and the service occupied two or three years, embracing a general visit to most of the Mission Stations in North and South India and Ceylon, and was of material service to the missionary cause.

"Since I came to Cirencester," Stanley writes in 1863, "I have not studied a bit. I have read no standard author, and can tell nothing of literary progress. I have written nothing but letters. Whether I shall ever study again is uncertain, and as to authorship, it is quite amusing to talk about it. Years ago my ambition was fired by thoughts about 'gifts that ought not to be buried,' and 'talents,' and I had no more sense than to think myself a genius! I have given up all thoughts of becoming a great gun long

since, and *I have laid my ambition in its shroud.* There may it rest in peace! Not that I give up thoughts of usefulness. I do not wish to settle on my lees. Labour for the honour of Christ is my highest ideal of man's happiness."

"How tantalizing it is to have good books in the house and not to have time to look at them," he would remark as some book from the Reading Society lay on the sideboard, adding, "Do read it for me, and tell me all about it."

Perhaps some may wonder where this new inspiration for work came from, and how this fine healthy breeze of early manhood came to be developed. Coming events cast their shadows before them. Early in 1863 the lodgings were exchanged for a house of his own, and his sisters and himself were busy putting all in order for the expected bride.

A newly-built house outside the town, near the remains of the Roman amphitheatre, became his residence. The house had just been erected by the engine-driver on the little branch line, a thrifty, careful man, who used thankfully to say that he had never known an accident on his line. This engine-driver was his neighbour on the one side, while the Rev. J. Stratford, a Nonconformist minister, the author of *Good and Great Men of Gloucestershire*, was his neighbour on the other side. And very neighbourly they were. The garden walls were low enough to talk over, and kind services were constantly passing between the different households. When Stanley took the house, the garden was a piece of barren land, for "You'll like to lay it out

yourself, Mr. Pumphrey, won't you?" said the thoughtful landlord. And a very pleasant garden Stanley and his friend, George Gillett, make of it, with its sheltered summerhouse in one corner, where they often sat down to tea, and the pretty porch, by the side of which the *gloire de Dijon* roses climbed up to the bedroom windows, and blossomed from May to December. The wall-flowers, the evening primroses, the forget-me-nots, and the strawberries flourished under his care. There was plenty of stonecrop to attract the tortoiseshell butterflies, and larkspur to tempt the humming-bird moths. He would take his chair and sit for half-an-hour watching the unfolding of the evening primrose, and there was scarcely a flower or insect about the garden but was regarded as a personal acquaintance.

Indoors and out, everything was put ready for the bride; and in the summer of 1863 Ellen Horsnail became Ellen Pumphrey. The marriage took place at Rochester, and the Cirencester home was more than ever a bright and happy spot.

The same year Stanley was acknowledged as an accredited minister of the Gospel by Gloucester and Nailsworth Monthly Meeting.

In the summer of 1863, he writes:—"It is indeed very pleasant to be sitting down with my own dear wife beside me. Sometimes I feel as though I had nothing whatever more to wish for." And thus with a well-established business, a comfortable and joyous home, the approval and respect of his friends, and his young bride by his side to be to him as a bright sunbeam of happiness, Stanley Pumphrey was

as one who had obtained the desires of his heart, and saw the fulfilment of the promise, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass. Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

Daily prayer in the family was his invariable custom. He had made up his mind once for all that it was right, and waited for no further call. "Were I to wait each morning for some remarkably definite special call," he said, "I might wait in vain." He had thus escaped from the mysticism that would restrain the Lord's children from child-like confidence in asking for the daily supply of their needs; and again was fulfilled the word of the Lord, "Them that honour me I will honour." An old servant remarks, "I shall ever thank God he lived. I remember when I went to Cirencester what an influence his prayers had over me, and I wished I could live such a good and useful life." Young men or apprentices were boarded in the house, and Stanley endeavoured to make them feel thoroughly at home, remarking that "Business men ought to make safe and happy and comfortable homes for their young men." And what he held in theory, he aimed to put into practice.

At Quarterly Meeting times his little house was stretched to its utmost capacity; and on rarer occasions when welcoming those whom he reverenced, he would remark, "We are better off than Abraham, for we have entertained angels, and knew that we were doing it too." But among his guests few were more heartily received than the children; from the

young brothers-in-law, who, when at school at Cirencester, were his frequent visitors, to the nephews and nieces who as years ran on often brightened his happy home. He returned in great glee from a Monthly Meeting one day bringing three young visitors with him, exclaiming, "There, my dear, I have brought thee three as nice little girls as ever thy heart need wish for, and they won't mind if thou puts them all three in one bed." Their happy visit was a time he often recalled with pleasure. "I hope those young things have enjoyed themselves," he said, when they had departed; "'tis certain I have enjoyed *them;* they have done me a lot of good." And so the children's visits were looked forward to with great satisfaction; and when the little nieces and nephews came, Stanley might be seen before breakfast running round the garden with them on his back, kissing them awake at night to see some rarely beautiful display of northern lights, and delighting them with stories of things seen and never to be seen, till one and all came to the conclusion that "There never was such a grand uncle as Uncle Stanley."

"Josie, we saw stars running about, last night, with tails as long as monkeys'" he informed a young nephew, one morning after a fine shower of meteors, and enjoyed the straightforward reproof, "It is wicked to tell lies; if stars had tails they wouldn't be stars any longer."

All phenomena of this kind had a special charm for him. "Here's a shawl, come along!" he shouted to his sister one morning as he rushed home in

haste, and raced with her some way beyond the garden gate before he found time or breath to inform her that there was the loveliest little rainbow down to the field, and she wasn't to miss seeing it on any account. And there, as their shadows were cast from the railway bridge on the dense mist in the meadow below, a bright prismatic halo encircled them.

A mile or two across the fields, and almost in view from his parlour window, was the little village of Siddington, whose old manor house, as well as Cirencester "steeple house," are familiar to the readers of John Roberts' lively biography. Here on Sunday evenings Stanley often attended cottage meetings, or helped in the crowded Mission Meeting in Cricklade Street. At other times he drove to Woodmancote to help a good farmer in a cottage meeting there, or oftener still he walked the five miles, that man and horse should not loose their Sabbath rest.

A little Bible-class was held every Tuesday evening at the house of his friend George Gillett, for the younger Friends of the Meeting, in which Stanley took an active part, and which proved very helpful to those who attended it.

There was no First Day School at Cirencester when he first went there; and the attempt to start one failed. He afterwards occasionally took a class composed of boys gathered from the worst parts of the town, at the Club-rooms on their own business premises. For two months every spring the little town of Cirencester was crowded with militia, and

Stanley took part in special meetings for them, and in other efforts for their welfare, bestirring himself to provide the *British Workman* and other suitable reading for them.

As secretary to the Temperance Society he found plenty to do in arranging lectures. The lecturers were often entertained at his house. On Good Friday a large temperance tea-meeting was regularly held, when every corner of the large Temperance Hall was crowded. This handsome building was erected by the late Christopher Bowly, and floored with the wood of old beer-vats. Every summer there was also a great temperance fête in the Park, when the Band of Hope children mustered in full force, all involving plenty of work for the honorary secretary.

A publican came to the shop one day and ordered a magnificent lamp to make his gin palace more attractive. One of the young men took the order. When Stanley heard of it, he said, "No, I can have nothing to do with making a gin palace attractive," and he went to the publican and told him he could not execute the order. The man was very angry, but Stanley's good sense and even temper won the day, and the publican afterwards showed his special respect and good will.

In September, 1865, he visited Cornwall, in the service of the Gospel, in company with Henry Alexander. Having arrived at Penzance, Charles Fox and Alfred Lloyd Fox accompanied Stanley to the Scilly Islands. Taking the steamer they coasted by Mounts Bay, Mousehole, the Logan Rocks, Tol

Peden Penwith, and Lands End, then crossing the beautiful blue water landed at St. Mary's. The next day a meeting was arranged at St. Martin's in the Bryonite Chapel, and another the same evening at Holy Vale. They rowed the following day to the island of Bryer, where they were gladly received by the pious Methodists. The people of this little island had suffered much for conscience sake. Their little chapel had been levelled to the ground, and its very stones appropriated to the services of a religion with which they had little sympathy. They then met for worship on the hill side, and when Richard Hicks opened his cottage for the meetings he received notice to quit, and was only allowed to remain by paying increased rent. They continued to meet for prayer in his house, and there Stanley Pumphrey appointed a meeting. Other meetings followed on Tresco, where Lucy Harris had worked lovingly among the people, and on St. Agnes, and again a large meeting at St. Mary's, in which Henry Alexander took part. Stanley's text at the meeting was, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him." He afterwards found that this was the very text which Isaac Sharp had taken at the same place twenty years before.

Returning to Cornwall they visited Redruth, where they received a cordial welcome from George Cornish, who was like a sympathizing father to the young minister. Stanley also much enjoyed the visit to Robert Were Fox at Penjerrick. The

estate itself is exquisitely lovely, with magnificent rhododendrons, araucarias and hydrangeas in the foreground, and a succession of charming little lakes among the trees in the mid-distance, as the valley slopes down to the sparkling sea.

But the combination of devotion of heart to Christ, with great scientific attainments, made R. W. Fox himself a centre of interest. Though then an old man of seventy-seven, he abounded in conversational talents and affability. Equally delightful was the visit to Charles Fox at Trebah. Stanley writes: —"The sun was setting, and the views of the little fiord were very lovely. It is wilder than the others, and the one I should most enjoy. It is inexpressibly sweet to see men in the enjoyment of almost everything to make this life beautiful, enabled to keep the world in its right place, to look beyond it, and enjoy bright hopes of heaven."

Various meetings in Cornwall followed, and then Stanley hastened home with a thankful heart; but his deep interest in the simple-hearted inhabitants of the Scilly Islands continued after his return, and he actively helped in forming and replenishing a lending library for the fishermen there.

CHAPTER V.

CIRENCESTER—*continued.*

THE shadow of a great sorrow was stealing over the happy home at Cirencester. It soon became evident that Stanley Pumphrey's beloved wife was sinking in consumption. Long separations followed, while she was seeking health at Matlock, Torquay and elsewhere.

"Dear Ellen is very sadly," was Stanley's record in the New Year of 1867. "She is quite a prisoner to the house and hardly equal for anything. Her cough at times is distressing, and our rest is much broken. My hopes of her recovery are almost gone, and I am often very sad. This day week I strayed into our peaceful burial ground, and the words involuntarily came up, 'In the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead.' I almost wept as I thought how soon it might be mine to choose, and I went to the vacant spot beside the grave of Henry's dear mother. But these things are too sad to write about. 'In the world ye shall have tribulation.' Oh, may we know in all their blessed significance the meaning of those words, 'In Me ye shall have peace.'"

In the autumn of the same year she paid her last visit to Rochester, and while there became worse. As winter advanced she was rarely able to leave the

house, and the couch became her continual resting-place. The weariness and weakness were borne with cheerful patience. With calm trust and repose in her heavenly Father's love, she looked for the still happier home to which she was so soon to go, and strove to cheer her husband with the assurance that He who was supporting her, would support him also. It was a great comfort to both of them that during her illness her own mother, whom they loved so much, was able to be with her. On the 9th of February she took the pen, almost for the last time, and wrote in her husband's album: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

Ellen Pumphrey died on the 6th March, 1868. It was a terrible blow to Stanley, but he fled for refuge to Christ. "I never saw any man so aged with anything," was the remark of a neighbour about a fortnight after her death; and Stanley's character deepened under the heavy trial.

A visit to the few Friends in the small Quarterly Meeting of Kent followed in the same year. In regard to these meetings he says, "The continuance of these little meetings from one generation to another proves that there is strong vitality in the Society of Friends, and not less surely there must be some grevious hindrance, or the truth would spread."

In 1869 Stanley took a tour to Switzerland and Italy with his father and brother-in-law. They distributed Gospels as they ran along; and on arriving at Basle had the pleasure of meeting Mary Edmund-

son and her family, and Eliza Wigham, of Edinburgh. Taking the steamer along Lake Lucerne, they went over the St. Gothard Pass to Italy. The head of the Pass is a large plateau containing two lakes covered with ice and snow, and encircled by an amphitheatre of snowy mountains. Amongst these are the great watersheds of Europe. "The grandest part of the ride," writes Stanley, "is the passage of the Ticino with its hundreds of waterfalls, called the 'Val Tremola,' from the dizzy descent.

"At the foot of the St. Gothard there was probably once a lake, for the valley is here blocked across by a mountain. Gradually, however, the river has worn its course down through the rocks, and is now a magnificent rapid. The defile is very narrow, the rocks towering over our heads, and the road often tunneling through them. Beneath, the river, sometimes narrowed to a strid, surges and foams tumultuously, the water dashing wildly from side to side, and tossing stones about in the foam like marbles. As we approached Bellinzona it was nearly sunset, and the valley looked lovelier than ever in the quiet evening light, the mountains still glowing in the sunshine. Bellinzona carries the mind back to the days of Dante and Petrarch. It is walled and has three castles with projecting cornices on the wall supported by corbels. The women do most of the field work, carry burdens, and are terribly afflicted with *goitre*. The men make the beds and do other light employment."

After visiting Como, Maggiore, Lugano, and Milan, they returned to Switzerland by the Simplon.

Under date of 9th June, 1869, Stanley writes enthusiastically of the ascent :—

"We left Domo D'Ossola at six this morning, and for eight hours were steadily ascending 6,200 feet of the Simplon Pass, with a succession of precipices, rocks, torrents, and snow-crowned heights. As a piece of engineering the road is most extraordinary. In one place the gorge is completely filled by huge rocks, the river just making its way between two precipices, and apparently leaving no roadway. Napoleon's engineers, however, bridged the chasm above a magnificent waterfall, and then at once proceeded to tunnel through the rock. We dined on goat and dandelion-salad at an elevation of 5,000 feet, and continued to ascend till we had a good view of the glaciers. The flora is delightful. It is so charming to see plants which for months have been smothered in snow come out in this desolate region looking as bright and joyous as though they had the sun upon them all the year. There are the Alpine roses, the fragrant white lilies, rosy primulas, gentians, and forget-me-nots with their darling blue."

Again, on the Tenth of June, 1869, he writes from Zermatt :—"We had a splendid view of the Fleschhorn Glacier as we ascended the Zermatt Valley, and of the great Trift Glacier, dazzlingly white and delicately blue. Then the majestic Matterhorn came in sight, glowing in the setting sun, with a veil of cloud below its summit. It rises 4,000 feet in solitary and imposing sublimity from a line of snow-capped mountains 10,000 feet high, its sides often too precipitous to afford a rest for the snow,

so that its rocks contrast in naked grandeur with the glistening white of the glacier that surrounds its feet. The tail of the great Gorner Glacier curls down from amongst these snowy heights, bristling with blue pinnacles of ice, a magnificent waterfall descending by its side, and in the foreground pine forests, with undulating mountain pasture slopes, dotted with chalêts, and the white torrent of the river foaming in the valley beneath. Truly we have seen the works of the Creator in all their majesty, and the Psalmist's songs of praise have often been remembered, to the glory of Him 'who by His strength setteth fast the mountains, being girded with power.'"

This journey was a great refreshment to Stanley Pumphrey. His father's health failed in the following year. He paid a last visit to his son in Cirencester, and the Christmas of 1870 Stanley spent at Worcester. A few weeks later he was receiving his father's dying charge by his bedside, "Thou wilt be preserved as thou keeps near to Jesus. Keep very near to the blessed Saviour. What I desire for thee is that thou mayest be made a blessing, and that thy ministry may be in demonstration of the Spirit and of power, and then whether the words be few or many, they will touch the heart and carry the blessing with them." The day before his father died he was visited by his son-in-law from Leominster, when he prayed that as Jacob ere he died blessed the two sons of Joseph, so he might be permitted to bless his son and son-in-law, saying, "The God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads," and thus,

early in 1871, his father passed away to be for ever with the Lord.

The horrors of the Franco-Prussian war were now startling Europe, and the fearful destruction of life appeared like the pouring out of a vial of wrath. "I could have cried over the news yesterday," Stanley wrote, as day after day tidings of bloodshed and death were telegraphed, "and yet how utterly impossible it is to approach a realizing conception of these most horrid deeds."

The Friends did their utmost to assist the poor non-combatants. Several Friends worked personally, at much self-sacrifice, in and around Metz, in the distribution of succour in connection with the War Victims Fund.

Stanley, however, keenly as he mourned over the desolation and sympathized with the sufferers, felt that his work at that time was in Gloucestershire. In conjunction with Cirencester Friends he attended in regular course the Monthly Meetings at Nailsworth and Painswick. . Chartering a coach for the day, they would be off in a body to the little country Meeting among the Cotswolds, enjoying the ride, and taking the sunshine of Christian cheerfulness with them. Ever fond of flowers, the clusters of yellow broom, and the broad blue patches of viper's bugloss at the roadside, or some beautiful fern on the banks, would call forth exclamations of pleasure, and on reaching their destination the charming quaintness of such a unique man as Antony Fewster was sure to enlist abundant interest. Such a man now belongs to the past, apt in patristic lore, standing in the Friends'

Gallery, as the tall old man was wont, quoting Augustine, Tertullian and Chrysostom to confirm his text, and enforcing his argument with his walking-stick upon the Meeting House floor.

In Cirencester itself there were also men of mark, for Gloucestershire has ever been noted for its forcible men. There was Isaac Pitt, the firm upholder of church affairs as in his innermost conscience he believed right, standing on one memorable occasion to read the minute of the dissolution of the old Gloucester and Wilts Quarterly Meeting. The ready access from town to town by railway communication, and the changes in population from country districts to city centres had made some change requisite, and it was proposed to unite the Gloucestershire Meetings to the Western District, making a more compact whole. At the same time there was probably some inner sense in the minds of many present that the Society of Friends had not prospered, as it ought to have prospered, and there were sad hearts and tearful eyes respecting the approaching change. Yet the new arrangement was undoubtedly right, and has proved a blessing to all concerned, strengthening intercourse, and binding together one meeting with another. The Friends had sat patiently for six hours in their meeting that day, when Isaac Pitt rose to read the final minute. But the strong man was unnerved. The words trembled on his lips. He stood awhile dumb with sorrow, for he was standing, as it were, on the threshold of the past, to go forth and embrace the dangers and the hopes of the living present.

The bearings of Stanley Pumphrey's life were now undergoing important changes, and the pointings of the compass indicated no long settlement at Cirencester. The joyous companionship of her whom he had so tenderly loved, could be his no more on earth. He had no children to provide for, and possessed with a very moderate income, it seemed as though his own wants could be easily supplied, and his time set at liberty for more direct Gospel service. On the 31st of March, 1871, we accordingly find him writing:—

"Our thoughts have been earnestly occupied as to our future course, and I am almost brought to the conclusion that I must relinquish business. Our present expectation is that we shall break up the house at Cirencester, midsummer twelvemonth, and then return and take a small house at Worcester, which may be a home for sisters, a place too, that I may regard as home, and to which I may at times return to rest. But I neither expect nor wish for much rest below. The call has been given impressively in many ways to entire consecration, and I ask for grace that when separated unto the Gospel of God, I may be so preserved that I may accomplish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the Grace of God. I hope I am not under delusion. I tremble lest I should take a seriously responsible step and find it a mistake. Truly if thus called I may acknowledge that it is not according to works but according to His own purpose and grace."

In accordance with this line of thought, Stanley

Pumphrey retired from business in 1872, and on the 20th June he bade farewell to the workmen and assistants in his employ. A parting excursion to Birdlip, among the Cotswold Hills, was made the occasion for the expression of the goodwill and cordiality that had existed between employer and employed. Banners and inscriptions such as "Unity is strength," decked the dining-hall at Birdlip. "If you have the unity, Mr. Pumphrey, we have the strength," was the remark of the men at dinner, for truly the sinew and muscle of the working man must co-operate with the brain power and finance of the capitalist to achieve success. After dinner Stanley made his speech in the following fashion :—

"In the year sixty one I first came to your town,
And never regret having made it my home.
We have seen many changes as years hastened by,
And now to recall them a little we'll try.
Our workshops were then, if I make no mistake,
In the cottage, pulled down in order to make
The new warehouse for bar iron instead ;
And the implement store was a miserable shed.
The front shop was dark, unpleasant and low,
And the show rooms were worse both above and below.
The first shops we put up for six men were intended,
And still as our number increased we extended.
Then came the new show room, with gallery round,
Where the mantels and grates and the fenders are found.
Our next alteration was building the stores
With the implements down on the lowermost floors ;
And the club room above, which a benefit proved,
And I hope you'll support it though now it is moved.
In the year 1870, third of November,
Occurred the sad fire, we have cause to remember

What mess and confusion it made us! but still
Good often turns up from the seemingly ill.
So we found it, as the new front testified,
By Newcombe the builder right well edified.
And now when I thought I should leave it all right
Some further improvements are coming to light.
Fresh stores are erected, fresh warehouses made,
The better to cope with the increase of trade,
Wholesale and retail brought in closer relation
By removing our friend Henry Buncombe's location.
May your plans be successful the farther they go,
And good fortune attend Alexander & Co.,
May they still keep their place, or if ever outdone
Let it be by the firm Alexander and Son.
Well, my friends, we are parting, what more shall I say?
Through the years that have passed we've held on our way.
Kind words and good deeds may deservedly stand,
Let all else be written but only in sand
Pull together forbearingly, that is the plan
For pleasantly working 'twixt master and man.
May we all, O my friends, who so happily meet
Round this table, hereafter sit down at His feet,
Who to the city above has gone on before,
Where all blessings await us in limitless store,
And time passes so sweetly 'tis heeded no more."

Thus the curtain falls on one of the brightest epochs in Stanley Pumphrey's life. His career at Cirencester will long be remembered as a time when he stood forth as a man, mingling in the busy traffic of men, the conscientious tradesman and kind-hearted employer, the active citizen foremost in temperance and philanthropic effort, devoting himself to the well-being of others, and at the same time the sunshine of his own quiet home.

CHAPTER VI.

IRELAND.

In 1872 Stanley Pumphrey purchased a comfortable house, No. 41, Britannia Square, Worcester, which for the remainder of his life became his home. But it was with no intent to indulge in ease that he established himself at Worcester, and he was very seldom at home for any length of time.

He delighted to open his house to all his friends, and greatly enjoyed the privilege of entertaining them. Nothing pleased him better than to gather them together in his drawing room, to listen to such men as Theophilus Waldmeier, or other advocates of Mission work. He was ever ready, when at home, to plead the cause of Temperance, and as far as possible to help forward the city mission.

A visit to Friends in the Eastern Counties occupied a considerable time ; and in 1873 and 1874 he travelled extensively in Ireland, as a minister of the Gospel, with certificates from his meetings in England.

Commencing at Waterford, in February, 1873, in company with his uncle, John M. Albright, of Charlbury, Oxon, he quickly received a cordial Irish welcome. "Indeed we are not going to make strangers of you," was the greeting there. While driving to

the residence of William Roberts, a valued minister, the horse shied, and they were all thrown into a snowdrift, without, however, sustaining much injury. They also called on Thomas White Jacob, of Tramore, who for many years was the clerk of Dublin Yearly Meeting. A meeting on Foreign Missions with the schoolboys at Newtown followed, and they afterwards proceeded to Clonmel, a place hallowed by memories of the early life of Sarah Grubb. Near Limerick a meeting was held at Pallas-newri, a place surrounded by wild open tracts of barren country, with houses thinly scattered, and many of the cabins excessively miserable and poor. The Protestants were very grateful for the visit; one man remarking, "I should like to hear the Friends every day, for it is the real Gospel we have listened to, and nothing else." The meeting held long, for the people seemed thirsting.

The next day they drove to Ballingrane, near Rathkeale. This is one of the principal settlements of the Palatine German refugees, who, when persecuted in their own country, fled to Ireland in the reign of Queen Anne, and had allotments of land given them. John Wesley found these people in an uncared for and degenerate state, and organized several congregations among them, which are still maintained. They are distinguished by greater industry and cleanliness than the surrounding Irish; but they suffer to some extent from the physical and mental deterioration consequent on intermarriage from generation to generation.[•] Balligrane was the parent church of the first Wesleyan congregation in

the United States. The chapel is a neat structure, and holds about 150 people.

From here a visit was paid to the meeting at Roscrea, where Mary Dudley used to worship ; and while in the neighbourhood, Stanley went to see the beautiful domain of Lord Rosse, and the enormous reflecting telescope. The telescope is suspended between two lofty, strongly-built walls, with elaborate machinery for regulating its action, but it has no horizontal movement.

At Cork several large meetings were held, but the state of the Society of Friends, and of the Protestants generally in the south-west of Ireland, was not encouraging. In Cork, as in Dublin and some other places, Stanley felt it his duty to pay family visits to the members of the meeting, and many of these opportunities for private religious intercourse were truly servicable. In some cases intemperance had blighted religious life : in others, young men received the visit with great cordiality. One old man spoke of the infidel principles imbibed in early life, and how he had been drifting off from all connection with the Church of Christ, when he was asked by an uncle to go and hear an American Friend at Limerick. Wishing to please him, he went to hear "what the Quaker had to say," The minister rose with the text, as it stands in our old version, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," depicting the backslider's path in the mazes of doubt, tracking out all his wanderings from the truth, so that the young man was thoroughly convinced and brought back to the fold, and now as an old man, was quietly rejoicing in Christ.

Another call was on three elderly ladies who were sisters. At one time they had been gay, but had become serious. The eldest of them told of a previous visit of the same kind, she had received many years before from Sarah Squire. She was just then very busy with housekeeping, and was especially anxious to provide everything first-rate for the ministering Friend. Before the interview with Sarah Squire she exclaimed, "If Sarah Sqnire does not speak to Martha's state, I shall not have much faith in her." The interview came. The mother and the sister were appropriately addressed, and then there was a pause, followed by Sarah Squire recommencing, "The state of Martha has also been before me"—and the busy young lady was dealt with pretty plainly.

A venerable patriarch of eighty-five, at Parsonstown, who had his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren around him, remarked that the Friends had been in a very low state in his youth, strict about dress and language, but that this had often seemed the substance of their religion.

"If Friends and Methodists could be pounded together," he said, "it would make a good combination."

"What is it we want from the Methodists?" Stanley enquired.

"A good deal of fire," he replied; "and the Methodists would be all the better for some of your stability."

There was at that time hardly any ministry in the Friend's Meetings at Parsonstown, except when the occasional visit of a travelling Friend occurred. "Sixteen sermons in fourteen years would be as

much as I heard in the meetings of the Friends," was the old man's testimony, "and now you see what it has brought you to. Meetings that had three hundred members are now a mere handful." The old man himself had joined the Wesleyans when young, and soon felt called to preach. This brought him into great conflict of mind. He took up the Bible, and asking God for direction, opened on the passage, "Let no man despise thy youth." His doubts vanished; and since then he has preached the Word as opportunity presented. He had a good farm, and felt concerned for the neighbours round him. He gathered them together, held meetings with them, many were much blessed, some of whom are already in heaven, and others on the way there. His own son became deeply concerned about his soul; and the father being anxious that these impressions should not be dissipated, gave him some work to do where he would be alone. He went after awhile to see him. His son was gone; but he saw the pages of the open Book blotted with tears of penitence, and the father praised the Lord whose blessed Spirit was working in the young man's soul. Benjamin the son returned to his father, and said, "Father, God has forgiven me; I have found peace." "Hold it fast, my dear lad, hold it fast, go and tell your companions what the Lord has done for your soul." The young man did so, and forty souls were brought to Christ. The old patriarch's voice was choked with emotion, and the tears coursed down his cheeks, as he humbly told Stanley of all the blessings that had since rested upon him.

Stanley and his uncle proceeded northwards through Dublin, to Bessbrook, Grange, Moy, Belfast, and Lisburn. Here they met Joel and Hannah Bean from Iowa, and Mary Rogers, another minister, with whom they soon formed close friendship, and whose ministry proved very helpful. One young man in this district was in continual terror of being shot down by the Ribbon-men, because he had dismissed an incompetent bailiff. His brother and himself had to be guarded by the police wherever they went. The new bailiff had been shot a week after he commenced his duties, without giving any cause of offence, and thus the Ribbon-men frequently attempted to put any one to death who incurred their displeasure.

Stanley returned home to devote a few weeks to business, and in April 1873, was again in Dublin engaged in visiting meetings and members in the neighbourhood of the city, and in attendance on the Dublin Yearly Meeting then in session. John Frederick Hansen, a young Norwegian preacher from America, was present, *en route* for Gospel service in Norway, Denmark and Sweden. Robert Walter Douglas, of Wilmington, Ohio, with William Haydock as his companion, and Yardley Warner from Philadelphia, were also in Dublin, besides Joel and Hannah Bean and Mary Rogers.

A prayer meeting was convened before the Yearly Meeting to invoke a special blessing, and with such a group of gifted ministers, there was abundance of good counsel and Gospel exhortation. At one of the meetings Robert Walter Douglas preached from

the text, "Behold I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth, and thou shalt thresh the mountains and beat them small, and make the hills as chaff." "The Church," he said, "should be such an instrument as this in the hand of the Lord. We may have the most perfect organization, and every arrangement that can be desired, and yet be inoperative. I lately saw a large mill, the building was excellent, the machinery perfect, but there was no water power, and the mill lay useless. The power we need, is the power of the Spirit of God. The charge is, 'Tarry at Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high.' The Apostles did tarry, the power came, and the little church of one hundred and twenty at once became a new sharp threshing instrument, and three thousand unconverted souls were threshed out in one day. Our early Friends were endued with this power, and in this lay their strength. We may have been too much disposed to rest in what they accomplished. We must ourselves be like a new sharp threshing instrument. If a church is not aggressive it will lose ground; if it is aggressive, all church history shows that it will gain. A besieged city will surely fall at last, if it only acts on the defensive. Gideon with his little band went forth and conquered, crying, 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.' Let us not, therefore, be discouraged by the fewness of our numbers, for through the strength of the Lord, one may chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."

A special meeting was held for young men and

women, on the subject of the Gospel ministry, encouraging them to the study of Holy Scripture. Large meetings with the public were likewise appointed in Merrion Hall, in which Robert W. Douglas took the leading part. Other meetings followed with enquirers, and with those who had recently given their hearts to Christ. There was no excitement, and the power and presence of the Lord were evidently felt. In one of these meetings, forty-six Friends spoke in testimony or in prayer, most of them young people. Stanley remarks afterwards, "More persons have spoken to me privately in concern about their souls than I have been accustomed to. I deeply feel the responsibility this lays upon me, and how much I lack wisdom to deal with such. It is a very solemn position to be placed in. I long to help, and tremble lest I should mislead."

At Willow Park Stanley had the pleasure of meeting Robert Pearsall Smith of Germantown, Philadelphia. Respecting his intercourse with him, he says: —"Robert Pearsall Smith seems to enjoy fellowship with Christ to the full. He is so equable and happy, and illustrates the text he appropriates, 'My soul shall dwell *at ease*.' He says that in America their most successful evangelists are not eloquent, and that they make small account of eloquence; the unction of the Holy Spirit is everything. His way is wonderfully opened before him. He has access to the clergy of London, and has just had a Conference arranged for him with forty Primitive Methodist Ministers, and another with a band of Wesleyans. The Meeting for Sufferings has allowed him the use

of a room at Devonshire House, and thus he gains access to all classes, and seeks to lead all to full consecration, close communion with the Lord, and the baptism of the Holy Spirit. He admires a man who is fond of horse exercise, a natural, joyous, unrestrained man, full of the power of the Spirit. Christians have not been natural and joyous as they should be. 'When we were in Switzerland,' adds Pearsall Smith, 'we were a merry party, but amidst our merriment there was never a time when we could not have broken off and at once knelt down in prayer.' And so talking of prayer, they knelt in prayer, and Robert Pearsall Smith offered a sweet humble prayer, confidingly asking forgiveness for all mistakes and ignorances, that we might be led forward into clearer light and that nothing we had done might injure the holy cause.

Stanley Pumphrey proceeded from Dublin with J. M. Albright to Clara and Edenderry. In this district they found themselves among people of thoroughly Irish type, the men tall, thin, and gaunt, with prominent teeth, and habited in long coats, knee-breeches and high-crowned hats. The garb of the women was more picturesque, full bordered white caps setting off their complexions, a coloured handkerchief thrown over their heads, and black cloaks reaching almost to the feet. Calling at one of the cottages they found it a most wretched cabin, with holes in the roof, no window, lots of smoke, and a deplorably dirty floor.

"I should think your fowls lay night and day?" was the travellers' question as they saw eggs by

thousands lying in the street, waiting to be sent to the Dublin market. "No, sir, they lay by steam," was the reply. At Clara, Stanley partook of the hospitality of Marcus Goodbody, in the same house where John Bright and William Forster had been guests, both of them men truly concerned for the best welfare of Ireland. Some one spoke disparagingly in John Bright's presence, during his visit to Clara, of a revival preacher, because he preached about "nothing but Christ." John Bright promptly replied, "What else should the Christian minister preach about!" and at once silenced the objection.

In Queen's county they passed the estate at Durrow, belonging to the family of Lord Norbury. Forty years ago Lord Norbury was living there doing his best for his tenantry, and employing three hundred men in the rebuilding of his mansion. But he incurred the displeasure of some miscreant who shot him dead. Since then none of the family have lived there, and the whole district has suffered from the effects of that one evil deed.

At Ballitore our friends visited the large old School House, which for one hundred years was the leading seminary for Friends in Ireland. Four generations of the Shackleton family presided over the school for about twenty-five years each. In this school Edmund Burke was taught, and formed a life-long friendship with Richard Shackleton; and here, more recently, Cardinal Cullen and Jonathan Pim, formerly M.P. for Dublin, sat side by side. The Cardinal publicly alluded to his Quaker education, and was always friendly with the Friends. In the Friends' burial

ground rest the remains of Job Scott and other worthies. Stanley's host at Ballitore was Richard Shackleton, who was descended, on his father's side, from a long line of honourable men of that name, and on his mother's side from Margaret Fell of Swarthmore.

Later on in the same year Stanley proceeded in company with William J. Dawson to Carricknahorna, the residence of Thomas Dixon and family, near Ballyshannon, county Donegal. Here they passed through the intensely wild scenery of the west coast skirting Donegal Bay. The western highlands of Donegal stretch for twenty miles to the north, terminating in Slievh League, whose precipitous cliffs tower 2000 feet perpendicularly above the Atlantic. To the south the long line of the Darty Mountains in the county Sligo terminate in the rugged outline of Ben Brisky. The rocks of hard limestone are tilted up one above another like the bulwarks of some rugged fortification, against the giant swell of the ocean. Truly, as Stanley says, "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein."

The road to Carricknahorna runs through the wildest parts of the country, moorland, mountain and lakes all around, and the house itself was of primitive construction. But the true hearted hospitality of the inmates was unbounded. The son and daughter had established a First Day School which was in vigorous action, while the father called systematically on the cottagers and read the Scriptures to them. A Temperance Society was in active operation, and Thomas Dixon and his family were causing the light

of aggressive Christianity to shine among the wilds of Donegal. When the Sabbath came, the Meeting House was crowded with Protestants, and a heart-searching sermon was addressed to them on the broad and narrow way, one or other of which each of them must choose.

At Ballyshannon the meeting was arranged in the Church schoolroom, and notice of it was posted on the churchyard gates. The incumbent, the Rev. S. G. Cochrane, threw open his own house to the Friends. These meetings with the public were commenced by reading the Holy Scriptures and prayer, and Stanley took for his text at the evening meeting, Romans viii. 1. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit."

Thence he proceeded to Londonderry, Belfast and Bessbrook. In visiting Lurgan he made the acquaintance of a Friend who some years ago felt it his duty to come and live there to set himself more at liberty to attend meetings. Lurgan Meeting at one time had seventy families belonging to it, and was in some sort the parent meeting of Ireland, but had at that time become much reduced, and the Meeting House premises were sadly neglected, and in a ruinous condition. The congregation was so scattered that one old man, had often sat down there alone. Friends were talking of selling part of the premises to pay the heavy debt that hung upon them, but this one old Friend entreated them not to do it, saying, "Don't ye do it Friends, the Meeting will yet revive." It has revived, and in 1874 they had an at-

tendance varying from forty to eighty, to a considerable extent owing to the faithful labours of the ministering Friend referred to. The Meeting may not be all that a church should be, yet when Stanley visited it there were sixty-four persons present. "It's all true," exclaimed the old man after Stanley had been speaking, "Bless the Lord, He does not forget us, and sends His servants amongst us still." Nothing would satisfy him but that Stanley must partake of a meal with him. He was living in a little room six or eight feet square, but the tea was all ready, with the coarse wheaten cakes and raspberry jam of his own manufacture; and the meal was encompassed with the sunshine of contentment and the spirit of praise.

While here Stanley Pumphrey met Elizabeth L. Comstock from Michigan. She preached a powerful sermon on the names of Jehovah, as typical of the revelations of God,—

1.—JEHOVAH-JIREH, "the Lord will provide;" the blessed doctrine of sacrifice and atonement for our sakes, revealed in the mount to Abraham, and declared by Abraham to his son Isaac, "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering."

2.—JEHOVAH-NISSI, "The Lord my banner," opening out the great truths in Exodus, that the Lord himself fights Israel's battles, and goeth before his people as the captain of salvation, to win the victory for them, and that

> "As Moses stood with arms spread wide
> Success was found on Israel's side,
> But when through weariness they failed,
> That moment Amalek prevailed."

So when we go to the Lord in all the forcibleness of prayer, though utter weakness in ourselves, the Lord Himself will carry on the war against all our spiritual enemies, until the last enemy shall be trodden under His feet.

3.—JEHOVAH-SHALOM, "The Lord will send peace." Each of these marvellous names is in close connection with an altar of sacrifice. Gideon, in a time of distress, hears the word of the Lord saying to him, "PEACE be unto thee, fear not, thou shalt not die," and he goes forth, and throws down his father's altar of Baal. The Spirit of the Lord comes mightily upon him, and blowing the trumpet, he threshes the Midianites.

4.—JEHOVAH-TSIDKENU, "The Lord our righteousness." "This is the name whereby HE shall be called, the Lord our righteousness," but not only is it the name given to the Messiah, but the Bride, the Church, takes the name of her Heavenly Bridegroom, "Judah shall be saved, Jerusalem shall dwell safely, and this is the name wherewith *she* shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness." (Jeremiah xxxiii. 16.)

5.—JEHOVAH-SHAMMAH, "The Lord is there." The Lord ever present with His people, their joy, their strength, their bulwark, their salvation. The sacrifice, the Lamb of God has been provided, which taketh away the sin of the world. The war is over. The new city, with its portion for *every* tribe, is built up of living stones, and Ezekiel sums up his marvellous visions, saying, "And the name of the city from that day shall be, The Lord is there."

Such is an imperfect outline of a sermon from one who has been the succourer of thousands of refugees, freedmen, emigrants, prisoners, drunkards, and homeless persons.

Stanley Pumphrey and E. L. Comstock moved on to Belfast, where the latter had a large meeting with about 2000 women. Moody and Sankey were at that time holding revival services in the city, and Stanley hastened to the noonday prayer meeting, where one thousand people were assembled. He dined with D. L. Moody, and found him a plain ordinary man, "nothing at all striking about him in any way. It is another illustration that God chooses the base things of the world, and things that are despised, to effect His purposes, for *that God is using him there cannot be the smallest doubt.*"

At 2 o'clock, Moody held his midday meeting. After singing and prayer, he opened his Bible and gave a lesson on Grace. "It would sometimes help us in our Bible studies," he said, "if we used our dictionaries. Not one in ten knows what grace is. The best definition is 'unmerited mercy.' In John i. 14, 17, we find out by Whom grace comes, and to whom it comes. Jesus Christ is the source of grace, and it is for sinners. In Romans v. 15, we see that the Gift, by grace, which is by one man Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many. Turn to the parable of the two sons, Matt. xxi. 28–31. The Jews could not receive the covenant of grace, of salvation by faith, they were Abraham's seed, they were not Gentile sinners, and thought they had ground of their own on which they could stand before God. Jesus says

to them, 'Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you.' In Romans x. 3, you will see why it is that so many do not accept the grace so freely offered them, and where they stumble, 'They being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God.'

"'It is not meet to take the children's bread,' said Jesus to the Syro-Phœnecian woman, 'and cast it to dogs.' 'Yes, Lord,' she beautifully answered, 'I take my place as a Gentile dog.' Her spirit was not up, as ours would have been with wounded pride, but she takes her place contentedly as deserving nothing, and she begs a crumb. The Lord threw her a whole loaf at once.

"Look at the Roman centurion. The messengers came and said he was worthy, he was a respectable man, well connected, a man in authority. He loveth our nation, and has built us a synagogue. Oh yes, he was worthy surely, there could be no doubt of it. Brother Thomson here gives Pastor Thomas £1000 towards his new chapel. He may have made the money by distilling whiskey, never mind, he is worthy, he has built us a synagogue. So the world talks, and so too often the church thinks. But the Lord Jesus went with the men. He meant to read them a lesson. He knew all about the centurion. Listen, what has the centurion to say for himself? 'I am not worthy. I thought not myself worthy to come to Thee.' He took the place of receiving, through free grace. He believed, and got what he wanted. *Of*

course he did. Any man who has faith in God will get the blessing on the same terms. 'For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast."

Moody sat down, calling on Ira D. Sankey to sing the now well-known hymn,—

> "There were ninety-and-nine that safely lay
> In the shelter of the fold,
> But one was out on the hills away
> Far off from the gates of gold."

Stanley writes:—"I never heard anything to approach Sankey's singing. Any one who doubts whether there may be a service in song should just listen to him, and it would no longer surprise them that souls are won under the influence of the melting melody. In the evening it was announced that Moody would be at St. Enoch's, the meeting to begin at eight. We were told the only chance of getting in was, to go an hour and a half before time. At 6.30 the doors were opened, and in twelve minutes the whole of the large church, with its double gallery, holding three thousand people, was filled, and the doors were closed. It was a wonderful sight to see the people thronging in, and their attention was complete, indeed it could hardly be otherwise. In the middle of Moody's sermon he called on Sankey to sing, saying 'As well sing about grace as preach about it, it will help the sermon.' At the close of the service any who were anxious about their souls, and desired conversation, were invited to come to

another neighbouring church. This enquirers' meeting I felt to be the most instructive of all, and there could be no doubt that the arrow of conviction had entered a large proportion of those present." Thus the reality of Moody's work was abundantly manifest long before he had acquired the popularity he has since attained.

After thoroughly visiting the meetings of Friends in Ireland, Stanley again returned home. His farewell sermon in Dublin was in these words, "All things are yours. Things present and things to come, all are yours. Every need is met in the Lord Jesus Christ. Not that we are always to expect an abounding, or a treasure as it were, to draw from for future wants. The Christian is often in the condition of the disciples, sent forth without scrip, yet as they had to testify that they lacked nothing, so we find in looking to the Lord, that every want is supplied as it arises, and seeing that this is the case, what need we more?"

CHAPTER VII.

WORCESTER.

STANLEY PUMPHREY belonged to an industrious family, and whether on his journeys or at home never allowed the grass to grow under his feet. On his return from Ireland in 1874 he wrote an article for the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner* on the life of George Herbert, the country parson, and his godly counsel to ministers. Many of the quotations portray Stanley Pumphrey's own views, and as such will form a valuable commentary on his own thoughts respecting the ministry.

"It is an ill mason that refuses any stone, but the chief and top of the pastor's knowledge consists in the Book of books, the storehouse and magazine of life and comfort, the Holy Scriptures.

"The second means is prayer, which if necessary in temporal things, how much more in things of another world, where the well is deep, and we have nothing of ourselves to draw with.

"The third means is a diligent comparison of Scripture with Scripture. Suck every letter, and find honey.

"The fourth means are commentators and the fathers, which the pastor by no means refuseth. Yet he doth not so study others as to neglect the

grace of God in himself, and what the Holy Spirit teacheth him. But as one country does not bear all things, that there may be commerce, so neither hath God opened out, or will open out, all thoughts to one man, that there may be a traffic in knowledge between the servants of God.

"Lord Jesus, teach Thou me, that I may teach. Sanctify all my powers, that in their full strength I may deliver Thy message reverently, readily, faithfully, and fruitfully. Oh, make Thy word a swift word, passing from the ear to the heart, and from the heart to the life and the conversation.

"George Herbert says that for the understanding of the Scriptures we need 'first a holy life'; and again he says, 'A holy life is the best library.' When introduced to the rectory of Bemerton, near Salisbury, according to an old custom he was left alone in the church to toll the bell; but as he was much longer than usual, his friends came to seek him, and found him prostrate before the altar in fervent prayer, for he says, 'Prayers are the church bells that are heard beyond the stars.' He recommends the minister to let his words be 'heart deep,' and 'to have a diligent and busy cast of the eye on his hearers;' and inasmuch as country people are thick and heavy and hard to raise, use plain and simple language, interspersed with stories and sayings of others, with homely illustrations, for things of ordinary use when washed and cleansed may serve as lights to heavenly truths. Our Saviour made plants and seeds to teach the people, not only that by familiar things He might make the doctrine slip the more easily into the hearts even

of the meanest, but also that labouring people remembering in the garden his mustard seed and lilies, and in the field his seed corn and tares, should not be drowned altogether in their work but lift up their minds to better things in the midst of their labour." And thus Stanley Pumphrey concludes that "not only ministers but Sabbath-school teachers, district visitors, and helpers in mission services, may find in George Herbert many a useful hint as to the *preparation* for their labours."

Another paper which Stanley Pumphrey afterwards prepared on a kindred subject was entitled "Christ, the Model Teacher." This also appeared in the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, and a few extracts from it will show the healthy line of vigorous thought which guided his pen.

"The remark made by the Hindu to Elkanah Beard, 'How nicely Jesus puts things,' illustrates the impression His words produce on thoughtful minds whose perceptions are not yet dulled by familiarity with Christ's teaching. Everything is eminently 'well put.' If we ask how Jesus succeeded in making his teaching so plain, forcible, and interesting, we shall find that one secret lay in the free use of apt illustration. 'Without a parable spake He not unto them.' The *illustrations* were drawn from farming, mechanics, commerce, social customs, domestic occupations, the sports of children, religious rites, history, birds, fishes, insects, trees, flowers, rain and sunshine, food and clothing, salt and fuel, dust and rust, all these and many more give point to his lessons. Sometimes an important lesson is conveyed in the constant repeti-

tion of a single word. In that first great sermon on the Mount, the word 'Father,' as applied to God, is brought in seventeen times. In that last great discourse in the 14th, 15th, and 16th of John, the word 'Father' is applied to God forty-five times. But it is not only by the repetition of words that our Lord gave emphasis, but by the repetition of thought. 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.'

"Our Lord often gave light and shadow to His teaching by the force of *contrast.* He contrasted the service of God and mammon, and the two ways, the two builders, the good and the corrupt tree, the single and the evil eye, the treasure on earth and in heaven.

"*Forcible questions* were often used to arrest attention. 'If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye?' 'What man is there of you who if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?' 'Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?'

"Not unfrequently Jesus aroused attention by putting the truth in the form of *paradox.* 'If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness.' Again, He gave precepts so condensed that once heard they could not be forgotten. 'Love your enemies.' 'Swear not at all.'

"The subject matter was always *important.* Jesus Christ always had something to say. He was never trifling, never light.

"A *sociable* and *approachable* man, He made Himself accessible to all classes, and was ready to accept the invitations of any. While fully alive to the joys of friendship, He could turn aside from homes like Bethany, and be guest with Publicans or Pharisees whose company was less congenial.

"He was *always ready* to attend to those who needed help. We never find him saying, 'I have not time.' To spare Himself fatigue or trouble never entered His thought. He could turn aside from busy occupation to heal a servant or restore a little girl. Crowds hung upon His lips, yet Jesus was equally ready to speak to *one*. Mary, Nicodemus, the woman of Samaria, the lawyer, the rich young man, Simon the Pharisee, Zaccheus, all received in turn His teaching *individually*. His *love* shone out in acts of thoughtful kindness and in tender words.

"His life was full of untiring activity and energy, yet there was no *hurry*. Whence sprang this holy calm? Was it from those hours of prayer? 'Rising up a great while before day, He departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.' 'He went up into a mountain to pray.' 'He withdrew Himself into the wilderness and prayed.' 'He continued all night in prayer to God.' Fellow teachers, if we wish to keep calm and strong for work we must be much with God. The more work, the more need of prayer. 'I have so much upon me,' said Luther, 'that I cannot get on without three hours of prayer a day.'

"Our Saviour was *discriminating*. He did not give

meat to babes, nor cram them with more than they could digest. There was never any one like Him for rightly dividing the word of truth. The bruised reed He did not break, nor quench the dimly-burning flax.

"Jesus was full of the *Holy Spirit.* Herein lies the secret of the teacher's and preacher's power. The disciples received power after the Holy Spirit came upon them, and it was when filled with the Spirit that they were enabled to speak with such convincing clearness and authority that multitudes believed."

While Stanley Pumphrey thus clearly exalts Christ as the Model Teacher, he by no means sets Him forth as *only* a human teacher. "Christ describes Himself as the final arbiter of human destiny. He gives commands with Divine authority, and makes promises in His own name that God only could fulfil. All this is perfectly harmonious and perfectly explicable if we only accept His own statement, 'He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.'"

In 1874 Stanley worked vigorously to assist the Moravians in their great missionary enterprise. He had been interested for years in their self-denying efforts in Greenland and Labrador. Their Mission Fund that year showed a deficiency of £4,254, and the executive were looking forward to difficulties of a serious nature in the prosecution of their work. Then came the loss of their missionary vessel in June on the Mosquito coast, Central America, which greatly added to their perplexities. An appeal was issued asking Christian friends to come to their aid that the

Lord's work might not suffer which He had entrusted to them. One day in the early autumn he made his way to the office in London, and knocking, was ushered into the presence of the secretary, the Rev. H. E. Shawe. They were soon absorbed in conversation and in enquiries respecting the Moravian Mission work generally, and the causes of their present financial perplexities. After discussing these matters pretty fully, and obtaining all the practical information possible, Stanley said, "God has put it into my heart to try and help you in your difficulty, and I wish to obtain all needful information before setting to work." The secretary was much touched by the kind loving way in which he spoke of his interest and sympathy in their missionary work, and in the brethren and sisters engaged in it, and answered, "I assure you we are very grateful for your proffered assistance. The prayerful sympathy of a Christian brother like yourself is very precious to us, even if the effort you make is not attended with success of a very striking character." Stanley quietly remarked, "It is on my mind that the Lord will give me £2,000 for you. Shall we kneel down together and ask Him?"

They did so. Stanley engaged in prayer, simple and child-like, and so full of faith that when they rose from their knees the secretary's heart was cheered with the assurance that "according to his faith," Stanley would indeed be enabled to raise the sum he had named.

He lost no time in setting to work, and worked hard at it, preparing a circular stating the circum-

stances, and writing letters to a large number of Friends with whom he was personally acquainted, and by the end of the financial year, March, 1875, he had been instrumental in bringing in the sum of £1,494 17s. 4d. towards the deficiency of the Moravians.

The next year a further sum of £104 8s. 9d. was paid in by him for the same object. A further sum of about £500 extraordinary subscriptions towards a new ship for the Mosquito coast was also received through his influence and as a direct result of his appeal.

Stanley Pumphrey again made his way to the Moravian Missionary office, and went through the accounts with the secretary, his face shining with delight as he found that actually more than the £2,000 asked for had graciously been sent. Again they knelt down, and with deeply moved hearts thanked God for His full answer to their prayer.

We have already seen how in boyhood Stanley was influenced for good by "the pure and gentle life" of his beloved sister Helen. This sister had now for some years been married to William Clark Eddington. The first seven years of their married life were spent at Worcester; and in 1871 they removed to Guildford, mainly with a view to her husband prosecuting his art as a landscape painter amid the lovely scenery in Surrey. Stanley gave his brother-in-law a cordial welcome into the family circle, encouraging him to devote himself to his profession as an artist; being so fond of art himself, he regularly frequented the picture galleries in London

when opportunity presented, and his judgment and art criticism were often helpful and cheering to one who made it his life-work. Five little children came one by one; and in 1875 the Eddingtons removed to Harlech in the vicinity of the mountain tarns and high moorlands of North Wales. The welfare of this beloved sister and all that pertained to her, lay very near Stanley's heart. "I have seen Helen often since she married," writes a friend, "with little frail children clinging round her, to whom she was everything." Whatever she was doing, gardening, washing tea-things, making beds, cooking, and sewing, the children were round her, the elder ones early learning to make themselves useful. The oldest, a frail girl, was soon called away, as the loving mother expressed it,

> "An angel visited the fair earth
> And bore our flower away."

At the time to which we have now arrived there were two boys and two girls left. The mother meanwhile was attacked with hemorrhage, consumption set in, and the family returned to Worcester. "Oh, Caroline," exclaimed Helen one day, as at her sister's request she lay down tired out, "I am going so fast, and it is so hard to leave you all."

Stanley felt the trial keenly, for his sister abounded in that quiet holy life that shines most brightly at at home. "*No condemnation now*," she said, "*soon no separation.*" When very ill and weak she bid her sister, "Go down and set the children to a good romp, and put all the doors open that I may hear

them," for the merry voices from below were "mother's music" to her.

Stanley was far from home when his sister passed away to be with the Lord, but his heart's affections were so bound up with her that her life-story was an important factor in his, and the four motherless children at Worcester ever found in him an intense sympathizer.

There had been gradually ripening in Stanley Pumphrey's mind a deeply settled conviction that the Lord was calling him to service in America, and that probably for years he would be called to labour among the Christian churches in that land. The time was now approaching when after the manner of Friends, this important prospect of service should be thrown before the meetings with which he was connected, for the serious consideration of his fellow-members. But running alongside this prospect of future Gospel work, Stanley believed it well for him to marry again. The friend whom he had chosen was one who had already been diligently at work in the villages in her own district, Sarah, the daughter of Jonathan and Elizabeth Grubb of Sudbury. He justly felt in offering his hand to one he so dearly loved, with the immediate prospect, on his part, of some years absence from home, that he was asking her to make sacrifices of her own personal comfort not to be easily estimated. He therefore hesitated in claiming from her more than she might feel called upon to surrender. Jonathan Grubb was well known throughout the British Isles as an earnest Gospel minister and zealous temperance advocate, and it

was no light matter to ask his daughter to engage herself to one who was proposing forthwith to absent himself for years on foreign service.

In the autumn of 1874, in writing to his sister Lucy, Stanley Pumphrey thus enters into the consideration of this proposed union :—"My visit to Sudbury was very pleasant and one long to be remembered. I had considerable opportunity of being with Sarah, and was especially thankful for an hour of prayer we had together. We were very often with one another, and there was none of the reserve that might have been feared from our slight personal intercourse. I told her that the claims of the work of the ministry I thankfully accept as paramount to all others, and I have told the Lord that I am quite willing to give up the thought of ever having her, if He sees it would hinder the service that He is pointing to either of us. My love for her continues strong and deep. This has been a safeguard to me as I have gone about, and I have no doubt it will be a help to me in America to have my affections anchored. I can see how great a help she might be made to me, and how the Lord might bless us in united work. I see, too, what a rest it may be to both of us to be plighted to one another in mutual love. Can we trust the Lord to give us patience through what may very possibly be the years of hope deferred? and can we trust Him to provide all that will be needful for our outward wants, if He at last unites us? May the Lord guide us, and may His will be done."

A few months later he again writes from Colchester to his sister on the same subject :—"Sarah's de-

cision is made, and we are now engaged to one another. We have felt it a solemn thing to enter into a covenant that must have such an important bearing on our future lives and on our service for our Lord. I believe we are both well satisfied that the thing has proceeded from the Lord."

One of those problems that now and again occur in life then arose. Several of his friends advised him to marry before sailing to America, and to take his wife with him. In corresponding with his brother in the spring of 1875, he enunciates this difficulty. "Our engagement is now generally talked off. I am a little disquieted at the number of recommendations I get to marry at once, and to take Sarah with me to America. When my mind is made up to a course of action I do not easily change, and dislike having to reconsider it, but I am not so obstinate as to be unwilling to think of reasons that may be urged for an opposite course.

"Sarah's fellowship might be a great help in the work. Prayer and conference with her would be strengthening. It would be a help too, considering the state of my health, to have some one to look after me, and clearly no one could do this like a wife, or give the same helpful care in case of illness. There is also the unsettling influence of protracted engagement and its possible effect upon us both.

"On the other hand it seems to me there are objections so obvious that I wonder my advisers can so completely ignore them. I do not fear the unsettling effect of long engagement for myself; I have looked forward to it too long. As regards

health, I think there is less probability of Sarah standing the fatigue than of my doing it, and that it is more likely she would be an anxiety to me in our journeyings than I to her. The important thing is to know the mind of God, and with regard to this, I do pray that we may come to a clear and united judgment."

It was finally concluded that Stanley Pumphrey should start for America alone, and on the 8th April, 1875, he laid his prospect of service before the Worcestershire and Shropshire Monthly Meeting of Friends at Worcester. He was quite unwell at the time, and went to and from the meeting in a closed carriage. At the commencement of the meeting he offered a most solemn prayer imploring divine guidance, and was followed by an address from Edward Pease, of Bewdley, on the words "The eyes of all wait upon thee." Stanley first returned the minute granted him for religious service in the eastern counties and in Ireland, and gave a brief summary of the way the Lord had led him. He then again rose and said :—"For eight years I have believed that the Lord was preparing my heart to go to America, and as a consequence five years ago I concluded to relinquish business. I have felt that my work in Ireland has been calculated, in many ways, to assist in preparing me for this more extended field of labour. I do not know how long the engagement may take me, it may probably be for years. Nothing is very definitely before my mind respecting the course it may assume, but probably it will be to work in the compass of Baltimore and North Carolina Yearly Meetings dur-

ing next winter. I greatly feel the responsibility of the undertaking and my own unfitness for the work, but I believe that bodily, mental and spiritual strength is always given for the work God calls us to do for Him. He who commissions His servants has promised to give them His needed help. I have much felt the severance involved in leaving the meeting at Worcester and so many of my dear friends, but the Lord has given me many indications that He Himself is calling me to the work, and several brethren and sisters from the other side of the Atlantic have spoken to me, expressing their conviction that the Lord would call me to visit their land. I believe the time has come for me to lay the matter before you for your prayerful consideration, and whatever your conclusion is, may the will of the Lord be done."

Stanley Pumphrey then sat down, and as he thought of all that the separation involved, burst into tears. Henry Whiting was the first to break the solemn silence that followed. He expressed his sympathy, but felt much discouraged at the thought of Worcester Meeting, and of all the work that was needed in the immediate neighbourhood, and how few there were to do it. Lucy Westcombe then rose, and said that she had long known of her dear nephew's concern for America, and the more she had thought about it, the more clearly she believed that it was the right thing. William Spriggs, Martha A. Binyon and Sarah Lindsay expressed their sympathy and unity, and their sorrow at losing Stanley's presence from among them so soon again, yet hoping that the meeting would liberate him for the service. Many

others spoke to the same purport, and Edward Pease concluded with prayer that blessing and preservation might attend him throughout his travels. A certificate was prepared, which was afterwards authenticated by the Quarterly Meeting, and is as follows :—

"To the Monthly, Quarterly and Yearly Meetings of Friends in America, to whom this may come."

"DEAR FRIENDS,—Our dear friend Stanley Pumphrey, a minister in unity and good esteem amongst us, has laid before us a prospect of religious service, which has long been before him, to visit in Gospel love the meetings within your limits, and to attend to such other service as may be required of him in the course of the engagement. The concern of our beloved friend has received our serious consideration, and much unity and sympathy having been expressed therewith, we think it right to liberate him for the service, for which we believe the Lord has been qualifying and preparing him. We commend him to your care, desiring that his labours may be blest to your comfort and edification, and that he may experience in all his movements divine guidance and protection, and return with peace when he feels that he has fulfilled his work.

"Signed by direction and on behalf of Worcestershire and Shropshire Monthly Meeting, women Friends being present, held at Worcester by adjournment the 15th day of 4th month, 1875.

"THOMAS WESTCOMBE, Clerk."

One of the privileges Stanley Pumphrey had enjoyed for several years was attending the yearly Meetings in London. During the Meetings of 1874, Deborah Thomas from America paid a visit to the Men's Meeting during its sittings, and in entire ignorance of what was passing in Stanley's heart uttered words that might appear almost prophetic. She said, "If it had not been for some of your members from England visiting America, I do not think I should ever have come to visit you. But now there are but few of you that are visiting America. Is it not laid upon some of you young men to go? Does not the great ocean roll between you and your field of offering? Do not be long about it, for I believe the Lord will give time to do it in, *and not much more.*"

At the London Yearly Meeting of 1875, Stanley Pumphrey's certificate for America was duly endorsed by the Meeting on Ministry and Oversight, and on the 28th May he paid a farewell visit to the Women's Yearly Meeting, addressing them from the words of Christ, "Fear not, I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore." "The Lord speaks of Himself as the 'I am.' Time to Him is not past or future as with us, but present. To His disciples he says, 'Lo, *I am* with you always even unto the end of the world.' And to Moses the words were addressed, '*I am* that I am.' Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, '*I am* hath sent me unto you.' We rejoice in the work He has done for us, that He died for our sins, but there is strength for us also in the thought that He liveth. He is with

us always, so we need fear nothing. We have no right to fear. Look off unto Jesus.

"Perhaps some of us are inclined to respond, 'Yes, but I have failed so often.' It is Satan that would thus discourage us. Look off unto Jesus. He is able to do for us exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think. I wish that we might all realize the prayer of the apostle, 'For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.' Let us have faith in these things for ourselves. Excuse not yourselves from the blessing, saying, 'I am unworthy.' Of ourselves we are unworthy. It is for no merit of ours that we are blest. It is *all* for His sake and in His name. Many of you desire these things, not for yourselves alone, but for others. Go on praying. Your influence is great, you do not realize how great. You do not know the result of a loving word, if you would but speak to your brothers and your cousins about these things. A few words fitly spoken sometimes do far more than the long sermon. It is the weak things of this world that God hath chosen to confound the things that are mighty.

"I would plead with you who are sisters to help your brothers in every way you can. You do not know all the dangers and temptations that surround them. You cannot know how difficult it is for them to take a firm stand as Christians. You know not how hard it often is for the business man to be a thoroughly consistent Christian in his business. But I know what a business man has to cope with. Therefore help your brothers. Pray for them and with them, that they may know the fulfilment of the promise, 'The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth for evermore.'

"Permit me to say a few words respecting your pleasures. Recreation has its right place. Nothing in the New Testament is definitely stated as to which pleasures are to be avoided, although there must have been those of which the apostles could not approve. But one great principle on all such matters *is* laid down. 'Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' This is enough. Can you give God thanks in them? This should be our rule of action in all our engagements.

"Again, respecting your reading, if you feel that God would not have you read a book, then leave it alone. This is a simple rule, and I need not say much more. I do not look upon books as dead, for they are the living thoughts of men. Some may think these words hard, but if we would be Christ's disciples, we must take up our cross and deny ourselves.

"We are utterly mistaken about our cross if we think

'Far heavier its weight must surely be,
Than those of others which I daily see;
Oh! if I might another burden choose
Methinks I would not fear my crown to lose.'

"To choose our own path or cross must always prove a failure. Let God choose for us,—

'And then with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I'll turn my earthly cross to meet;
And there, in the prepared appointed way,
Listening to hear and ready to obey,
A cross I quickly find of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon;
And so henceforth my own desire shall be
That He who knows me best may choose for me.'

"I can truly say, with Rutherford, that the Cross of Christ is the lightest burden that I ever have to bear. It is such a burden as sails are to a ship, or wings to a bird, to waft the soul onward to heaven.

"Are there some here who are not yet decided for Christ? Oh, come at once to Him. It may be long ere I have the privilege of meeting you again. Remember the cause for which I cross the Atlantic. The church at home must feel its responsibility in my going. The church at home has a share in the work, and will, I trust, pray for the errand and for the messenger. I shall often remember you when far distant, and I ask you to remember me in your prayers."

Many were in tears as they listened to this parting address. The large meeting was baptized in prayer, and one offering after another ascended that

Stanley Pumphrey might be surrounded with the Lord's blessing, and kept from all evil.

"These partings make us sad," Stanley afterwards wrote to one of his relatives, "but I accept my mission thankfully, as I doubt not you also can for me. When we really give up anything for the Lord's sake, I believe He always gives us a full return, and I am not afraid of being unhappy, or that you will be. There will be trials and sorrows no doubt, but His grace does much more abound. THE LORD REIGNS. I hope to be of good courage, my heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."

CHAPTER VIII.

BALTIMORE.

STANLEY PUMPHREY sailed from Queenstown in company with Allen Jay in the *Illinois* on the 25th September, 1875, and embarked upon the great work of his life. The varied experiences he had passed through enabled him to sympathise with men of business, with family cares and domestic sorrows, and with the needs of the churches. His own heart was resting on Christ, and he went forth determined to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

"Sailing up the Delaware," Stanley writes, "my dear brother Allen Jay sat by me on the deck. We said but little to one another, for the hearts of both of us were full. Allen Jay was returning home from a service in which the Lord had greatly blessed him; I was entering on one, the responsibility of which I felt exceedingly, but in which I was trusting for the help and blessing of God. My thoughts went back two hundred years, as I pictured William Penn sailing up that same river, with a band of men and women driven from their own land by persecution, resolved to try, on this virgin soul, 'the holy experiment' of founding a State, the corner-stone of whose polity should be liberty of conscience, and in which the endeavour should be made to carry out the divine

precepts of the Saviour in His Sermon on the Mount, of peace and good-will towards all men. William Penn had large hopes for the prosperity of the State he founded, but how greatly beyond his utmost expectation have his hopes been exceeded. The impress of his mind remains on the political institutions of America, and is seen also in the very form of her cities, which have so largely been copied from his own plan of Philadelphia. A leading American author has remarked that while in the early history of their country, the influence of the Puritans held the first rank, the influence of the Friends is second. Bancroft, in his very interesting chapter on 'The People called Quakers in the United States,' has endeavoured to do justice to that influence. Some of us may have been ready to charge him with exaggeration in his statement, that at the close of the seventeenth century, Pennsylvania, West New Jersey, Delaware, Rhode Island, and to some extent, North Carolina, were Quaker States; yet the statement is borne out by Samuel Bownas, who, writing in 1728, makes an almost identical remark, at least as regards Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Rhode Island.

"It must, however, be remarked, that the whole population then was very small; some sixteen months sufficed him to visit all the Friends' Meetings in those States with very slight exception, most of them repeatedly, and several of them many times. The fact that in the century and a half that has elapsed since the visit of Samuel Bownas, we have relatively so completely lost ground in those States, is a humiliating one, and one that may well call for the thought-

ful consideration of some historian, since the answer could scarcely fail to be fraught with instruction. In the States where Friends are most numerous, they are but an insignificant fraction of the population, even in Indiana scarcely numbering more than one in eighty.

"With regard to the numerical strength of the different Yearly Meetings on the American continent, Indiana stands first, with 18,000 members (in round numbers); Western second, with 12,000; Iowa third, with 9000; Philadelphia and North Carolina have 5000 each; New England, Kansas, Ohio, and New York, 4000, more or less; Canada has 1600, and Baltimore about 600 only; giving a total membership of about 67,000.

"They may be divided into three main divisions; the South, including North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas, with about 5000 members; the East, including the Yearly Meetings east of the Alleghanies, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Canada, and New England, with about 15,000 members; and the great West, comprising Ohio, Indiana, Western, Iowa and Kansas Yearly Meetings, with about 47,000 members. The Wilbur Friends, as they are called for distinction, are chiefly to be found in Eastern Ohio, though there is one good-sized Quarterly meeting in Ohio, and a small remnant of the 800 who separated in New England, numbering altogether about 4000. The recent separatists in Western, Iowa, and Kansas Yearly Meetings are about 1000. The followers of Elias Hicks claim 28,000 members, of whom one half belong to Philadelphia, where they

are a large and influential body, half the remainder belong to Baltimore and New York, and the rest to their four very small Yearly meetings, which include western New York and Canada, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The whole number of persons therefore, who claim to be Friends in America is just about 100,000.

"With regard to the geographical distribution of Friends in the United States, we find on a map that large sections of the country are a complete blank. Taking that great section extending 700 miles northward of the Gulf of Mexico, we should not find a single established meeting. In the Virginias there are hardly any, in Kentucky none; in the populous manufacturing State of Connecticut and in Vermont scarcely any; in the rapidly-rising State of Michigan, only one Quarterly meeting; in the great agricultural State of Illinois, there are only two Quarterly meetings, both of them on the border of Indiana; in Missouri, a very few meetings in the south-west corner; in Wisconsin and Minnesota, a few meetings; and, as regards the whole of the vast region west of Kansas, the Society of Friends is represented by one or two meetings in Colorado and Oregon, and a very few in California. Even in those States where Friends are most numerous, they are often confined to limited localities. Thus in Pennsylvania and New Jersey there are few outside a radius of forty miles from Philadelphia; in New England they occupy a strip reaching fifty miles inland from the coast; and even in Indiana, out of its ninety counties, there are but thirty in which there are meetings of Friends.

"Friends in America are almost entirely an agricultural people. Speaking generally, nine-tenths of English Friends are engaged in commercial pursuits, in America about the same proportion are farmers. The number of flourishing meetings in the cities is small. There are about 2000 Friends, independently of the Hicksites, in Philadelphia; about 1000 in Richmond, Indiana; 500 in New York and Brooklyn; 300 in Baltimore; 200 each in Indianapolis, Chicago, Cincinnati, New Bedford, and Lynn; 100 each in Providence and Lawrence. The principal Quaker centres are in the country districts. Connected with this view of the Society of Friends in America, is the fact that outside a very few centres there is not much wealth among them. There is wealth in Philadelphia, but owing to the unhappily isolated position of that Yearly Meeting, the wealth is only available to a limited extent for the general interests of the Society. The financial responsibilities of New York, New England, and Baltimore Yearly Meetings rest mainly on the shoulders of a few, and west of the Alleghanies wealthy Friends are to be counted by units.

"Closely connected with this is the state of education. A large proportion of the Friends in the West send their children to the country day schools, which are often only open in the winter months because the labour of the children is needed at home during the summer. There are, however, many who exert themselves commendably to secure the higher education which academies like Spiceland and Wilmington, or colleges like Earlham and Penn supply,

yet with a great proportion of the members, the education does not go beyond that which is furnished in the day schools. With regard to mental culture in mature life, there appears to be but little reading beyond the newspapers and periodicals. The bookshelves (where they have any) are very scantily furnished, and anything worth the name of a library is rarely seen."

The first Yearly meeting that Stanley Pumphrey attended was Baltimore. "This is the smallest of all the Yearly meetings, yet extending over a wide area from the heart of Pennsylvania to the southeast corner of Virginia, a distance of about 500 miles. Of its twelve particular meetings or congregations, Baltimore is the only considerable one, half the members of the Yearly meeting residing in this city. With one or two exceptions, the other meetings are extremely small. Yet the Friends of this Yearly meeting have done good service, and Francis T. King has been like a father to North Carolina Yearly meeting, and has, in his zeal to help them, made thirty journeys to the South since the war.

"Why has Baltimore become so much reduced? The answer to this question takes us back to the saddest chapter in Quaker annals, the Hicksite separation of 1828, which tore Baltimore Yearly meeting to pieces, and rent from our communion more than half the members in Philadelphia and New York. The Hicksites retain so many of the characteristics of our Society that they are often very much confounded with us in the popular mind. Indeed I have heard Friends from England say, that after going to

their meetings, they could see but little difference. I wish I could agree with them. I desire to speak with fairness and kindness, for they have been kind and courteous to me. They have greeted me with warmth and have thanked me for my visits; they have even done what I had no right to expect from them, they have made appointments for me and freely lent me their meeting-houses. I gladly acknowledge this, but if I am asked, 'Is there any radical doctrinal difference between us?' I am bound to say there is. I attended one of their meetings, preaching just as I should elsewhere, what I believe to be the truth. My address was largely based on the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, as I spoke of Him, the Lord Jesus Christ, on whom were laid the iniquities of us all, who was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities. When I finished, the Friend who sat at the head of the meeting, and a leading minister of their Yearly meeting, rose and said, that he could accept what the English Friend had said, provided it were understood in a strictly spiritual sense. It was true that God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that is, He sent Christ a light into the hearts of all, and by obedience to its manifestations, the evil was brought into subjection, the good raised into dominion, and thus we were brought into a condition of acceptance with God."

This schism in Baltimore, therefore, largely accounts for the smallness of that Yearly meeting. But the 600 members that are left represent a large amount of earnest good work. "Baltimore has sometimes been spoken of as the parent Yearly meeting of the

West. Technically this is correct, since Ohio Yearly meeting was set off from Baltimore. The tide of emigration set westward across the Alleghanies about the beginning of this century, but it was not till 1813 that Ohio Yearly meeting was established. Indiana followed in 1821, Western Yearly meeting in 1858, Iowa in 1864, and Kansas in 1873. But the real parent Yearly meeting is North Carolina. I believe that fully half the Friends in the West are of Carolina descent, and many of the most prominent men, like Charles F. Coffin, Dr. Dougan Clark, and Dr. William Nicholson, are natives of Carolina. When the pioneer settlers established themselves in the West, the whole of the broad district, extending 500 miles from the Alleghanies to the prairies of Illinois, was unbroken forest. The toil of clearing the forest and making farms was severe, and the circumstances attending the settlers must be remembered in forming an estimate of the population in the West. That such civilization should now be found where in the memory of the living there was nothing but a savage wilderness, must be regarded as a marvel of human enterprise and industry."

Francis T. King is clerk of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, and Julia Valentine clerk of the Women's Meeting. The members are very united. Stanley writes :—

"On First-day I rose not feeling very well in body and decidedly low in my mind, in fact I had what Spurgeon calls a 'minister's fainting fit,' but I have found as he says he has done, and as I suspect Paul found before him, that such sicknesses are not alto-

gether to be deplored, for they draw us nearer to God. The fine new meeting house built of brick at a cost of 46,000 dollars, was well filled, for many of the Hicksites and others like to come. I took for my text, 'The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation. He is my God and I will prepare Him an habitation.' Just as I had finished, the alarm bell sounded 'Fire' from a neighbouring steeple, and this gave the next speaker her subject.

"During the sittings of the Yearly Meeting there was a lively discussion on Teetotalism, and an enquiry was directed to be made as to how many of their members are using intoxicating drinks. There seemed to be no question in the mind of any Friend present as to the desirability of all being complete abstainers, and we heard some strong expressions on the 'immorality of touching the accursed thing.' A Friend from North Carolina told us that years ago there were some hundreds using it in their Yearly Meeting, but that last year the delinquents were reduced to one. Dr. Rhoads spoke of the way in which the concern was carried out in Philadelphia, and how affectionately and earnestly they are wont to plead with their members on the subject. On the consideration of the state of the Society, special reference was made to the query which goes down to the subordinate meetings on the subject of reading. 'Are Friends careful to guard against the introduction of improper books into their families?' Dr. Rhoads urged the necessity of religious teaching, and the importance of Friends meeting together for the reading of Holy Scripture."

Stanley Pumphrey visited Baltimore again on his return from North Carolina in February, 1876, and had meetings morning and evening all the time he was there. They were well attended and he enjoyed them much. Many took part in them, and he felt that he was amongst brethren and sisters in the Lord. The concluding meeting especially seemed full of the love of Jesus, and Stanley took as his keynote the lines,

> How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
> In a believer's ear,
> It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
> And drives away his fear.

He found in Francis T. King an able administrator, whose mind was full of large thoughts for the welfare of mankind. There had been steadily growing up in his mind a great scheme for a more complete system of education among Friends in America, with a view to their becoming to a much greater extent the educators of the country. Excluded from the pulpit, and engaged to a very limited extent at the bar or in public offices, he justly felt that there is no reason why Friends should not enter the more thoroughly into the work of education, and thus do much to mould the mind of the people. In Baltimore the remark is often made to Friends, "Your word is as good as another man's bond," and lately individuals have been brought into the Society by simply beholding the upright consistency and integrity of life of the members.

The more intimate acquaintance Stanley enjoyed

with the Friends there, the more cordially he appreciated them, and after repeated visits he heartily re-echoed the opinion Elizabeth L. Comstock had expressed to him, "Thou wilt find a loving and lovely circle of Friends at Baltimore."

CHAPTER IX.

NORTH CAROLINA.

"I HAD to rise soon after three o'clock," writes Stanley Pumphrey on the 4th November, 1875, "to come down into North Carolina. At the station I met my good friend Robert Haines, of Germantown, who has kindly undertaken to accompany me, and whom I thankfully accept as the companion of the Lord's providing. We were finally turned out with our baggage on the line in the middle of a wood, and after a little reconnoitring found a wagon that was ready to take our belongings to New Garden, while we tramped.

"New Garden is a school-house in the midst of the woods. The large Meeting House lately erected stands near by, but there is no other house in sight.

"Our lodging room is fitted up for six friends, and has one jug and bason and soap dish as the complement of earthenware. The Yearly Meeting assembled on the following day, the wagons driving up with their curious projecting roofs, and loaded with the families of Friends, and with bedding, provisions, and other necessaries of life. Many sleep in the wagons. Some found lodgings a mile or two off, and the school-house is stretched to its utmost capacity, with shake-downs spread over the school-

room floor. We only had six in our room, except that one night we made up a bed with our wrappers for a friend on the floor. Yardley Warner was the elder brother, and was ready for any emergency; and then there were Charles Hubbard, Dr. Garner of Tennessee, Edward Scull of Philadelphia, and ourselves.

"Every one speaks of the great advance that has been made since the war, but the Yearly Meeting presents the appearance of a company in the position of small farmers and agricultural labourers. The sun-bonnets on the women's side that were universal a few years ago are fast disappearing, and some of the young women go in for ribbons. The proportion of Friends wearing the conventional dress of the Society is not large.

"In the war of Independence, a battle took place close by, the wounded soldiers were carried into the old Meeting House, where the stains of blood are still shown on the floor, and many were buried in the adjoining graveyard under a large oak tree. The New Meeting House is capable of holding 800 people on the ground floor, with a small gallery running round three sides where the coloured people sit. On First-day the house was crowded in every part, and probably 1200 were present, many standing the whole time. The usual order of the meetings through the week was, at half-past eight in the morning for prayer, confession and religious enquiry. At ten o'clock the Yearly Meeting sat down for business till two o'clock. In the afternoon the various committees were held, and in the evening a conference on some special subject.

"Carolina Friends have a First-day School in connection with every meeting. Many besides Friends attend them. Friends have also established many Day Schools, which are a great blessing in the State."

Friends have for several generations been established in this State. Williamson, the historian, says, "A considerable part of the inhabitants were of the people called Quakers." There were also many in South Carolina, some in Georgia, and some in Tennessee, all included in one Yearly Meeting.

The kindly influence of their principles extended throughout the colonies, many of the members of the legislature being Friends. During the dissensions and disorders prevailing in 1695, John Archdale, a Friend, one of the proprietors of the Colony, "a man of great prudence, sagacity, and command of temper, was appointed Governor of Carolina; he was vested with authority so great that the proprietors thought fit to have it recorded in his commission, that such powers were not to be claimed as a precedent by future governors." By his influence exemption from bearing arms was granted to all who felt restrained by religious principle. The whole of his conduct toward the Indians was influenced by justice and kindness. In speaking of the prosperity of the Colony of South Carolina, the Commons, assembled at Charleston, say, "We do and shall for ever be most heartily obliged to own it, as a production of the wisdom and discretion, patience and labour of the honourable John Archdale, Esq., our Governor." "It is worthy of remark that while harmony has been marred, and secessions have occurred in many of the Yearly Meet-

ings on the American Continent, North Carolina has maintained its position as the advocate of sound Christian Doctrine, neither the spirit of misrule nor the principles of infidelity having found a resting place there." The Yearly Meetings of Ohio, Western, Indiana, and Iowa were principally established by Friends and their descendants from North Carolina.

"Of the eight Quarterly Meetings composing this Yearly Meeting, two are across the mountains in Tennessee, four are situated in a district a little to the north of the centre of the State, one is near Goldsboro', and another in the north-east corner near the Atlantic Ocean. The influence of slavery told injuriously on the whole country, and our Friends shared in the injurious influence.

"The most enterprising left a worn-out soil not naturally fertile, and went west, leaving the less energetic on the old patrimonial homes. Their houses are often built of logs, and an upper story is the exception. The whole domestic arrangements are on a scale of startling simplicity. The produce raised on the farm supplies the table, bread made of Indian corn meal, and pork, being the staple food, and the garments are often home spun. Allen Jay assured me that many of the Friends did not handle fifty dollars in the year. The entire absence of windows from the dwellings is by no means an unusual experience."

After the Yearly Meeting, Stanley Pumphrey proceeded to visit the missions in Carolina, in company with Robert Haines and Fernando Cartland.

"On the Sabbath we drove to Westfield. The people gathered irregularly, as the sun is their only

clock, and on the arrival of the preachers, they turned into the house. They hitch their horses to the trees all around. The Meeting Houses are built of logs fitted together and the joints filled up with mud, and some of them have all the glass out of the windows. We slept at Hunting Creek. The Friends did their best for us, seemed glad to have us, and I could not but enjoy being with them. My bedroom opened off the porch, and was eight feet by ten; the window had no glass, but was protected at night by a shutter that sprang open and let in a stream of cold air. We washed out of doors, the morning was frosty, and the things froze while we were out." In these rough country districts the gospel minister is very welcome, and the people gladly came again and again to the meetings, for they usually have little ministry. All round there is a strong feeling in favour of Friends. "All that is wanted is a minister, and you might have the whole country round," was the remark made as the gospel messengers made their way in North Carolina. But the way was rough. In making for one centre, Fernando their guide, lost the track. The road looked fair at first, but ended in a pool with a dam right across the track to keep in the water. The driver, nothing daunted, took his horses and vehicle over the dam and splashed through the water till he came to firmer ground. Reaching a better road, they learnt, as they had surmised, from the first persons they met, that they were going in the wrong direction. It was dark when they reached a negro's hut and enquired, "Are we in the right way?" "No,

you are not," answered the man of colour. "Follow me." He led them through the bushes till they came again to something like a track. "Keep on down here, cross the water, go up the hill, turn to the right, and you will find a gate that will take you straight." On they went, the wood becoming denser, the night darker, and the road steeper. At last the stream was crossed and the gate reached, but on passing through it, there was no track whatever right or left, only a ploughed field. But they were now near their quarters, and crossing the field, they found the homestead they were aiming for. Here, during the war, Joseph James Neave held a remarkable meeting with a number of poor fellows who were hiding from the conscription in the woods. The people seemed to drink in the words as Stanley Pumphrey addressed them on prayer and family worship, and on the Saviour's readiness to welcome all who would come to Him. Here again, a resident, pastoral, teaching ministry is a great want.

Proceeding to Factory Shops, a small settlement where there is a Wesleyan chapel, they found that service was only held there once a month. This is a common arrangement in this district. Friends are, in many places, the only people who have public worship every week.

Education is at a low ebb. Four months a year of schooling is all that most of the children get. The school session commences about the end of the year. The schoolmasters are not of an advanced order. "Is it a King or a Queen that rules over thy country?" "What is her name?" were the enquiries one of

these schoolmasters made. "Thee sees we don't know a great deal, but we wish to learn," he added.

As for the Meeting Houses, the better class are like barns, others are like poor sheds. They are often built of logs, roughly mortised together, and the spaces filled with mud. The lowest log is placed on piles of stones, and in one case the pigs had worked their way between these piles of stones, and rendered the Meeting House utterly untenantable.

On the 15th December, 1875, Stanley writes from Rocky River, in the same district, where he called on a poor widow with five children, the eldest of whom was about nine years old. In reading her Bible, this widow came to the conclusion it was her duty to give the tenth of the increase of her land to the Lord. It was a trial to her faith, for she was very poor, but when the little crop was gathered in, she scrupulously set the tenth aside and handed it over to Allen Jay. Her neighbours told her it was fairly taking the bread out of the children's mouths; but it proved to be the very means of bringing them help. The little farm was also blessed. Although the land was very poor, and she had no means of manuring it, she had a larger yield than any of her neighbours. The neighbours could not understand it, but she knew it was the Lord.

Another widow, a Friend, living at Westfield, was very poor, and had nothing to depend on but her little plot of land. During a season of drought the corn was drying up, and there seemed nothing before them but starvation. She called her children together, and told them to ask the Lord for rain.

There seemed no sign of change of weather, but that night came a most refreshing shower. The farmers round said they had never known rain come so unexpectedly before.

As Stanley Pumphrey moved among these people, he says, "I spoke of *the beautiful kindness of Jesus*, in the raising of the son of the widow of Nain, and in commending his own mother to the care of John when He agonized on the cross. I quoted the line of an old English author, who calls Jesus 'the first true *gentleman* that ever breathed.' As I spoke of these things, good old Allen Tomlinson's eyes filled with tears. He had never thought of our Saviour in this light, and he added, 'We should like thee to tell us these things again, they are so new to us.' In the evening I met an interesting company of men and women in the prime of life, at Bush Hill. I read the Book of Haggai to them. We are too ready to look after our own concerns first. We must look after our crop, and get good ceiled houses of our own. The Lord's house ought to be seen to some time, no doubt, but 'the time is not come yet,' for the Lord's house to be built. 'Consider your ways.' 'I am with you, saith the Lord.' 'Be strong and work.' 'My spirit remaineth among you, fear ye not.' 'From this time I will bless you.'"

Arriving at Spring on the 21st December, 1875, Stanley says, "This is the meeting that was once reduced to a single member, who resuscitated the meeting by preaching as he thought to empty benches, but in reality to several listeners outside who became Friends. The indefiniteness of time in these parts

sometimes caused confusion. The usual hour for meetings to gather is 'early candle-light,' and the time for breakfast is 'half an hour by sun.'

"It was a very dark night for our meeting at Chatham, and the wind blew keen from the North-East. The Meeting House was draughty, and the windows had less glass than usual. One of the Friends used his hat as a stop-gap in one, and I lent mine for another window; but an extra strong blast of wind sent both hats on to the floor. They were fixed up stronger again, and we got through the meeting to satisfaction and comfort. Our quarters were humble. The breakfast-room had no window, but was abundantly ventilated; and washing out of doors with the thermometer at 12° was rather a chilly operation.

"Such congregations as we have had at Spring and at Deep River could not have been seen two or three years ago, nor anything approaching to them. The whole appearance of the people is most creditable. The Carolina Friends are some of them munificent givers in proportion to their very limited means. When the new Meeting House at Spring was to be built, Thomas Woody came forward and said, 'I will give a tenth of all that I possess towards it,' and he afterwards raised it to a sixth. When they were in trouble about the school debt, which had run up grievously, David White, a venerable man and nearly blind, rose and said, 'Friends, the debt must be paid. The honour of truth is at stake. I will give a fourth of all that I possess,' and the old man brought down his staff on the floor with vehemence."

On leaving Allen Jay's happy home, Stanley writes, "I feel very unworthy of so much love, and wish to accept it as given for Jesus Christ and His Gospel's sake, as the fulfilment of His own promise (Mark x. 29, 30), the literalness of which I never so fully realized before. Truly it has been as though fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, houses and lands, have been given. I wish to accept the warning of the words that follow, 'Many that are first shall be last, and the last first.' It is so sadly easy to turn aside, and we have such a continual need of the 'keeping' of the Lord."

At Piney Woods, large meetings were held. "In the morning, over 400 were present, and the men's side was so full that we had to arrange the little boys along the footboards of the galleries, which, as it kept them under the eye of their elders, promoted their good behaviour. I spoke from the words, 'We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ,' and 'Every one of us must give account of himself to God.' The Lord calls us now and offers a free and full salvation to all who will accept it. We had a large attendance again in the afternoon, for almost all brought their dinners with them and remained. I took the text, 'We are the Lord's,' quoting dear Ellen's favourite stanza in Samuel Rutherford's Last Words:

I am my beloved's,
And my beloved is mine,
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His house of wine;

I stand upon His merits,
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

"It is true we have something to give up in joining ourselves to the Lord. But love loses sight of sacrifices. Does the young bride dwell on what she gives up in leaving her old home? Is it not her husband's love that occupies her, and is she not amply repaid? How incomparably more so between the soul and Christ."

Stanley proceeded the same week to the newly-established meeting at Up-river. "Generally in this country the congregation gathers slowly, but here they were all ready before time, 'a hungry crowd,' as Allen Jay expressed it. The house had never been so full before, and never were there so many babies present, they said. There were something like forty under two years old. To speak in a close and over-heated atmosphere to a large concourse, so as to drown the voices of a score or two of babies, is hard upon the lungs, and I had to stop and beg for air. I dwelt on the words 'Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God.' The Lord says this not only to the converted but to the sinner, promising him a free pardon on his belief in Jesus Christ. A young man who had been careless and wild was prayed with, and found peace, publicly exclaiming in the meeting, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul.' The afternoon meeting was occupied with short testimonies and prayers. We had one lovely testimony from a dear

girl of fifteen, who told us she had, for several years, been a child of God, and now desired to give herself more completely to the Lord than ever.

"In eleven days Allen Jay and I have had twenty-nine meetings, and several times I suppose I spoke fully three hours in the day. You may think it too much; but the people are hungry, and the Lord calls, and certainly strength has been given beyond what I have asked or thought of, for this Carolina work. I have had strength of body and of voice, of mind and soul, for each day's work as it arose. I have been received with unvarying kindness, and the Lord has given me very helpful companions. I believe too that He has forgiven the manifold imperfections and negligences. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits? The fields here are white unto harvest, and the labourers are few, and the prayer has often arisen under the sense of the need of our own people, of their neighbours, and especially of the coloured race, Lord send more labourers and raise up efficient helpers among the Carolinians themselves."

CHAPTER X.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF PEACE PRINCIPLES.

"In the course of my travels, especially in Carolina, I met with a number of striking illustrations of the faithful carrying out of peace principles under circumstances of peculiar trial. I believe the record of them will have a value beyond that of their mere interest, and I have therefore collected them together.*

The test to which our peace principles were put during the great American struggle was one of unparalleled severity, more so in some respects to those living in the North than in the South. Throughout the North there was on the part of the people a profound conviction that for them it was an inevitable and righteous conflict—one that they were waging for the maintenance of law and order, and in behalf of the sacred cause of liberty. The popular enthusiasm was intense, and while the companions of the young Friends, in what seemed a noble and self-sacrificing devotion, were joining the ranks, nothing but the strength of conscientious conviction could enable them firmly to hold aloof and say, 'While respecting your motives and objects, the course you

* "Friends' Quarterly Examiner."

are taking is not for us, because we believe all war to be forbidden by Christ.' Several of our members did join the Northern army, some of them avowing that they believed it to be their duty to do so.

The difficulty in which Friends were placed was well described by Abraham Lincoln in that letter to Eliza P. Gurney which William E. Forster said was one of the most remarkable State papers he had ever seen. 'Your people, the Friends, have had, and are having, a very great trial. On principle and faith opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this hard dilemma some have chosen one horn, and some the other. For those appealing to me on conscientious grounds, I have done, and shall do, the best I could, and can, in my own conscience, under my oath to the law.' This promise was faithfully kept, and I did not hear in the Northern States of any cruelty being inflicted on account of refusal to bear arms.

While, however, not a few young Friends joined the Northern army, the great body of the Society adhered throughout to its peace principles. 'Our path is clear,' wrote John G. Whittier, when addressing the alumni of the New England Yearly Meeting School,

> The levelled gun, the battle brand,
> We may not take;
> But, calmly loyal, we can stand,
> And suffer with our suffering land,
> For conscience' sake.

This was doubtless the general sentiment of Friends, and the heart of the Society equally re-

sponded to the beautiful stanzas, in which the poet pointed out avenues that lay open, where, with no compromise of religious principle, they could serve their country.

Thanks for our privilege to bless,
By word and deed,
The widow in her keen distress,
The childless and the fatherless,
The hearts that bleed!

For fields of duty opening wide,
Where all our powers
Are tasked, the eager steps to guide
Of millions on a path untried:
THE SLAVE IS OURS.

Ours by traditions dear and old,
Which make the race
Our wards to cherish and uphold
And cast their freedom in the mould
Of Christian grace.

Very nobly were these suggestions carried out in the efforts made by Friends for the freedmen after their emancipation, and in other ways.

In the South there were not the same motives for laying aside peace principles as prevailed in the North. The Friends were loyal to the Union, and with their pronounced anti-slavery views could look with no sympathy upon the founding of a new polity, of which the leaders avowed that slavery should be the corner-stone. Accordingly I did not hear of more than one member who was ever known to take an active part in the Southern army. Considering

how obnoxious their principles must have been to the Confederate Government, it is to their credit that they often showed so much disposition to be lenient towards Friends. In Twelfth Month, 1861, a few months after the outbreak of hostilities, an attempt was indeed made in the Carolina Legislature to pass an Act by which every free male person above sixteen years of age, would have been required, under penalty of banishment within a month, publicly to renounce allegiance to the United States, and also to promise to support, maintain, and defend the Independent Government of the Confederates. But the passing of this Act was successfully opposed. In the course of his speech against it, the Hon. William Graham pointed out that it would amount to a decree of wholesale expatriation of the Quakers, and 'on the expulsion of such a people from amongst us, the whole civilised world,' he said, 'would cry shame.'

The Conscription Act, by which every man between eighteen and thirty-five was ordered into the army, passed the Confederate Congress in Seventh Month, 1862, and a deputation of Friends, including Nereus Mendenhall, Isham Cox, and John B. Crenshaw, waited on the Legislature, at Richmond, to plead for relief. They were more favourably received than might have been expected, and an Exemption Act was passed by which, for all who were members at the time, a payment of 500 dollars was accepted in lieu of military service. This Act was taken into consideration by the next Yearly Meeting, and its decision was against accepting its provisions. 'We cannot conscientiously pay the tax,' says the Minute,

'yet we appreciate the good intentions of those members of Congress who had it in their hearts to do something for our relief; and we recommend that those parents or young men who have availed themselves of this law be treated in a tender manner.' Notwithstanding this decision, it would appear that the larger number of those who were drafted paid the 500 dollars, and when, through the depreciation of the Confederate money, this amount did not more than represent the value of a barrel of flour, the temptation to purchase liberty so cheaply was extremely strong. There were, however, some whose consciences were unyielding, and it was upon them, and upon those who, having joined the Society after the passing of the Act, were not included in its provisions, that the sufferings fell. The motives of the latter in uniting themselves to Friends were always liable to be suspected, but they stood their ground in a way that proved their sincerity. A few instances from among this class shall be given first.

Seth W. Loughlin, who had been a member only a few months, was arrested, taken from his wife and seven children, and sent to the camp near Petersburg, Virginia. On his continued refusal to take up arms, they first tried to subdue him by keeping him from sleep. Then, for a week, he was daily 'bucked down,' a cruel punishment, in which, while the hands were tied below the knees, the body was kept in a painfully stooping and constrained position by a pole being thrust between the knees and elbows. He was afterward subjected to the severer torture of being hung up by his thumbs for an hour

and a-half. Still firm in his refusal, he was at last ordered to be shot. The soldiers were drawn out in line, and were ready to fire, when he cried out, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!' On hearing this, the men lowered their guns, and the captain sent him back to prison. Seized with a severe illness, he was transferred to a hospital in Richmond, where his patience through his long sufferings touched the hearts and won the esteem of all who were with him. A few months later his wife received the following notification from an officer of the regiment: 'It is my painful duty to inform you that Seth W. Loughlin died in Windsor Hospital, Richmond, on the 8th December, 1864. He died, as he had lived, a true, humble, and devoted Christian, true to his faith and religion. We pitied him, and sympathised with him, but he is rewarded for his fidelity, and is at rest.'

Jesse Buckner was a Colonel in the Carolina Militia, and at the commencement of hostilities eagerly sided with the South. The refusal of some Friends to join in a parade led him to examine into their principles, and the result being the conviction that they were right, he resigned his commission. Not long after, he lost his way one dark night, and after wandering some time found himself by the Friends' Meeting House. He sat down upon the steps, and it was clearly impressed upon his mind that he must unite himself with the people who worshipped there. His conscription followed in the early part of 1862. Drafted into the army, he was sent from camp to camp, and from gaol to gaol, suffering cruelty, hard-

ship, and abuse for three years, yet bearing all with a meekness that once led him when smitten literally to turn the other cheek. He was not released till the surrender of Johnston's army in 1865.

Three brothers, who joined the Society of Friends after the passing of the Exemption Act, were arrested and sent to Orange Court House, Virginia. On their continued refusal to join the ranks one of them was knocked down with a blow that severely gashed his head, while another was pierced with a bayonet. The American officers, failing to move them, turned them over to a German, who boasted that he would make them yield. Abuse, threats, and various punishments were tried in vain, and they were at last ordered into close confinement without food or drink, and it was made a court-martial offence to relieve them. For three days and nights these cruel orders were carried out, and a little water, supplied them by a soldier in the night, was the only refreshment they obtained. After this they were 'bucked down' for over three hours till, under agony and starvation, the mind of the youngest gave way. For four or five weeks they were subjected to barbarous treatment like this, when a Friend, who was searching for them, obtained first the suspension of the cruelty, and soon after their release.

The instances thus far related were all among the newly convinced Friends. The birthright members, who were conscientiously restrained from buying their exemption, fared no better. When I was at Centre Meeting, North Carolina, in Twelfth Month, 1875, I was deeply interested in reading the pencil

journal kept in a small pocket-book by William B. Hockett, during the time he was with the army. From that journal this Friend has since supplied me with copious extracts, which he permits me to use. Some nights before his arrest he was shown in a vision that he would be carried off to the war, and have to suffer many things, The thought of leaving his wife, with a babe in arms, and a young family unprovided for, distressed him very much, and he pleaded that the way might be made for him to stay.

'Then,' he says, 'I was clearly shown that it was the will of the Lord that I should leave all, and that He would be a husband to my wife and a father to my children, and that they should lack nothing in my absence; and that if I was obedient to manifested duty, I should return with the reward of peace and find all well. This made me cry, 'Not my will, but Thine, O Lord, be done.' My dear partner strengthened me, saying, 'Be faithful: for I would rather hear of thee dying a martyr for Christ's sake than that you should sin against Him by staying with me.' So on the Eighth day of Sixth Month, 1863, we bade each other farewell.'

William Hockett was now carried forward with a detachment of troops, under orders to join the great division of the Southern army that had invaded Pennsylvania, under Lee. On the 23rd he was brought up before Colonel Kirkland, who commanded him to take a gun and go into the ranks, threatening him with instant death if he refused. William Hockett replied, 'I cannot fight, for Christ has forbidden it.

I know you have authority to order me to be shot, but there is a power above yours, and not a hair of my head can be touched without my Heavenly Father's permission.' If such were the will of God, he was ready to die a martyr for the Saviour's sake. Finding it useless to attempt to make him bear arms, they next tried to get him to work in the wagon yard, but this he refused just as steadily. 'I cannot work at anything,' he said, 'to aid in carrying on war; God has told me not to do it, and I fear Him more than anything that man can do to me.'

He was now left to wait his trial till the morning. During the night, which to all human view seemed likely to be his last, his thoughts were much with his dear ones at home, and he was engaged in fervent prayer.

'I was deeply exercised,' he says, 'that I might be favoured to bear all that was to come upon me to the glory of the Lord and the spreading of His truth in the earth.' 'Lord,' he prayed, 'not my will but Thine be done, If it is Thy will that I shall lay down my life, be pleased to pardon my sins for Thy dear Son's sake. Take away the fear of man, and leave me not in the hour of trial, but support me by Thy arm of power. My hope is in Thee, that Thou wilt control the raging of man as Thou didst in the days of old when Thou didst protect Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, in the fiery furnace, and the prophet Daniel in the lions' den. If it be Thy will, O Lord, Thou canst deliver me from those who seek my life, and enable me to declare Thy works to the sons and daughters of men. O

God, here am I; come life or come death, Thy will, not mine, be done.'

In the morning, when the order was given to march, William Hockett refused to take his place in the ranks. This greatly exasperated the officer, who at once told him to prepare for death. Some soldiers were drawn up a few paces in front of him, and at the word of command they loaded and presented their guns. The meek and faithful Christian prayed, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!' The guns dropped, and the men were heard to say that they could not shoot such a man. This enraged the colonel all the more, and with an oath he declared he would ride over him, which he repeatedly tried to do, but at each attempt the horse turned aside and left him unharmed. The officer now had a gun tied to him, and knocking him roughly on the head, said, 'You shall walk in the drill or we will kill you.' William Hockett knelt down and prayed, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge; and, oh, give me strength to bear all these afflictions for Thy great name's sake.' Two soldiers were next ordered to run him through with their bayonets; but while they made a show of obeying, and one of them knocked him down by running his weapon into the carpet sack on his back, they evidently had no wish to take his life. The officer at last left, saying he had not yet done with him. During the succeeding days many attempts were made to induce him to carry a gun or do camp work; but he steadfastly refused, disregarding alike their threats and their cruelties.

On the 3rd of Seventh Month occurred the great battle of Gettysburg, which saved Philadelphia and turned the fortunes of the war. Among the many thousands who were left on that most sanguinary field was the officer who had treated this faithful Friend so cruelly. On the 5th, Wm. Hockett was taken prisoner by the Union troops, and was soon after set at liberty; and, making his way to Philadelphia, was assisted by the Friends there to get to Indiana, where he remained till the war was over.

On the 30th of Sixth Month, 1865, he met his wife beneath the oak under which they had parted two years before. The promise then given had been fulfilled; he had been kept through all dangers and was returned in peace. His wife, also, had been wonderfully cared for. Her sorrows and her toils had indeed been great—for all the work of the little farm, which furnished their sole sustenance, depended on her exertions; yet she could testify that she and her children had been fed. Johnston's army had been many weeks in the neighbourhood, and his troops on two occasions had filled their yard from morning till night, but not even a chicken had been taken without leave; and while the country had been ransacked for available horses, and scarcely one of any value had been left, the fine young horse which was so important to her was untouched. 'No one was permitted to bridle him,' says the simple record, 'because the Lord knew that the corn that was planted would have to be ploughed, or it would not grow, and the promise was that my wife should not want during my absence.'

The sufferings of Himilius and Jesse Hockett in some respects exceeded in severity those inflicted on their brother William, as just described. They were first drafted in the spring of 1862, and on refusal to drill were threatened with being shot, but, after a short imprisonment, were allowed to go home.

On the 3rd of Fourth Month, 1863, they were again arrested, under the conscript law, and assigned to an Artillery Company at Kingston. On refusing to bear arms, they were brought before the commanding-officer, General Ransom, who spoke to them with great severity, and told them he should give them three alternatives,—either to go into the army, to find substitutes, or to do other army work instead of fighting, and until they made up their minds which to accept they should be kept without food or drink of any kind. They replied that they could accept neither: they could not fight, for it would be disobedience to Christ; they could not pay another to do for them what they could not in conscience do themselves; they could not perform army work of any kind, since their service would liberate others to engage in killing their fellow-men. Accordingly they were remanded to prison, and for four days and five nights the threat was carried out, and they were kept without so much as a crumb of bread or drop of water. Their sufferings, from thirst especially, were exceedingly severe. Many came to see them, and were astonished at their calmness and patience; and as reasons were given from Holy Scripture why they could not fight, some of their visitors encouraged them, and said if they could only have such faith as the

Quakers they would not compromise their principles for any earthly consideration.

On the third night they were awakened by the sound of rain, and could easily have procured from the window of their cell enough water to slake their thirst. Their first impulse was to do so, but before they had spoken to one another each separately felt restrained, and they concluded they had better not. To some this will no doubt seem a wilful or even fanatical setting aside of a providential relief, but as a matter of fact it resulted in their deliverance. General Ransom, who could hardly be persuaded that his prisoners could hold out as they did unless refreshment were being secretly conveyed to them, became satisfied on this circumstance coming to his knowledge that his orders had been obeyed, and he relented.

On the fifth day their rations were restored to them. Their sufferings, however, were far from being at an end. A month later they were brought before another officer, General Daniels, who told them as they would not fight he would place them in the very next battle in front of the foremost ranks to stop the bullets for those who would. To this they meekly answered that they preferred suffering to doing wrong. On being remanded to prison, the officers again tried to get them to do some simple and apparently unobjectionable work, but they again explained that they believed it to be wrong for them to undertake anything whatsoever as military service.

Fresh punishments were now devised. Forked

poles were fastened to their necks, and from the prongs, as they projected behind, heavy weights were placed, and thus they were marched about for hours together till they were completely exhausted, exposed meanwhile to the scoffs and jeers of the soldiers and rabble. 'I suppose,' said one derisively, 'you call that bearing the cross of Christ?' The court-martial now sentenced them to six months' imprisonment with hard labour and in chains, during which their continued refusal to do military work exposed them to fresh tortures. On three separate occasions each of the brothers was tied up by his thumbs with his toes barely touching the ground, and was kept in this excruciating position for two hours. Another time the officer, in a rage, bade the soldiers run their bayonets into them four inches deep, and although this order was not literally carried out Jesse Hockett was severely wounded. Towards the close of the year a Friend paid the exemption money for them, and they were released. During their absence their wives had been obliged to work on the farms to raise food for the coming winter, a hardship which left one of them in greatly enfeebled health.

I often met both William and Himilius Hockett, and have received directly from themselves almost all the particulars I have given. No bitter expression once escaped them as they told their story, but their eyes filled with tears while they bore testimony to the Lord's goodness in sustaining them through all their trials and keeping them in faithfulness. All fear of man was taken away, they said, when

they were brought before the officers; and they often had cause to remember the promise, 'It shall be given you in that same hour what ye ought to speak.' The more trying their circumstances, the more richly was grace supplied, and the words were in their minds continually, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'

At the same time that William Hockett was released from Fort Delaware, four other Friends, Thomas and Jacob Hinshaw, and Cyrus and Nathan Barker were set at liberty. They were kept with the army nine months, but appear to have been treated with as little severity as could be expected. Their refusal to wait on the sick, or cook, no doubt seemed to the officers stubborn and unreasonable, though the Friends were careful to explain that their objection was not to the work itself, but to doing it as military service. For declining to help load fodder they were once fastened together, tied behind a cart, and dragged three or four miles through mud and water, the orders being that if they still refused they should be thrown into the river; the commander saying what, no doubt, was abundantly true, that such men were 'of no manner of use in the army.' The last part of the punishment does not appear to have been executed, and the Friends escaped as has been said.

It is animating to find that the martyr spirit of our early days lives with us still, and only needs the occasion to draw it out.

'Among all those who steadily refused to bear arms, and of whom many were imprisoned, not one

suffered a violent death;' which, as the North Carolina Yearly Meeting appropriately says, 'must surely be traced to the overruling providence of Him by whom the very hairs of our head are numbered.'

Referring to the position of affairs in the early part of 1865, when North Carolina had become one of the principal seats of hostilities, the Yearly Meeting says:—'Meanwhile the Friends living in the counties of Alamance, Chatham, Randolph, and Guilford, and comprising by far the largest portion of those in the State, were placed in most imminent peril. After the fall of Richmond and the surrender of General Lee, the army of General Johnson was still near Greensborough, while the army of General Sherman moved on from Goldsborough to the other side of Raleigh, and, with a day or two's march between, demanded the surrender of the Confederate forces. While awaiting the answer, President Lincoln was assassinated. Roused by this to a still more determined spirit, the army of Sherman seemed prepared for the most utter devastation. Between the two opposing forces, and indeed partially surrounded by them, lay our peaceful homes, with an apparently almost certain destruction hanging over them. We had neither weapon nor shield, save our prayers and our trust in the arm of the Lord. But these were all we needed. The threatening cloud of battle rolled away, and the surrender of the last of the Southern armies was effected, without bloodshed, in our very midst. Through four years of danger and distress on every hand, the Lord had been increasing

the faith of His people, and now they were left to rejoice in safety over their last crowning and signal deliverance.'

The number of lives sacrificed during the four years of the war is estimated at 800,000, and is sometimes put much higher.* It is inexpressibly saddening to wander through the large cemeteries, like the one I visited at Knoxville, with 3000 or 4000 uniform graves, all bearing the date of the same sad years. These military cemeteries, of which there are altogether a large number, are always nicely kept. A neat stone at the head of each grave gives the name, age, and State of the poor fellow who lies beneath. Very many, however, are nameless, and how suggestive of agonising suspense are these nameless graves, for no tidings of the occupants could ever have reached their friends.

The sacrifice of property was fully in proportion to the sacrifice of life. The cost to the Treasury of the Northern Government was £1,000,000,000, and the Southerners have reckoned theirs at nearly as much.† And these sums, inconceivably enormous as they are, take no account of the wide tracts of country that were laid waste, the harvests that were destroyed, the

* Edward Taylor, in his "Brief History of the American People," estimates that 700,000 men were either killed in battle or maimed and disabled for life, or died from disease, on the Northern side alone.

† On June 10th, 1880, the Secretary of the Treasury presented to the Senate a statement of the expenses growing out of the war from July 1st, 1861, to June 30th, 1879, and gave the amount as 6,796,792,508 dols., or £1,359,358,500. The cost to the South will never be accurately ascertained.

barns and homesteads, the villages and towns, that were given to the flames. General Sherman, when during his march through Georgia he was remonstrated with for turning out so many women and children, homeless and helpless, by what seemed the wanton destruction of their homes, replied, 'War is cruel, and you cannot refine it.'

The beautiful valley of East Tennessee for about 150 miles west of Chattanooga was for many months the scene of almost continual fighting. The hostile armies drove each other to and fro, and burnt and plundered the country till there was not a rail of fence left, and hardly a house that had not been ransacked. The memories of the war so fill the thoughts of the people that it has become the era from which they habitually reckon. An event is seldom spoken of as happening so many years ago; it was so many years before, or so many since the war.

Many were the tales of sorrow and suffering that we heard from the Friends of the district.

'The soldiers would be continually coming to us,' said Abner Ellis, of New Hope, 'to make us give up our stores of food. While we had any we were willing to share it with them, for we remembered it is written: "If thine enemy hunger feed him." But the men were very rude, and it was hard when they tried to take everything from us. We had to hide away our stores, or we should have had nothing for the winter. In that matter the Lord helped us remarkably. One day John Beales was poking about at the bottom of the orchard when he came upon a

cave that none of us had ever known about before. The vines were hanging over the mouth of it, so that it was quite hidden. There was a little narrow passage just wide enough to creep along, and at the end a steep place to scramble down, and then it opened out into a fine large chamber, and what was wonderful, there was a little spring in it of pure fresh water, and the air was remarkably dry for such a place. We put our provisions there, and often we were glad to hide away ourselves. Some of our Friends were conscripted and had not paid the fine, and if they had caught them they might have killed them. I have known twelve or fourteen of us to be hidden down there at once. Of course we could not light a fire, for the smoke would have betrayed us, but we took a number of blankets down, and made a rough bedstead in one of the recesses of the cave, and when we were cold went to bed. Sometimes we had to stop there for days, till the women came and told us that the soldiers were gone. We ought to call it "Providence Cave," it was such a good refuge for us, and I do think it was the Lord who guided John Beales to it just when it was needed. I have not been down there since the war, but I would take thee if thou would like to go.'

So the pine-wood torches were prepared and lighted, and we had all the details rehearsed again upon the spot. 'There we fixed the bedstead, here we put the bucket to catch the water from the little spring.' The health of this good Friend, like that of many others, had never recovered from the hardships of those years of misery.

The search for conscripts and for runaway soldiers was carried out with great vigilance, and the usual punishment on their being found was death. A party of thirty were trying to get away from Carolina; the noise they made among the reeds* on the banks of the Chowan river roused the watch, and while they were swimming across they were fired at, and only four escaped. 'I had been asked to join that party,' said the man who told me, 'but I thought it safer to go with a smaller company.'

One of the newly-convinced members in Tennessee, who was my guide to a remote meeting, showed me the den where he hid for eight months. He dug a large hole in the woods, carefully carrying the earth away to a pond near by, and then, covering it up with planks and strewing plenty of earth and dead leaves over it, he left an opening just large enough to creep in. There he would be all day; at night he came out for water and exercise, and for the food left for him in an agreed place. His father had already been taken prisoner, and lay half-starved till he died, in one of those frightful and most fatal prisons which were the reproach of the Confederate Government and the terror of the Northern troops. His mother was left with thirteen children, the oldest nineteen, the youngest only a year and a half. The girls had to plough and do all the field work, and the scanty crop of Indian corn they succeeded in raising furnished almost their whole supply of food.

* They were cutting down bundles of reeds to swim with, fearing the distance was too far for them.

But if the sufferings of the people in the neighbourhood of the battle-fields were thus great, the moral injury to those who inflicted the suffering was still greater. A chaplain in the 'Army of Ohio' writes, in a letter which appeared in the *New York Independent*, November 6th, 1862, 'Cursing and obscenity, together with stealing, are the order of the day, and the general feeling is that piety is out of the question in the army.' Another chaplain in a letter to the *New York Observer*, writes, August 21st, 1863 :—

'I am painfully convinced that, notwithstanding all that has been done and is doing, the tendency of our men is rapidly, fearfully downward. With some exceptions in regiments where a chaplain of right character has been permitted to labour, vice, in its most flagrant and odious forms, riots unrestrained. Such blatant and incessant profanity as I heard in travelling from Louisville, Kentucky, to Winchester, Tennessee—some 750 miles—I had never before supposed possible; intemperance prevails and vice shows itself shamelessly. The causes of this deterioration are patent. War is essentially and almost necessarily a demoraliser, from the absence of all restraint exercised by the presence of mothers, wives, and prattling children; from the destitution of strong religious agencies in the army, such as the Church throws about men at home, and from the new and violent temptations to which a soldier is exposed—temptations that never reach him till he is thrown into an enemy's country, and against which few are able resolutely to contend.'

Of course the effect of this state of things lasts after the war is over, and probably no result of the American conflict was so disastrous as the national demoralisation consequent upon it. Good men constantly deplored this in our hearing, and attributed to the war the lower tone of sentiment and morality which they regarded as prevailing. The very general practice of carrying weapons, with the consequent frequency of acts of violence, and the lower regard for the sanctity of human life, are directly traceable to the influence of the war.

The more we look into the actual details of war, the more we shall be convinced that it is the sum of all villainies. Be it ours to do what we can to expose the hollowness of all its glory, to get men to see it in its true colours, that they may awake to the truth that there is absolutely nothing in common between war and Christ.

CHAPTER XI.

TENNESSEE.

"We must now cross the mountains into Tennessee, and if we do as the natives do, and go in wagons over the mountain roads, the journey will occupy eleven days. It is thus that Dr. Garner and his companions come to Yearly Meeting, and it is thus that Carolina Friends went to attend the Yearly Meeting at Friendsville, for the long and costly railway journey is beyond their means. At the close of the war, the Society of Friends was almost extinguished in Tennessee, but it has been greatly built up through the labours of several earnest workers.

The valley of East Tennessee possesses natural advantages which should render it one of the most attractive portions of the United States. It comprises a district about two hundred miles in length, and one hundred miles in width, lying between the Alleghany and Cumberland Mountains, and watered by the fine streams that form the Tennessee river. The soil is naturally fertile, and the climate hardly to be surpassed. The winters are short, and the cold spells not often either severe or of long duration. The heat of summer is moderated by the breezes from the mountains. Many invalids whose health has broken down under the extremes of other climates have here had health and strength restored. The

Lovers of nature may find in the beauty and the variety of the scenery a perpetual feast. From the summits of the mountains, the highest east of the Mississippi, views of rare extent and grandeur are obtained. In this southern clime, trees of almost every variety clothe the hills from base to crest; and when the oaks and chestnuts, poplars, beech and birch have cast their leaves, the forests of pine and cedar are still green. The valleys disclose softer beauties, and bowers of kalmias and azaleas shade the streams. The flora is the richest in the States. The hills are stored with mineral treasure, and iron and copper, marble and slate abound.

With all these advantages, East Tennessee is undeveloped. Slavery blighted the natural and moral fields alike. The soil has been exhausted by a wasteful plan of farming, till land that ought to produce a hundred bushels to the acre yields but twenty. Many of the people are too well content to live as their fathers, have little ambition to improve, and seem indifferent to anything beyond the bare necessaries of life. The state of education, though higher in Tennessee than some parts of the South, is very low; 364,697 persons over ten years of age, or forty-one per cent. of the population, were reported at the last census as unable to read or write. In many districts illicit distilleries are more plentiful than either schoolhouses or chapels, and little or no provision is made for public worship. Thus, whether for the agricultural, moral, educational, or religious reformer, there is ample scope for work.

In this district, the Society of Friends has had a

footing for about eighty years. A meeting was first established quite in the east of the State, at New Hope, then at Lost Creek, sixty miles further west, and at Friendsville, fifty miles west again. Smaller meetings were set up near these centres, which formed together a Quarterly Meeting of considerable size. The same causes that diminished the Carolina meetings operated here. To escape the influence of slavery, numbers of the more energetic young men emigrated to the west, so that even before 1860 the meetings were much reduced. Then came the war, to the ravages of which East Tennessee was terribly exposed. The contending armies swept backwards and forwards, desolating the country till hardly a rail of fence was left. Of the little community of Friends, all who could get away did so; and the rest, to escape conscription, were obliged literally to hide away in the woods and mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth. Lost Creek and Hickory Valley meetings were laid down, and at New Hope and Friendsville the attendance might often be counted by units. With the restoration of peace the meetings revived, and, as in Carolina, a considerable disposition manifested itself among the people to unite with Friends. Jeremiah A. Grinnell, Rachel Binford, and other Friends from the west, felt drawn to settle among them, and their labours were blessed. A new meeting was set up at Maryville, and Lost Creek and Hickory Valley were commenced anew. The last-named settlement became a Monthly Meeting, and, together with Friendsville, constituted a new Quarter; Maryville Monthly Meeting, though

much nearer Friendsville, being joined to Lost Creek. Good new Meeting Houses have been built in several places, and about eight hundred individuals have been received into membership.

After the war the condition of the freedmen claimed the earnest sympathy of Friends. Many schools were established in Tennessee, and Yardley Warner, with the aid of funds contributed in England and elsewhere, built a normal school at Maryville for the coloured people. The charge of this institution has been accepted by New England Yearly Meeting. The opportunity furnished for practical as well as theoretical instruction in methods of teaching is a great advantage.

Dr. J. D. Garner found among the valleys of the Smoky Mountains a considerable population of very poor people, whose religious and educational opportunities were very small indeed. For several years he has devoted himself to the work of their elevation. School-houses have been built, the people supplying the timber and putting them up under his direction and with his manual help; and thousands have been taught to read.

A normal school is carried on in the Meeting House at Maryville. For this, young people of promise are selected, and after receiving training are sent back to teach and elevate the inhabitants of their native valleys.

The schools with which Dr. Garner has been connected are partly supported by the public funds, and partly by Indiana Yearly Meeting, and the voluntary contributions of interested friends.

Occasionally Dr. Garner takes a tour among the mountains. The journey is toilsome, for the roads can only be travelled on foot or horseback, and are often extremely rough and steep. The accommodation, even in the best houses, possesses few of the comforts of civilized life. Often a room in a log cabin, without windows, is shared with the whole family, and the meal consists of nothing but corn-bread and milk. There is rarely any chance either to hear from or communicate with home during the whole journey. Meetings are held at the various places on the route, and earnest endeavours are used to raise the people socially, morally, and religiously. At Hopewell Springs, where some of the most effective work has been done, a good frame-house is built, and meetings are now kept up every First-day. At three or four other points they are held once a month, some one qualified to instruct the people arranging to be present every time. As the result of these labours, a large number have given evidence of change of heart, and some very striking instances have occurred among the very aged and the most depraved. A considerable number have been received into membership with Friends. Thus a large amount of philanthropic and religious work is in successful operation among Friends in Tennessee. The workers are, many of them, capable of commanding fair incomes in their native States as teachers and otherwise. They have made sacrifices, of which the pecuniary ones are perhaps the least, for the sake of helping the poor and ignorant, and building up churches where there were none before.

The situation of Maryville, the small town where Dr. Garner lives, is beautiful, lying between the Alleghany and the Cumberland mountains. The Alleghanies here cover an immense tract of country, over 100 miles wide, and the highest summits are nearly 7000 feet. We started to visit some of the hill stations, having two horses between three of us. My nag was a quiet and excellent one, named Selim,* and I became quite attached to him. Starting from Maryville, it was evening before we reached our destination among the mountains. The house was a log cabin with no windows, and two bedsteads constituted the principal furniture. Charles Taylor and I occupied one of them, and Dr. Garner and our host the other. The wife and daughters made themselves a bed in the loft, which was reached by a ladder. Our host stood six feet two inches, with a muscular frame, and had evidently been a powerful man. He served through the whole of the war, on the Northern side, and hated the rebels with a perfect hatred. He went into wickedness as deep as a man could, and was fearfully profane; but Dr. Garner had laboured with him patiently, persuaded him to give up whiskey drinking, and at last obtained his promise to come to some meetings. He was in a pitiable state of mind, and begged Dr. Garner to do his best to get his children to be Christians, but as for himself it was too late. He was pointed to the 'blood of sprinkling,' and the efficacy of Christ to

* Selim was Dr. Garner's own horse, which he used to ride in his journeys in the mountains. He would take care of his master at night like a dog, and wake him if any danger were near.

atone for the sins of the whole world, and that He is able to save to the uttermost. Evidently there was something hindering him; what was it? 'Those rebels,' he said, 'I can never forgive them—NEVER.' Martha Jay laboured with him earnestly, and at last the grace of the Lord triumphed. He completely broke down, forgave all, and was himself forgiven. Since then he has led a consistent life. His health is now broken, but he looks forward trustfully, assured that he will be cared for. 'There is one Friend who will never desert me,' he said. 'Who is that?' I asked; and he replied, 'The Lord.'"

Stanley Pumphrey paid very many visits among these mountain valleys, enduring many privations, and yet intensely interested in the work that was going on.

One of the results of these lengthened visits to Carolina and Tennessee was the appeal made to Friends in England to assist in the erection of suitable Meeting Houses. In this appeal he says:—"In the course of my journey in America I was often grieved at the condition of the Meeting Houses of Friends, especially in the southern and frontier States. Many are deplorably out of repair; and in not a few cases where there is quite a community of our people they have no house of their own. On making careful enquiry as to the Meeting Houses in North Carolina Yearly Meeting, I ascertained that there were twelve places where new Houses are much needed; and that in four others, where Houses have been commenced, the necessary funds to complete them have not been raised. In the Southern Quar-

terly Meeting, where there are ten meetings, Friends own but two Houses that are in creditable condition; and in another Monthly Meeting the three Houses are all quite discreditable.*

"Let it not be thought that American Friends are unmindful of their duty. They have done a great deal; but they have claims upon them in this direction to which we in England have no parallel. Since 1850, thirty-one Quarterly Meetings, and about two hundred particular meetings, have been established west of the Alleghanies; and as the Quarterly Meeting Houses would seldom be adequate if they would not seat four hundred persons, and the other Meeting Houses require an average capacity for one hundred and fifty, it will be see that new Meeting Houses are a serious tax to our brethren across the water, and one that falls the most heavily on new settlers, who seldom have much money at command. The sacrifices made are often great. I know an aged Friend in North Carolina, whose estate was estimated at only £120, who gave £20, or a sixth of his whole property, towards the new Meeting House that was required. North Carolina Yearly Meeting has built sixteen new Meeting Houses since the war, an average of one a year. In one instance, Friends having no money sowed thirty acres of wheat, which was consecrated to the Lord, and they prayed for His blessing on the crop so that enough might be realized to provide them a House to worship in. In

* In Kansas the need is as great or greater. Friends there, at the time of Stanley Pumphrey's visit, were holding their meetings in some cases in "dug-outs" or earth caves.

another place the Meeting House for the coloured Friends was shattered by a tornado, and the poor people were unable to replace it without help. Wood is cheap. Friends readily give much manual labour; and great simplicity characterizes all the arrangements of the community." *

* In response to this appeal £1019 was collected among Friends in England and Ireland to be administered through the Baltimore Association, three-fourths of the cost of the Meeting House in each case to be provided by American Friends. The fund has already proved very useful in four or five different States, and remains under the care of Isaac Robson, J. B. Braithwaithe, Thomas Harvey, and James Hack Tuke, on behalf of London Yearly Meeting.

CHAPTER XII.

HAMPTON.

ANOTHER visit that greatly impressed Stanley Pumphrey was to Hampton in Virginia, the home of George and Eunice Dixon, who occupied a wing of the large wooden building put up by General Butler as a school for the "contrabands" when they flocked to Hampton in such numbers during the war. George Dixon is a botanist and naturalist as well as a philanthropist, and there is much to remind you of this in the refined taste which give his rooms an air of brightness and comfort.

"After breakfast we went with Eunice Dixon to see the school for coloured children under her care. It is held in the same building in which they live. 'Five years ago,' said Mrs. General Marshall, 'before Mrs. Dixon came, you could have said these children were a lot of young savages.' Now the order may be said to be perfect. The children look bright and happy, faces clean, hair tidy, and clothes neat. Those who were present varied in age from 5 to 25. They have coloured teachers. Corporal punishment has never been resorted to. They are ruled with kindness, yet with firmness. They have simple worship at the beginning of the school, and during this they learn texts in concert. They re-

peated for us with great accuracy, giving the references. It was touching to hear them sing their old plantation melodies, 'Swing low, sweet chariot,' and others. Many of these 'hymns' are a queer jumble, the most incongruous thoughts being run together—

You'll see de moon a bleedin',
I do love de Lord;
You'll see de stars a fallin',
I do love de Lord;
My bredren don't get weary,
I'm hunting for a home.

Sometimes, however, beautiful thoughts and precious experiences are embodied—

One day when I was walking along—
Oh, yes, Lord,
De element opened, and de love came down—
Oh, yes, Lord,
I never shall forget that day—
Oh, yes, Lord,
When Jesus washed my sins away—
Oh, yes, Lord.

They almost broke me down as they sang very plaintively,

Nobody knows de trouble I've seen,
Nobody knows but Jesus.

Allen Jay and I both spoke to them. The eldest pupils belong to the Teachers' Training College. When they come very ignorant, as they often do,

they are sent here to get elementary instruction. At the same time they see here how schools, such as they are to have charge of, ought to be conducted.

We afterwards went to the College. The teachers are mostly ladies who are well up to their work, and there is an air of cheerfulness and enjoyment in their lessons that pleased me much. Generals Armstrong and Marshall, who have oversight of the institution, are two fine men. Virginia Hall, where the young women lodge, is a noble building. The industrial part of the training, both of the young men and women, is considered an important part, and assists in their maintenance; the design of the founders being, 'not only to send out school-teachers, but farm-teachers, home-teachers, and teachers of practical Christianity.' Almost all of those trained here become teachers, and there is a great demand for them. In one or two places in the South I heard what admirable teachers they make. In the afternoon the students, about 200 in number, were assembled, that we might address them. I lifted my heart to God, that I might be helped to speak aright, and realized the blessing of His presence.

George Dixon devotes his energies mainly to rendering material assistance to the coloured people. Many are engaged in oyster fishing, and George Dixon has been the means of helping them to find a market and to get a fair price for what they catch. Their condition has much improved, as it does everywhere where they have a chance. 'Not one of them is satisfied till he owns a house, a plot of land, and a cow.' Not even Warnersville made me so hopeful

with regard to the future of the coloured people if they could only get fair play.

I felt sad at parting with dear Allen Jay, to whom my heart had become closely bound in brotherly love. 'We shall neither of us ever forget these weeks of associated service,' he said, and then he knelt down and prayed for me once more. I had a comfortable voyage up the Chesapeake Bay back to Baltimore."

CHAPTER XIII.

PHILADELPHIA.

"PHILADELPHIA is the most compact Yearly Meeting in the world. About 2,000 of the members reside within the city limits, and the remainder, who may be about 3,000, are scattered in about sixty meetings, very few of which are more than forty miles from Philadelphia. Thus it is very easy for them to attend their Yearly Meeting, and nearly two-fifths of the whole membership is probably sometimes to be found on the Arch-Street premises.

"The appearance of the Yearly Meeting is striking. About half the Friends on the women's side are attired in those sober-tinted gowns, and shawls, and bonnets, with which we were familiar in years gone by; and the appearance of the men's meeting corresponds.

"My principal home while in America was in Philadelphia. It was to us a haven of rest, and the kindness shown by Mary R. Haines and her son and daughter, was only an illustration of that which was manifested by very many."

Stanley Pumphrey thus describes his first Sabbath in Philadelphia. "I looked forward to it," he says,

"with some trepidation. I went with Mary Haines to Twelfth Street Meeting. It is a meeting of 600 members, and, with very little exception, they are in agreement with English Friends. Probably there were 350 present yesterday, many more women than men. I offered prayer, and afterwards spoke from 'Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins,' and 'They shall call His name Emmanuel.' I was thankful to be able to bear a clear testimony to Jesus as the Son of God and the Saviour of men.

"A woman Friend afterwards offered a sweet thanksgiving, and a touching prayer for me. Many pressed round me at the close of the meeting to bid me welcome. The evening meeting was much smaller. Many of the Friends live at a considerable distance, and do not find it easy to come a second time. The meeting closed with a sweet feeling of the presence of the Lord. I am so thankful, and feel my heart lightened. 'They looked unto Him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed. This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him.'

"I next went to the North Meeting. I looked up and asked the Lord to guide me sentence by sentence, and word by word, and the fear of man was taken away as I spoke to them from the 2nd of Hebrews, of Him who 'by the grace of God tasted death for every man.' At the close of the meeting several Friends spoke to me quite kindly, and my heart was filled with praise.

"In the evening we had the best social gathering

I have attended, nearly sixty present. Friends here are quite accustomed to social worship when ministers are present, and thus many opportunities are afforded to preach the Word. I have been very warmly welcomed on these occasions, and am thankful that the door is so much more open than I expected. Philadelphia is much upon my heart, and my prayer is earnest that I may be guided here, and may have wisdom and grace, and be made a blessing."

Stanley afterwards made his way to Orange Street Meeting House. He writes:—"I sat down near the end of the gallery. I felt lonely, but my gracious Master drew near to me and encompassed me with His love, and I poured out my soul before Him with many tears. I spoke briefly and guardedly from the prayer of Habakkuk, 'O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in wrath remember mercy.'"

Amid cause for much thoughtfulness, Stanley found in social intercourse much that was heart-cheering. In visiting Burlington he passed the house of Stephen Grellet, and remarks, "I think his memoir is the best illustration of Quakerism acted out that we have. I also feel a sort of spiritual relationship with the venerable saint; he was so blessed to Benjamin Seebohm, and Benjamin Seebohm was so blessed to me. Here also is the residence of Eliza P. Gurney, the widow of Joseph John Gurney. She lives in a pleasant country house two miles from town. Several other Friends live near her, and they are on such delightful terms, they have thrown down

their fences so that their grounds form a park. There are many fine trees; and in summer it is a lovely place. E. P. Gurney is a comely lady, and wears the Elizabeth Fry costume with much grace. Her face is a very pleasant one. She at once puts you at home; and in conversation she has still, in her seventy-fifth year, the vivacity of a girl. She is very outspoken; and what she says is so interesting. It is delightful to hear her talk of Joseph John Gurney, and of her days at Earlham. 'Those few years were my life,' she said, and it seemed pleasant to her to recur to them. She spoke of Hannah C. Backhouse like a daughter. She talked of her sister Fry and brother Buxton; of Bunsen, and the crowned heads whom she had visited, of Stephen Grellet, and William Forster, and a host of Quaker worthies."

On the 18th of Third Month, 1876, Stanley visited Germantown, one of the beautiful suburbs of Philadelphia. Here he was the guest of Beulah Hacker. Her husband visited a hardened convict who was condemned to die. Various ministers had laboured with the man and produced no impression. Friend Hacker came and sat down by the man, and taking his hand said, "John, was it not wonderful love in God Almighty to give His own dear Son to die for poor sinners like thee and me?" Those words "thee and me" broke the man down, and he became a sincere penitent.

"Germantown is one of the largest meetings in the Yearly Meeting, and includes many rising families; and they are better off for ministers than any other meeting in Philadelphia. I expected to have

delivered them a comforting address, but when I rose from my knees after offering prayer, I could see no light on anything but the words, 'I have somewhat against thee.' Some of them said they had never heard such plain dealing, and that I had used great boldness of speech, but they received it well, and I hope the Lord will bless the message. In the afternoon I went to the Bible Class which 'Frank' used to go to, whose lovely memoir has been published."

Stanley Pumphrey devoted more time and thought to Philadelphia than to any other Yearly Meeting on the American continent, and there was no Yearly Meeting in which he formed more cordial friendships. He visited every Quarterly Meeting within its compass, several of them repeatedly. While rejoicing in their philanthropic efforts for the Freedmen, for the Indians, and in the cause of education, he regretted that more was not being practically accomplished by such a large and influential body of Friends for the spread of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. In carefully reviewing his work there, he says :—"As regards Philadelphia, my steps were directed there again and again. A large part of my luggage was never removed from the house of my dear friend John B. Garrett, who with his wife and mother-in-law invariably welcomed me with the truest kindness. The central position of Philadelphia made it a convenient returning point, but my principal reason for going there so much was the clear pointing of duty, the strong conviction that there was a place there for me to occupy. I at-

tended Twelfth Street Meeting far oftener than any other, and I always received there the warmest of welcomes, and in many other places in and around Philadelphia the Friends were generally willing to listen to me, and I have faith to believe the seed was not sown in vain."

CHAPTER XIV.

NEW YORK.

"I HAVE been occupied incessantly with Yearly Meetings for more than a fortnight," writes Stanley Pumphrey on the Sixteenth of Sixth Month, 1876. "New York Yearly Meeting met this year at Rochester, a large and well-built city of 80,000 inhabitants. The two main streets are fine broad streets, and the suburbs are good. In some American cities it has become the fashion not to fence the suburban villas at all, but to let the lawns lie open to the main road. This is an improvement to the appearance, slightly at the expense of privacy. Friends of Rochester thought they would like the Yearly Meeting held in the west of the State sometimes, so they built a handsome Meeting House, at a cost of 25,000 dollars. The large room holds about 500 people. It is quite in chapel style, has neat windows with patterned glass, and a platform and reading-desk.

"New York Yearly Meeting has greatly changed in its character during the last few years. They were losing members fast; now their meetings are being built up again. Last year they added about 170 to their membership, this year about as many. They have a membership of 3300, in nine Quarterly

Meetings.* First-Day Schools have been established in almost all their meetings, and the number of scholars is about 3000, one-third of whom are connected with Friends. It is largely through these schools, and through the holding of general meetings, that accessions come to the church.

"New York Yearly Meeting goes further than we do in recognising the equal rights of women with men. Women are associated in the Meeting for Sufferings and on all their committees."

Later on Stanley paid repeated visits to many of the meetings in the compass of New York Yearly Meeting, as well as to the Mission Meetings in which Friends are interested. One of these is at Brooklyn, in close connection with Temperance work, and productive of much good; another in New York is a Mission for the coloured people, in which Friends are very usefully engaged. He also attended several meetings at Poughkeepsie. At the last of these his address was on the Deity of Christ. "There are eleven or twelve instances recorded in the New Testament of worship being offered to Christ. There is no parallel to this in the Bible of such spontaneous and adoring homage being rendered. Indeed, where offered to men or to angels it is represented as being earnestly refused. Jesus accepts it as His right with a simplicity and naturalness very remarkable. Contrast the punishment of Herod for accepting an honour that belonged to God."

---

* They have about 70 Ministers, and 240 Elders, so that one-tenth of their members are under these two appointments.

"From Poughkeepsie to Smyrna can hardly be less than two hundred miles, and nearly an equal distance thence to Glens Falls. It seemed a long journey to take for three days' work, but I was never likely to have an equally good opportunity, and I had been urged not to pass them by. I am glad I went. Indications were not wanting that it was the right thing. On the New York Central, the great four-track line that runs from Albany to Buffalo, they carry you at two cents a mile, a rate lower than you meet with almost anywhere. The change of the seasons is so rapid that with the mercury at 90° I saw the remains of snow drifts on the hill sides. It is a sudden leap from winter to summer, and we seem to have had no spring. The Meeting House at West Branch is a good size, and here Le Ray Quarterly Meeting used to be held, and larger crowds assembled than could be accommodated."

Stanley Pumphrey spent some time at Glens Falls, and paid a short visit to Saratoga, which is a city of hotels. The population is about 8000, but in the season is said to rise to 30,000. One hotel has accommodation for 1300 visitors, and others are nearly as large. The great attraction of the place lies in its medicinal spring. Every gallon of water at the Congress Spring contains 400 grains of salt, 121 grains of bicarbonate of magnesia, 143 of bicarbonate of lime, about 35 grains of thirteen other chemicals, and is strongly impregnated with carbonic acid gas. The flavour is pleasant, and the water may be taken freely with advantage to the health. Henry Lawrence, who drove Stanley through the city, is the proprietor

of another spring, the Excelsior, and his business is bottling the water and sending it over the world.

Sarah F. Smiley, author of *Fulness of Blessing*, has built herself a charming cottage close by Henry Lawrence's country house. "It stands on a bank looking over meadows to a wood. The little garden is well taken care of. Fountains are provided for the birds, and the little squirrels are made to feel at home. Three fine trees, bearing the names of the patriarchs, shade the dwelling, and a little distance from them is a fourth tall tree called Moses. Here Sarah F. Smiley rests and studies during the summer months. In the winter she is always out preaching and teaching."

Stanley found opportunity in the autumn of 1876 to gratify the long-cherished desire of seeing the Falls of Niagara; and with his intense love of nature, threw himself heartily into the enjoyment, which formed a fitting interlude amid the long succession of attendance at meetings. He says:—

"We reached the Falls Station at 2 a.m. But I rose early to get a short view before breakfast, for the noise of the rapids roused me so that I could not sleep. I took Goat Island to start with. We crossed by a good iron bridge the river which forms the American fall, and another stream that forms the narrow middle one, and were then on Goat Island. This island is much larger than I expected, the front being as wide as the American fall, and it contains seventy-five acres, covered with forest, which has been allowed to retain its wildness. From Goat Island you see the American fall on the one side

and the Canadian on the other. The river which forms the American fall is 900 feet wide, and is unequally divided by Luna Island, to which you cross by a bridge of 100 feet. Walking through the woods to the opposite side of Goat Island, you come to the edge of the great Canadian fall, with its span of over 2000 feet. After breakfast I went to Prospect Park, where you look on the very edge of the American fall, from the parapet of a well-built wall, and across the river to the grand curve of the Horseshoe. The grandeur of the scene grows upon you. The river below the falls narrows at once, and is soon not more than 250 yards wide. The water is a dull lead colour, and appears to move sluggishly as you look down on it from a height of 200 feet. A streak of foam floats lazily with the current. You naturally ask—Can this be the same river, the overflow of those vast inland seas, that has just formed that glorious breadth of cataract? But in saying this you fail to take into account the depth of water, said to be not less than 300 feet, and the swiftness of the current that sweeps beneath.

"A train at 9.40 took me down to the Whirlpool Rapids. On arrival, a descent of 250 feet, effected by a lift, brings you to the bed of the river, here narrowed to 300 feet, and rushing impetuously between lofty cliffs covered with trees wherever there is lodgment for their roots. Up and down the river, for perhaps half a mile each way, the waters surge along. Standing with a crowd, on a smooth deal platform, is not the way to enjoy a scene like this, so I queried, 'Is there no path further down?' as I looked at the

still more tumultuous tossing billows just below. 'No, there is no path,' was the reply, 'but you can scramble down over those rocks safe enough.' Soon I was shut out from all my fellow tourists, and was alone among the rocks by the edge of the torrent. The waves were tossing like the sea in the wildest storm. But the sea has its intervals of rest; this wild torrent none. It reminded me of the torrent of the Ticino my father and I saw together in North Italy, but the water was here multiplied a thousand-fold. It is time to pass on, and I cross the suspension bridge. This bridge is 800 feet long, and 250 feet above the river, and so strong that the passing of the locomotive does not perceptibly make it vibrate. 'Am I on British soil again?' I ask, as I give up my ticket. 'Yes, Sir.' 'Hurrah! that is the first time I have had that satisfaction for a year,' and I walk along all the more complacently because again in our good Queen's dominions. It is about two miles to the falls, and the banks are very steep. Every now and then you come upon the slightly uncomfortable announcement that here so-and-so fell over at such a time. But it is one of the enjoyments of Niagara that you never have any sense of danger while you keep the paths. We again near the cataract. This is the place to see it. We are right opposite the American fall, getting a full front view as the waters grandly sweep over. To the right is the far more sublime Canadian fall, with its majestic sweep. Look at the spray. It is a dense cloud, blotting out a third of the cataract, and rising up till it melts into the sky. In some parts, the water, as it

rounds over the edge, is twenty feet deep. A discarded vessel, drawing eighteen feet of water, was once sent over, and did not graze the rock. The emerald colour, nothing can exceed it, as those deep waters arch over the edge. There is also the purity of that great robe of white, which no painter can adequately convey. The woods of Goat Island, stretching back half a mile, are a great addition to the picture. There is also the long, low line of trees on the Canadian shore. I could wash my hands in the waters ere they take the plunge.

"But I turn, for I want to see the fall from below. Good steps and a well-trodden path lead down the bank. Oil-skin dresses for a dollar, and a guide into the bargain. Both are needless. Protected by an overcoat and umbrella, I go beneath the fall; yes, right behind the skirts of the main fall. It is very grand to see how the waters arch smoothly overhead, and roar tumultuously seventy feet below. Below me is the great mass of rock that fell some years ago.

"The boat is about to cross the river, and as we are ferried over, we have magnificent views again. One thought only is appropriate at such an hour, the one with which Buckingham concludes his poem, 'O Lord, Creator of these wonders, how great Thou art.' I rest while ascending with the car on the incline, and am soon on the Sister Islands. These are outposts of Goat Island, and are connected with it by a series of bridges. The finest view of the rapids above the fall is undoubtedly here. How gloriously beautiful, that sweep of waters towards

Goat Island. Did Buckingham call Niagara a King? Say rather a High Priest, for this must surely be the grand temple of the God of nature. How unsullied the pure whiteness of his majestic robe. The spray, as incense, rises into heaven's blue, and mingles with the clouds. And the sound, not deafening, as oft described, but like the voice of God—'His voice was as the sound of many waters.' It is awe-inspiring, but not overwhelming. I bow my head and worship. Lord, teach me to appreciate the yet greater glories Thou hast revealed. 'As *many* waters!' A thousand rivers and ten thousand streams are mingling here. The fountains of Erie, of Michigan, and Huron; those also of that vaster and more distant sea, one thousand, two thousand miles away. Every tiny rivulet swells the torrent, as every saint contributes to the glory of the host of God. But what is this gem at my feet? It is the fringed gentian, fairest of flowers. Oh, Thou Author and Artist of all loveliness, amid all this wealth of emerald and crystal, must Thy unrivalled pencil add for us these tiny blossoms?

"Whether I ever see Niagara again or no, it remains to me henceforth a joy for ever."

CHAPTER XV.

NEW ENGLAND.

"I DROVE over to Amesbury, Massachusetts, from Newberry, crossing the Merrimack on the way—the beautiful river near which, as John G. Whittier tells us in *Chalkley Hall*, he followed the plough when a boy. Amesbury is a pretty country town where a few manufactures are carried on without much detracting from its rural character. The streets are shaded by fine elm trees, and the poet lives in a neat little wooden house painted white, with a piazza at the side. There are three little sitting-rooms on the ground floor, and in the one used as his study we spent most of the time I was there. He met me at the door, and gave me a kind welcome. He is altered since the likeness was taken we commonly see in his poems, and his hair and beard are white. He has a fine brow, and his face is indicative of thoughtfulness. I am told that his reputation is rising day by day in America, and they look upon him as the peer of their first literary men.

"'I cannot study much now,' said Whittier, 'and spend much of my time in the open air. I was brought up on a farm, and farm surroundings suit me in my old age. For thirty years I lived on a farm doing farm work. The next twenty years were

given to the anti-slavery cause. I was the secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, and during two years edited a paper in the interests of the slave in Philadelphia; but they burnt my office, and drove me away. I was obliged to borrow the light drab suit of a very plain Friend and escape in this disguise, or they would have torn me to pieces, so intense was the feeling against the abolitionists in those days.'

"Our conversation naturally turned a good deal on the Society of Friends, of which he is a warmly attached member. Many of the holiest examples of Christian life he had known had been Quakers of the olden time.

"'I have been particularly struck,' he said, 'with the calmness with which Joseph Sturge went right on, no matter what was said of him, with full confidence in the ultimate triumph of the right; looking day by day for the guidance of the Spirit, and for the power of divine grace to do the will of God. This is what constitutes fundamentally the distinctive attitude of Quakerism. I reverence the memory of William Forster and his earnest persuasive pleading, and I never heard any ministry characterized by so much power and unction as that of Benjamin Seebohm. There was a depth of thought in it that appealed especially to cultivated men. John Woolman is my ideal saint. I have introduced his biography to the notice of many of my literary friends, and they are always charmed with it. Channing said, 'That life is not the property of a sect. You don't know the treasure you have in that volume.'

"Whittier went on to speak of the literary men of

America, adding, 'But Tennyson is decidedly the first of living poets. His "In Memoriam" is a great poem. With regard to Milton, I enjoy his prose works more than his poetry; they are full of grand thoughts nobly expressed. The love of truth and liberty that breathes in them is sublime.' He spoke of the *Vedas* and early Hindu writings. 'Some of them contain great and truly Christian thoughts, akin to some we meet with in the New Testament. Some people are afraid when they meet with coincidences like this. Why should we be? Why not rejoice at truth wherever we find it, and especially when we find it in unlikely places? Does it not show us that the Great Father has not left Himself without a witness; and that, according to the old Quaker doctrine, He has other ways of teaching his children beside the written revelation that He has given them? Look at the writings of that noble heathen philosopher Marcus Aurelius, teaching as he does the same lessons of forgiveness that we find in the Sermon on the Mount. I cannot help wishing he had known Paul. His thoughts of Christianity might have been so different then. Church history is very sad and humiliating. Luther had a rough piece of work to do, and he was the man to do it. But mere copyists are always feeble, and we had better hold our own ground.

"Think of such men as Stephen Grellet and Chalkley. If theirs is not Christianity, I do not know where to find it. I was brought up on Friends' books; they were at one time almost my only reading: I learned to love them, and have never lost my love. I admire

some of the Roman Catholic saints, but am well satisfied that the saints of the Quaker calendar are quite their peers. One of the finest features about them is that they were so utterly unconscious of their saint-hood. I cannot regard Quakerism as a failure; and have confidence in its ultimate triumph. The influence of the godly example of those who have sought faithfully to follow the leadings of the Spirit can never be lost,* and the influence of the Friends on the early history of America has probably been stronger than that of any other set of men except the Puritans. We see it in the institutions and legislation of the country.'"

In a subsequent visit to Whittier, Stanley had the welcome company of Pliny E. Chase, whose brother, Thomas Chase, was then engaged on the committee for the revision of the New Testament.

"I hope," said Whittier, turning to Pliny E. Chase, "that the revisors will not interfere with the English of the Bible. The translators no doubt made some mistakes, but they certainly expressed themselves in some of the purest and noblest English. I am surprised at the anxiety of some religious teachers with regard to the effect of scientific investigations. We must never be afraid of truth; and more than that, truth can never contradict itself. Even if evolution can be proved, it does not affect the doctrines of Christianity.

Pliny E. Chase replied, "The fault of scientific

* "Show me a man," writes the Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitken, "who is altogether and absolutely led by the Spirit of God, and I will show you the orthodox man."

investigators is apt to be that they are too hasty in making generalizations, and too ready to confine their attention to the facts that support their own theories."

Whittier added, "Our reforms are slow, but the Lord is very patient."

Pliny E. Chase says, with respect to this interview —"It was a memorable time, and has done me good, mentally and spiritually. A belief such as ours in the immanence of the Divine Spirit is just the kind of truth that is needed to counteract some of the tendencies of scientific speculation."

Not long after his first visit to Whittier, Stanley Pumphrey had the privilege of an interview with another illustrious New England poet—Henry W. Longfellow, of which he gives the following account in his diary:—

"Eighth Month, 15th, 1876.—Yesterday I had the great pleasure of my promised visit to Longfellow. My kind friend, Augustine Jones, went with me, and we reached the poet's house about half-past ten.

"He had gone into Boston, but was likely to return at noon. We spent the interval in a visit to the Agassiz Museum. It is a very fine collection, and in fishes, Agassiz' specialty, is far more complete than the British Museum. Indeed, I think I was told they have four times as many specimens. We strolled back at noon, and found that Longfellow was still out, but were informed he might return any moment, so we sat down under the shade of some trees in his carriage drive, and made up our minds to wait till one. We beguiled the time with

reading *The New England Tragedy of John Endicott*, a book Augustine Jones had kindly procured for me, as he found I had not read it. The time had almost passed when, to our great delight, the poet drove in, accompanied by one of his daughters. I don't know whether it was Alice or laughing Allegra. But she is a little girl no longer. The house where Longfellow lives is historically interesting as having been once the home of Washington. They seem to have taken a pride in preserving the old style; the antique balusters, the heavy brass knocker and brass fittings to the door, and the old trees on the public avenue, are all preserved with care.

When Whittier's note of introduction had been presented, he came out and gave us a warm and kindly greeting. He is an old man of about seventy, but sprightly, looking very like the portraits we have lately seen, long white hair, beard and moustache, a pair of very bright eyes, and a pleasing face. He is a complete gentleman, and at once set us at our ease. He made kind enquiries for Whittier, for whom he has a warm regard. 'We are almost ready to wish your friend Whittier a few vices; perhaps then he would come amongst us a little more. I've tried hard to get him here, and never succeeded but once. I think he is a true poet, and a very lovely one. His writings are a great enjoyment to me. I was reading some of them yesterday—'Abraham Davenport' and 'Amy Wentworth.'

"Then he opened the book and read a few stanzas from the latter that had specially pleased him. I said, 'Abraham Davenport' is one of my greatest fa-

vourites; it has the right ring. 'Yes,' he said, 'the right ring. A man who is doing his duty should never be afraid to meet his Maker;' and he quoted laughingly, 'Bring in the candles.'

"He spoke of the lines on Joseph Sturge as characterized by special strength. I was glad to be able to tell him that Sturge was my father's friend, and to say how truly the character was drawn,—that my father had taken me to see him when I was a boy, in order to impress a love of goodness on my heart.

"Then we spoke of Friends, for whom he has a warm regard, though not knowing many of them personally. 'They have left their mark on Pennsylvania very favourably—America owes them much. There is a saint-like beauty about the faces of their women which I have often loved to mark as I pass them in the streets. There was one who came over from England in early times, because she wanted to work for the Indians. I ought to remember her name, for I wrote something about her.'* I suggested that it might be Elizabeth Haddon. 'Yes, that was the one,' and then we recalled her romantic history and marriage with John Estaugh. 'The New England Tragedies' were next referred to, and he asked us if we thought he had described Friends fairly. Augustine Jones thought he had, but reminded him that his account had provoked a good deal of adverse criticism from Puritan sympathisers, instancing one individual in particular. Longfellow had not heard of this be-

* "The Theologian's Tale," "Tales of Wayside Inn."—*Longfellow.*

fore, and I suppose this critic was not one he cared much about, for he said it reminded him of what the cow said to the fly which had settled on her horn: 'I didn't know you were there.'

"I said the early history of Friends was full of noble incidents. Whittier had done justice to one of these in 'Barclay of Ury,' and I could not help regretting he had not done the same by Penn. Longfellow responded, speaking highly of Penn, and saying that he thought Macaulay had done him great injustice. The worst of it is, when a mistake was proved against him, Macaulay stuck to it; that is not worthy of a great mind.

"Whittier's name kept coming up while we talked. I said, 'His works have not nearly so many readers in England as Longfellow's.' He replied, 'I am aware of it; his works are not appreciated by you at all as they ought to be.' Then I thanked him, and said I was sure I might do it in the name of very many of my countrymen, for the great pleasure his writings had given us. I added that there was one of his works that I had not yet found time to read, but which I looked forward to doing with great interest—the translation of Dante. I thought he must have greatly enjoyed the labour, though he would doubtless find some sentiments and many descriptions that would not be congenial. In talking to Whittier I found he greatly preferred the 'Purgatorio' before either of the other sections. 'Perhaps,' Longfellow replied, 'the "Purgatorio" may be the greatest poem of the three; the closing cantos are very fine, but I enjoyed the "Paradiso." Take that

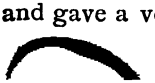
interview with Peter, the twenty-seventh canto.' I spoke of some of the thoughts he presents to us of heaven; of that favourite passage of mine in the third canto, of the growing loveliness as we approach the Lord, and of the everlasting fountain of knowledge and truth opened to the redeemed in Him. Longfellow reached the volume and read part of the canto to which he referred. It was a treat to hear him. He reads well, and threw much animation into it as his bright eye kindled and sparkled more than ever. Peter's withering denunciation of the vices of his successors in the chair, which made him who had glowed like Jupiter blush like Mars; all heaven reddened with shame as he spoke to Beatrice. 'To think of that being written in the days of the full power of the papacy!' exclaimed Longfellow.

"We had spent half an hour with him, and thought we ought not to trespass longer on his time. I said, 'May I ask one favour—that you will return me Whittier's note of introduction with your own autograph attached? 'O, certainly,' he said, 'I will endorse it with great pleasure, "Seen and approved, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Cambridge, August 24, 1876."' He accompanied us to the door and took a very cordial leave."

"Now I must return to my journal which broke off at Worcester. I found that good city a pleasant place to stop at, like our own in old England. The city is an important manufacturing centre. We went to the wire works, said to be the largest in the world, where they employ a thousand hands. It is a wonderful sight to see a rod twenty feet long put

into a furnace and then drawn out in about two minutes a coil of wire a quarter of a mile long. It is passed by a newly-invented process, which an Englishman and an American amicably perfected between them, through a succession of dies, some round, some octagon, but each leaving the rod with diminished diameter. The men draw out the wire, whirling it to cool on the floor, where it twists about like a fiery creeping serpent; and then picking it up, the men pass it through another machine to be wound in a coil. The galvanizing of telegraph wires, and the preparation of piano wires also interested me.

"The New England Yearly Meeting of 1876, held at Newport, Rhode Island, was small, partly in consequence of the counter attraction of the Centennial, and partly on account of the depressed state of commerce making it incumbent on people to economise. New England Yearly Meeting is more like our own than any I have attended, except perhaps Baltimore. There are a considerable number of wealthy and well-educated people among them and a disposition among the members to think for themselves instead of letting a few leaders do it all for them. Eli Jones is a man of mark and power among them, but cannot always get his own way. The young men many of them go West, and a good many do not marry Quaker wives, and while they do not lose their membership thereby, their children do not come on the Society's books. The Foreign Mission meeting was capital. Eli Jones was the speaker of the evening, and gave a very interesting account of the Brumana



Mission in Syria, depicting the meetings there and the members very vividly. An epistle from Brumana to the Yearly Meeting was read. I spoke to them of the work in Madagascar. The concluding meeting was a very precious one. Elkanah Beard alluded to a motto he saw hung out during the visit of the Prince of Wales to India, 'Love—show it.' The story runs, some little birds were chirping in a nest; one said, 'I love you, I love you,' and the other answered, 'Show it, show it, show it.' Thus let no one who comes to our meetings feel as though they were overlooked. Let attenders be visited at their own homes. A young man landed at New York, and enquired for the nearest place of worship. He was directed to a beautiful place where everything was well-conducted, the music good and nothing to offend, but no one took any notice of him. In the afternoon he went to a less assuming chapel, but there he was kindly greeted as he went in, was shown a good seat, and the minister came down from the pulpit before he could get away at the end, and gave him a hearty shake of the hand, and that shook a whole generation of preachers into the Methodist Church, for he became a useful member and his three sons all joined the ministry.

"Leaving Newport, Rhode Island, I had a beautiful sail of two hours up Narragansett Bay. Providence is situated just at the head of the Bay, and is a fine city of 100,000 inhabitants. It is tolerably rich in steeples and public buildings, but the most prominent building is the gas-works, the gasometer being covered by a large white dome bigger than the

dome of St. Peter's. The Friends' School is on high ground above the town, and from the cupola is one of the finest views in America, embracing a considerable portion of the little State of Rhode Island, and Narragansett Bay and islands. The school is one of the best institutions of the kind in America. It is under the care of Albert K. Smiley, brother of Sarah Smiley. The attendance is about 120 boys and 100 girls. They remain at school much longer in these institutions than is usual with us in England, and many of them are from eighteen to twenty-one years of age. Education seems to be carried to a higher pitch than at many of our own public schools. Fourteen of the students had graduated in the year and were presented with certificates."

Elkanah Beard accompanied Stanley through most of New England, and was very helpful. At the meeting at Falmouth, Stanley gave a discourse on a water lily which a kind friend had given him as he entered the meeting.

"This flower, when handed to me, was very fragrant and very beautiful. Yet its root had no comeliness, and grew out of the mire. See what lovely things God can make from very unpromising material. In the world of grace, those that have been black become comely; those that have been dark as the Arabian tents are made glorious, like the curtains of Solomon. From the length of the stalk of this flower, we see it has grown up through deep waters; and the most beautiful lives are developed by trial; they rise through it, and unfold their blossoms to the Sun of Righteousness. This flower,

lately so beautiful, is now withered. Why? Because it is severed from the root. Christ is our root. Severed from Him we have no beauty, no life. 'Consider the lilies, how they grow.'"

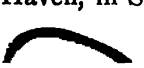
On the 8th of July, 1876, Stanley started for Nantucket in company with Elkanah Beard. Passing the Elizabeth Islands, and the island of Martha's Vineyard, a pleasant three hours' sail brought them to land.

"The island is something the shape of the crescent moon. The horns are constantly growing from the washing up of sand, the western horn having extended five miles in two generations. The town is on rising ground in the centre of the island. The harbour is shallow. It was once the seat of the whaling trade, 100 whalers, and 200 other vessels belonging to the port; but Nantucket declined as New Bedford rose, and now the whole of the whaling trade has left it, and the population has gone down from 9000 to a little over 3000. In connection with the Society of Friends, Nantucket is of historical interest. Whittier, in his ballad of the exiles, has described the first settlement of the Macys on the island. Friends were not an important community till the visit of Samuel Bownas who had a remarkable meeting here, and by his ministry convinced a 'great woman,' Mary Starbuck. Through her influence the leading people of the island all joined Friends, and the others not being able to maintain a priest, came in also. Samuel Fothergill speaks of attending a Yearly Meeting on Nantucket, in 1755, at which 1500 were present, mostly Friends, and 400 more belong-

ing to the Society were away with their boats. Some time later the number of Friends rose to 2000. Within the memory of persons now living there were two large Monthly Meetings, with probably 1500 members. The first great blow the Society received was through the Hicksite secession, which here alone, of the New England Meetings, drew off a large number.

"Then followed a period of severe disciplinary proceedings. A Friend, a native of Nantucket, says his boyish recollection is that about five persons were disowned every month. They were in a chronic state of disputation for about fifty years. By 1846 the number of members had dwindled to about 400, of whom three-fourths went off with John Wilbur. Both branches have steadily declined. If people get into a fault-finding spirit, and make up their minds that they will not unite with any who do not see with them on all points, they quickly scatter. Self-will has a good deal to do with it."

There is much that is humiliating in the inner history of Christian churches; yet the lessons of church history are intensely important to the welfare of the churches of to-day, and we cannot afford to shut our eyes to the lessons of the past, however humbling they may be. But other causes have been at work in the decline of the Society in Nantucket. Friends seldom stay in a declining town, and the young people have been moving off for many years past. It was from Nantucket that the colony of Starbucks came, who founded the little meeting at Milford Haven, in South Wales.



"A large proportion of the meetings in New England are in a declining state, and the aspect of the Society is not encouraging. I have often had to preach as forcibly as I could on the atoning work of the Saviour, and that He is the Son of God and One with the Father.

"At Lynn I spoke from Romans xii. 1, recapitulating the mercies of God as described in the previous chapters, and endeavouring to set forth the truth as taught in Paul's great doctrinal epistle—the fall of man, the universal and imperative need of salvation, in this respect 'no difference,' for all, whether their sins have been more or less flagrant, are debtors, having nothing to pay; the utter folly of thinking we could deserve heaven, illustrated by the saying of Franklin that it was like expecting to be rewarded for a draught of water by the gift of a plantation; the free gift of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ, set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, a blessing we lay hold of by faith and thus receive peace with God through Him; deliverance from the power as well as redemption from the guilt of sin, the gift of the Spirit, the blessings brought through that gift, adoption, sonship, heirship, fellowship (the honour of fellowship in suffering), inseparable love. My heart glowed and my tongue was loosed as these glorious themes were brought before my view. 'I want to talk to you about many things, some time,' said a woman Friend to me afterwards; 'there is one question I want to put now.' And then, in a tone searching as the voice of conscience, she queried, 'Is there not some-

thing gratifying to you in finding that your preaching is admired?' I told her something of what the Lord had done for me, but I dared not give a clear reply, and the salutary conviction was sealed by the faithful question, that self was not wholly crucified, and that I need to beware."

CHAPTER XVI.

KANSAS.

"KANSAS is the youngest in the family of Yearly Meetings, but has already over 4000 members. It is here you see the most distinctly what frontier life is, and are able to appreciate the labours and the disadvantages encountered in the first settlement of a country. I was there on three several occasions. When I first went they had been suffering grievously from drought and grasshoppers. I thought I had never before so vividly realized the wisdom of the prayer, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches.' I had felt the force of the latter half of the petition, but not of the former. I now saw clearly that hard toil and grinding poverty are not favourable for spiritual development, and that 'give not poverty' is an appropriate prayer. At the last Yearly Meeting I attended in Kansas there was evidence of some improvement in the outward position of a portion of the meeting, but marks of continued poverty among others were only too numerous. No Friend was present from Walnut Creek quarter, 200 miles off to the north-west, though it has 800 members. It was well known that lack of means was the only cause. Our dear friends Helen Balkwill and Susan Doyle spent a month in that district. They laboured with

patience and devotion, and their work was blessed. They found many Friends living in earth caves, called 'dug-outs'—holes made in banks, where the only entrance for light and air is from the front. There is no timber in that part of the country, and this is the best thing they could do. In some cases 'dug-outs' are used for Meeting Houses. In the Men's Yearly Meeting of 1878, a valued minister, Hannah Tatum, came in with a singular message. She exhorted the men to be kind and thoughtful to their wives, not to let them work too hard, but to be ready to lighten their burdens by fetching the buckets of water and chopping the wood. She knew what frontier life was, for she had passed through it in Iowa, and, had she not had a kind husband, who was ready to do such things for her, she did not think she would have lived to deliver this message. I believe it was a right message, and there was sound sense and practical Christianity in it.

"Most of the Friends in the station of minister are poor; and they make sacrifices in the discharge of their work of which we can form little conception. Friends in the west have not yet those systematic arrangements that we have for meeting the expenses of those who travel in the ministry; and thus it often happens that the preachers not only give their time but their money too. Some have really been impoverished in this way. I heard one Friend say that in the thirty years of his ministry he had paid for travelling expenses in his religious journeys 2500 dollars; while from the Friends of the Quarterly Meetings that had liberated him for service he had

only received assistance to the extent of 56 dollars. He was not a man who could afford it; and I do not wonder that, under such circumstances, many have felt and said that their brethren were not doing their right part in aiding them.

"Kansas Yearly Meeting assembled at Lawrence on the 6th October, 1876. The house stands just outside the town. It is a good stone building of two stories, the men occupying the basement, the women being in the room above. There are two wings to the building, in which are sundry committee-rooms; and there is a good sized piece of ground surrounding it. There were seldom more than a hundred and fifty men present. J. Bevan Braithwaite of London, and Robert W. Douglas, John Frederick Hansen, and other ministers from a distance were present, including Thomas H. Dana, an Oneida Indian, who is a recognized preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church."

The experience of this Indian is best given in his own words. He says:—"From my earliest recollection I well remember that the Great Spirit strove with me, condemning me when I did wrong, and approving when I did right. At seven years old—my mother being dead, and my father having forsaken me—feeling desolate, I was going into the woods to die. It was dark, and I halted to wait for the dawn. As I sat in the hollow of a hemlock tree, the Great Spirit said to me, 'Sunrise (this was my name), get down on thy knees, and look up.' I did not understand what this meant, but I obeyed, got down on my knees and remained silent. I rose; and the Great

Spirit said to me again, 'Sunrise, get down upon thy knees.' I again knelt down and waited till I was weary. Then I rose; and the Great Spirit said to me again, 'Sunrise, put off thy crown and strip thyself of thy ornaments.' I had on my head an Indian crown such as were worn by the children of chiefs, and many other ornaments, a child's tomahawk, knife, and bow and arrows. I stripped all off; took my crown, crushed it up; put all the things together, tied my bowstring round them, and tossed them out of the hollow of the tree. The Great Spirit again said, 'Sunrise, go down on thy knees.' While waiting in profound silence, there seemed a light like lightning shining around. It came into the tree, and lighted on my head, going all over me and through me. After this I was in perfect peace and rest; I loved everybody; my troubles were all gone. I rose and returned to the camp. Ever since I have lived in this peace and rest. At this time I had never heard of Christ or of the Bible, and knew nothing of prayer. On my return to the camp my friends at once recognised the change in me, and one of my relations said, 'The Great Spirit has been speaking to him.' These words made a great impression on them; and when, soon after, a Christian teacher came round, he found us in a prepared condition to receive the Gospel."

"At twelve years of age he received a call to the ministry, the inward moving of the Holy Spirit and earnest love for the souls of men being the evidence of the commission. For thirty-five years he has been labouring among the Indians, chiefly the Oneidas

and Senecas of New York State. His uncle, who lived to the age of 106, told him of pious Indians of the Oneida tribe who lived before white men came among them, and he believed the Lord had gathered many into his garner from among them.

"The clerk of the Yearly Meeting is William Nicholson, the superintendent of the Indian Agencies. J. B. Braithwaite had a very interesting interview with the Indian Agents. He spoke to them beautifully from the words, 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days so shall thy strength be,' showing how the Lord fortifies us against the roughness of the way. A beautiful prayer for the blessing of God upon the Indian work, and on all who are engaged in it, followed. A Cheyenne Indian, called 'Big Horse,' afterwards made a speech, Agent Miles interpreting. It was almost all done by the language of signs which is common to all the tribes."

After Yearly Meeting, Enoch Hoag and Stanley Pumphrey passed on to the country meetings in Kansas, and very cordial were the welcomes they received. In these outlying districts the visits of ministers are far between, and the expression of sympathy and Christian interest amid the hard toil and rough experiences of Western farm-life was doubly cheering. But such visits sometimes involved a good deal of personal discomfort. On entering one of these isolated homesteads, Stanley remarks: "There was little room to spare. The dining-table occupied the full breadth of the end of the room, and the cooking-stove filled a large part of the remaining space. A tall, active woman was clearing off

supper, two lively little boys were coursing about, a sister-in-law was looking after two babies, and we filled in somewhere in the remaining space. The mistress was informed I came from England, at which she burst into a loud laugh and said, 'Well, I should like to know what he wants to come here for.' In the course of the evening another brother and his wife came in. These settlers in the far west have a hard time of it, and claim the strong sympathy of those who stay amid happier surroundings. When bedtime came, we learned that there was but one bedroom. I suggested that I had been camping out, and as the kitchen was nice and warm, I would like to be allowed to make my bed there on the floor. Of this, however, they would not hear. They had fixed the bed upstairs, and there we must go. We were nearly being too late for the train next morning, and if we had missed it we should have been prisoners till the following morning, as there is only one train a day, according to the usage of these back country lines."

"I felt it right to propose visiting Friends in their families at Cottonwood, to which they at once assented. It is the first time I have done this in any meeting in America, and spent parts of three days in the service, in one day paying fourteen visits. I felt afresh my lack of special qualification. I lay no claim to remarkable spiritual discernment, and could only ask for help, and hope that the fitting words might be given. I believe this apostolic practice of visiting from house to house ought to be more practised than it is, and that we ought to cease to *expect*

that the secrets either of the past or the future should be disclosed. That this has frequently been done in such visits is no reason for regarding it as that which should always be done.

"The most flourishing part of Kansas Yearly Meeting appears to be the newly-established Quarterly Meeting of Walnut Creek, two hundred miles to the north-west of Lawrence, on the State line dividing Kansas from Nebraska. The Friends there are very poor, many of them living in the 'dug-outs' previously referred to. They find a bank, dig a cave in it, make a projecting wall of the earth, roof it over, put in a door and perhaps a window, and the house is built. The traveller across the prairie sometimes sees a stove-pipe sticking up through the ground, and becomes aware that he is in the neighbourhood of the dwellings of his fellow-men. I was much pleased with one of their ministers, Andrew Wooton. He was a good man, deeply in earnest for the prosperity of the churches.

"The Indians in their various agencies are longing for more teachers. 'Agent —— is a good man,' they say, 'looks after us well, knows how to farm, put up buildings, and do a heap of things, but then he cannot preach.' 'Agent W. is a good man,' again they say, 'he fears God, he talks to us some, but we want a man with a heap of fire, who can preach to us every Sabbath day. We expect our children to be white folks when we are gone, and we want to have them taught. Your people have not learned us much about Jesus. Cannot you stop with us and teach us all the time?'"

Stanley Pumphrey on his second and third visits to Kansas had the great pleasure of meeting Sarah B. Satterthwaite from Allonby, Cumberland, and the deputation from London Yearly Meeting, consisting of J. B. Braithwaite, J. J. Dymond, and Richard Littleboy. The work of this deputation was exceedingly valued in Kansas. The Yearly Meeting that year was considered the best and most harmonious they had ever held, and a Friend remarked afterwards, "The deputation has made the Yearly Meeting;" and Stanley adds, "If the deputation had only done what they did for Kansas, their time in coming over would have been well spent." He observed a marked improvement in the spiritual condition of the Kansas meetings in contrasting his first and last visits to them.

"I have learned to love Kansas Friends while working among them, and I see how many are their disadvantages, but most pioneer settlements have passed through similar troubles. The great need is an efficient ministry: men who know the truth and are competent to declare it. I have had no such leave-taking anywhere as I had at the close of the meetings at Lawrence. It was touching and humbling to have so many crowding round to say farewell. Many were in tears, and strong men with their eyes brimming and their hearts too full to speak. It almost broke me down, and I found it difficult to utter the parting words for each. How little I have done to deserve the love they gave me! If our poor love meets with such recompense, how ought we to be found answering the mighty love of Christ?

"My journey to St. Louis was uncomfortable. About six in the evening our train ran into a snow-drift, and there stuck fast. The stoves in the cars were so arranged as only to burn with the draught created by the motion of the train, and many of the windows were broken, so that we had a chilly time of it. There was nothing however for it but to stop all night. The conductor and another man plodded through the snow a mile or two to the nearest farm-house, and brought us some supper, and then we composed ourselves as best we could for the night."

CHAPTER XVII.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

"In the course of the autumn and winter of 1876 I spent several weeks among the tribes in the Indian Territory, which, including the tribes I visited in Kansas, are about thirty in number, and comprehend a fourth of the whole Indian population of the United States. They include some of the wildest and worst, like the Comanches and Cheyennes, and some of the most civilized, like the Cherokees and Creeks, with every shade of barbarism and semi-civilization between. My companion during the greater part of the trip was Enoch Hoag, who, as the head of the Central Superintendency, devoted himself for seven years to Indian work.

"In the Eastern part of the Indian Territory, lying between Texas and Kansas, there are five tribes located, commonly known as *civilized* tribes. These are the CHEROKEES, numbering 18,000, the descendants of the once powerful tribe that occupied the Carolinas and Tennessee; the CREEKS, numbering 14,000, whose former home was Georgia; the CHOCTAWS and CHICKASAWS, of Alabama and Mississippi, numbering 22,000; and the SEMINOLES, of Florida, who are about 2500.

"Among these tribes we began our tour, and at-

tended their annual fair at Muscogee. At the fair, citizens' dress was universal, and a large proportion of the people might have passed undistinguished along Eastern streets. The exhibition was creditable as far as it went, and bore evidence of successful gardening, farming, and cattle raising.

"The Cherokees have a good system of Government, consisting of a Chief, and Upper and Lower Houses, and an excellent code of laws, framed on the model of the United States of America. Belief in one God and in future rewards and punishments is made essential to rights of citizenship. Every male citizen aged 18 is an elector. Liberty of conscience is granted; the sale of strong drink is prohibited, and the observance of the Sabbath is secured. Half the tribal revenue is devoted to education and the support of the orphans. They have eighty-one day schools and two high schools, the girls' school being under the care of an excellent Moravian minister. The Cherokees have two newspapers, the one published at Muscogee, by Ross, formerly chief of the nation; the other is published at Talequah, partly in the Cherokee alphabet invented by the ingenious Sequoyah, the Editor. This alphabet consists of eighty-five letters, representing all the syllabic sounds in the language, so that when a child has mastered it, he has learned to read. Every full-blood Cherokee is entitled to a copy of this paper free at the expense of the Treasury. The Cherokee Nation is now professedly Christian, and a large proportion of the people attend public worship, which is directed for the most part by a native ministry. The advance

among the CREEKS has not been less marked. They have thirty-three day schools, and three boarding schools. We visited all the latter, and were exceedingly pleased with them. The Tallahassee boarding school has been for thirty years under the charge of W. S. Robertson, a Presbyterian minister, and his wife. Their scholars turned out well, and most of the rising men among the Creeks pass under their care.

"The Choctaws and Chickasaws have sixty-six day schools and six boarding schools. The Chickasaws expend 46,000 dollars a year on education, which is probably the largest sum per head subscribed by any state or nation in the world for educational purposes, amounting to an average of eight dollars per head for every man, woman, and child, in the community. Several of the members of their legislature are preachers, and work without pay. Our interpreter, Judge Folsom, is one of these. His brother, D. E. Folsom, is an enterprising farmer, with 400 acres under cultivation, and 500 head of cattle. He is very familiar with Shakespere, and quick to correct any misquotation of his favourite author. The leading agriculturist among the Choctaws is Wilson Jones. He has 500 acres of pasture and 300 of arable land. Another Choctaw, named Paul, has 2000 acres of Indian corn.

"The losses of the Choctaws during the Indian War are estimated at not less than 300,000 head of cattle. The Christianization and colonization of these five tribes is due chiefly to the labours of the Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians.

"Through the kindness of their Governor, Coleman Cole, we had the opportunity of meeting with the Choctaw Council.

"The Governor made a few introductory remarks in Choctaw, introducing us, and then Judge Folsom interpreted for us sentence by sentence.

"Enoch Hoag spoke to them of his favourite and valuable scheme for uniting all the Indian tribes under one compact government, to be recognized as a Territory under the United States, with a delegate having a right to speak on the floor of the house at Washington.

"I spoke about as follows:—'My brothers of the Choctaw nation, I have crossed the Atlantic Ocean and have taken a long journey to come to see you. I wish you to know that in England you have many friends. In the land of William Penn and among the children of William Penn you have many warm friends, who would rejoice in your prosperity. God has given you a good land; you have wide prairies, extensive woods, fine rivers, and a fertile soil. At the fair at Muscogee I saw the proof of what your land can produce. I saw good corn, good potatoes, good wheat, and the finest apples I ever saw in my life. I saw also good stock, cattle, horses, pigs, and sheep. I am told your land is also well adapted for cotton. The Great Spirit meant your land to be cultivated and turned to the best account. I want you to encourage your people to enlarge their farms and raise more upon them, for thus their prosperity and comfort may be greatly increased. While I look on this as important, I think it still more important

that the minds of your people—your young people especially—should be rightly trained. I am glad to notice the interest taken by the Indian tribes in education. At Talequah I saw excellent school buildings, both for boys and girls, equal to what would be seen in the United States or in my own country. The Creeks have well-managed schools, where much good is being done. I am glad to hear that you also have academies and many district schools. This building in which we now are, I understand, used to be an academy, but has not been used for that purpose since the war. It is a better building than any occupied by the Creeks, and it seems a great pity it should be lying unoccupied. Can you not manage again to start the school?

"God, who has given us bodies and minds, has also given us souls, and it is His gracious will that our souls should be happy with Him for ever. Jesus Christ came to open for us the way to heaven, and to teach us how to live. There is nothing that would give your brothers in England more joy than to hear that the Choctaws were a truly Christian nation. I want you to encourage your people to keep holy the Sabbath day; to attend public worship; to avoid every kind of sin; and to follow Jesus faithfully. His religion is a religion of love. There ought to be no jealousies among the different Indian tribes; their interests are one, and you should live as brethren. Your land is as large as England and Scotland together, although there are fifty times as many people in London alone as there are in the Indian Territory. So there is plenty of room for more people, and I

want you to keep this Territory as a home for all the Indian tribes. My brothers, I have been glad to speak to you, and I bid you farewell.'

"At the close of our interview we shook hands with the Governor and his Council, and passed down one side the room, taking the hand of every Indian as we went. Those on the other side did not want to be missed, and they all came over in a troop that we might take the hand of every one.

"The experiment made by President Grant of committing the care of the Indians to the nominees of the religious bodies will always be remembered as one of the striking features of his administration. It was certainly a remarkable circumstance that one who had made so large a figure as a military man should have wished, in his dealings with savages, to revert to the policy of peace, endeavouring to subdue them by kindness and justice rather than by force. Friends were the first denomination to be consulted, and their share in the work continued to be a prominent one throughout the eight years of Grant's tenure of office. That the plan thus inaugurated has, to a great extent, been laid aside by the present administration, and Friends, in common with the other religious bodies, pretty much ousted from official connection with the work, will not be regarded as any proof of failure by those who are acquainted with American politics.

"Statistical returns abundantly demonstrate that most encouraging progress was made by the Indians, materially, socially, and educationally, under Grant's *régime*. Two Friends are still retained as agents—

Laban J. Miles, who has charge of the Kiowas and Osages, and John D. Miles, the long-tried and very successful Agent of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. The schools under these two Friends, as well as one in the Quapaw Agency, are still taught by members of our society. Work of a directly religious character is being prosecuted more earnestly and effectively than ever by Elkanah and Irena Beard among the Cheyennes, by Franklyn and Eliza Elliott among the absentee Shawnees and Pottowatomies, by Asa and Emmeline Tuttle among the Shawnees and the Modocs, and by Jonathan Ozbun and wife among the Osages.

"An experience which has ranged over eleven years, and which has brought our people in contact with about thirty different tribes, in every shade of semi-civilization and barbarism, has abundantly illustrated the power of love and justice in influencing even the most untutored minds; and there have not been wanting striking illustrations of the Divine blessing on the faithful carrying out of these principles in times of difficulty and danger.

"It was after travelling a day's journey from the Kiowa Agency, and on ascending into the valley of the Washita, that we came in sight of the Agency buildings of the Wichita. The old Indian huts are fast being replaced by log houses. We called on Wahloope, a Caddo chief. Five years ago this man attended the meeting of the executive committee of Friends at Lawrence, Kansas. He said to them, 'I have come from a long way off. I came to find a good way for my people. We want you to try hard

to help us into the good way. We do not want to do like some other tribes, who delight in killing and destroying; we want to learn how to build houses, raise corn, and provide for our wives and children that they may be happy. I know my young men will be ready to do their part in building houses and farms and trying to be good. Many of the wild Indians will also visit me to hear my words and see my place. If I have a good house and farm, comfortable clothes, and a happy family, it will have a great influence on them to turn them into the white man's path of peace and civilization.' He went on to ask that they might be protected from white intruders, and especially from the curse of whiskey. This man's promise has been faithfully kept. Not only have about half his people adopted the white man's dress and the white man's style of house, but they have brought into cultivation 1700 acres of land, and are rapidly becoming self-supporting. For a considerable period before our visit the issue of rations had been confined to beef and salt, and they had been grinding corn for the Indians at the Agency mill at the rate of eighty bushels a week.

"Our meeting for worship with the Wichita on the Sabbath day was solemn, and the behaviour and attention all we could desire. Round the room the Indians stood, sat, and squatted, decked with their ornaments, the children with their long black hair, well combed, filling the body of the room. Wahroope addressed them, and so did Black Beaver, a Delaware chief, who also offered a very feeling prayer in his own language. Black Beaver's ser-

mon ran in this fashion :—' Life with us all is getting shorter. I remember when the Caddoes had large towns and the Delawares and the Wacoes. Now we are few. And why is this? It is for our sins, my brothers, for our sins. I fear the displeasure of the Lord ; but when I see our children well taught, I hope again. Let none say it is too late to turn to God. Let none say it is too soon.'

"But perhaps no tribe has made more astonishing progress than the Modocs. The war with this tribe, and the treacherous assassination of General Canby, are still matters of recent history. Their long and determined resistance in the lava beds, where they hid in the caverns, cost the United States a larger number of their troops than there were Indians in the tribe ; and Captain Jack and his followers were at last wearied out rather than conquered. The terrible suffering of those dark days the Modoc children even now can hardly be persuaded to refer to. Late in 1873 they were removed two thousand miles to the Indian Territory, and the remnant of the tribe have displayed in peace much of the same energy and determination they displayed in war. Bogus Charley, the chief, has put up a good-sized house for himself, and when it was finished he built a still better one for his ponies. Steamboat Frank, another prominent member of the tribe, was repairing his chimney when we called to have an interview with such of the tribe as could be collected under his roof. They told us they felt like leaving their own country in Oregon, near the Pacific coast, but they tried not to think of it, and wanted to settle

down here. They liked our talk, and it was their wish to live so as to please the Great Spirit. All their children are sent to school, where they learn readily, are easily satisfied, and give very little trouble.

"I was at the Quapaw mission at Christmas, and thoroughly enjoyed my visit. Kind friends in New York and Baltimore had thought of the Indian children, and wishing to make them happy at this festive season, sent them many presents. A fir tree was brought from the forest, the top of which touched the ceiling, and its branches spread half across the room. To this the presents were attached, and the tree was lighted up with many tapers. The smaller children sat on the floor beneath its boughs, and the larger ones round the room. Several of the parents and other interested friends were present. They sang their simple hymns, and listened attentively while we spoke to them. It would have done the hearts of the kind donors good to have seen how the little swarthy faces brightened as the treasures were handed down. Several of the older girls had made useful presents for each other, and their English visitor received a motto beautifully worked by eight girls in coloured silks; the words were, 'In God we trust.' They all have jet black hair, and their faces are darker than a gypsy's. Their heads are flat behind, because when they are babies they are strapped tight against a board instead of being put in a cradle, and then the child hangs up against the wall. When their mothers carry them they fasten them to their backs, baby's face looking out behind; the mother's

hands are thus at liberty, and she can be doing something at the same time. I saw a little girl of seven years old washing socks with a baby strapped to her back. When Asa and Emmeline Tuttle came here, seven years ago, the Ottowas were in a very degraded state, and sadly intemperate; but through their faithful labours sobriety has been restored and the church revived. One of the Indians who was converted was laid aside with severe illness; his body was racked with pain, but his mind was at rest. 'While one half of me is suffering very much, the other half is very glad,' was his mode of expressing the peace in his heart.

"The wild, warlike tribes in the south-west of the Indian Territory, whose raids have long been the terror of settlers near the Texas frontier, are becoming greatly changed. Their subsistence is still in the main supplied by Government, and the remainder is procured by hunting. Warriors who cared for nothing but war and the chase, have become men of peace. Those who scorned the idea of cultivating the soil, are clamouring for ploughs and spades. 'We like your talk,' said Little Crow, the Comanche chief, after our conference with his tribe. 'We want to live in peace; we want to grow corn, raise cattle, have our children taught, and take the white man's road. This is the mind of us all.'

"'We are not going to think of war any more,' said Big Mouth, the stalwart chief of the Arapahoes, after hugging us in his strong arms. 'The Sioux are foolish to think of fighting. Let them come and live peaceably in the Indian Territory. I can say of

all here, they are my brothers ; give us ploughs, and let us get to work.' "

Big Horse, the Cheyenne chief, also threw his arms around Stanley Pumphrey's neck, and begged the Government would send them wagons and implements of husbandry. Colonel Misner was admiring a medal which had been presented to another chief named Whirlwind. "Yes," replied Whirlwind, "it is a nice medal ; but I cannot understand one thing. You see it shows on it ploughs, and spades, and hoes, and Washington promised to send a heap of them, but they have never come, and we think our great father ought to keep his word."

Howling Wolf thus gave his experience :—"I used to think sometimes while rambling around, and raiding with my comrades, that in some things I was doing wrong, for I knew a little of God. I did not think it wrong to raid and fight—which I now think to be wrong—for I was an Indian, and I thought and acted as an Indian. I wanted to be leader, and went on in sins, for which I was taken prisoner, and with others sent to St. Augustine. There I learned much more of the Great Spirit. God showed me that I had done very wrong, and I wanted to throw away all my bad deeds. I asked God to take away my bad heart and give me a good heart. He heard me, and gave me a good heart, and then I felt happy. I threw away my old road, and took the road of the Bible, and now I am holding on to that good road. Since coming here I talk to the boys and girls and to the people in the camp about God's road. It makes me so happy to go in that good road."

At the close of the school session, when the parents came for their children, the Agent told them how thankful he was to be able to restore them all in good health. Horse-Back, a Comanche chief, replied, speaking gratefully of the kind care of the children, and also acknowledging his gratitude to a higher power. "Are you thinking of the sun?" enquired the interpreter. "No," answered Horseback, "we must look higher than that; to the Great Spirit who made the sun."

Stanley Pumphrey gives the following record of a meeting held by James M. Haworth among these wild Indians, who a year or two ago used to run away with fright, and tremble with superstitious fear, when the guidance and blessing of the Great Spirit was invoked, but who now bow their heads in reverence. "When we drove up to White Wolf's camp, last Sabbath, we found the prairie on fire and his corral burning. He and several of his people were trying to extinguish the fire, and we got down and helped them. After getting the fire out, I told White Wolf we had come to have a meeting in his camp if he was willing, but I suppose after working so hard they would be tired, and we had better defer it. 'No, no,' he said, 'come now.' They soon collected the people, and we had a blessed time. We spoke of the scene in which we had just taken part; the heart of man was compared to the corral in danger, and sin to the consuming fire. The application was quickly understood. White Wolf spoke, with tears in his eyes: 'I did not formerly think much about these things, and never have

made such a talk as this before. I have been thinking for some time and asking the Great Spirit to guide my mind aright and to give me a good heart. I want to travel on the road that will lead to the happy home of the Great Spirit, and not go on the road that leads to the home of misery of the great bad spirit. Every night and morning I ask the Great Spirit to have mercy on me and on my people, and to show us what He would have us do.' So saying, White Wolf threw his arms round James M. Haworth and pressed him to his breast.

"James M. Haworth was appointed, in 1873, to the charge of the Kiowas and Comanches, two wild and warlike tribes located near the northern line of Texas. To the inhabitants of that large cattle-raising State these Indians gave great trouble by their frequent raids. So irresistible was the temptation to cross the border and drive off the cattle that Satanta, one of their chiefs, confessed his entire inability to control the young men, and told the great father at Washington that the readiest way to save trouble would be to move Texas farther off. Satanta shortly succumbed to the temptation himself, and he and his companion, Big Tree, were, for certain depredations and other misdeeds, clearly proved against them, sent prisoners to Florida. The chiefs were powerful fellows, with much natural intelligence, and were popular with their tribe, and their release was clamorously demanded of the Agent. The Government, wishing to conciliate them, gave them to expect that their desire should be granted, but difficulties were raised by the authorities in Texas, and the chiefs were still held prisoners.

"While the Kiowas were chafing under the disappointment, and galled at what seemed to them the broken faith of the Government, a report, which was wholly unauthorized, was brought to them, that if they would go to the Agency at a certain day, Satanta would be released. At the given time, almost the whole tribe came down, and the hundreds of 'braves,' mounted on their ponies, with faces painted, and decked out with feathers and other savage adornments, looked very imposing. The Agent met them in a friendly manner, and a Council was arranged to be held the next day. Meanwhile, some inkling of the actual state of things reached them, and they sent to their Council war-chiefs only, who came fully armed, and sat with their bows strung and their arrows in their hands.

"It was a serious thing to have to meet such a company with intelligence that would exasperate them; but James M. Haworth made his statement with a straightforwardness that convinced them that he, at least, was not to blame; and Big-Bow, the leader, advancing, embraced him and gave his hand, saying that while they had been deceived and were disappointed, they believed the Agent's heart was right, and warm, and true. The others then came forward and gave their hands, and so the Council closed. The Kiowas now went up to the neighbouring military post, and while there met with some mischievous person who told them that Haworth was trifling with and deceiving them, and showed them, in proof, an extract from a Texas paper, in which it was asserted that the chiefs would never be released

except on certain conditions, which were named, and which the Indians knew would be out of their power to ratify. This exasperated them exceedingly, and they returned to the Agent in a rage. He found it hard to quiet them, and the next day, when the usual rations were being distributed, they again became fierce, and made demands which his duty as a United States officer forbade him to comply with.

"Upon this they grew so clamorous and threatening that the employés, believing that mischief was intended, begged him to send to the fort for a detachment of troops. This, however, James M. Haworth refused to do: he was among the Indians specially to represent the principles of peace, and to those principles he determined that he would be true, and would commit his life to the protection of the Lord. He still steadily refused the demands of the Indians, and, abashed by his courage or restrained by a higher power, they became quieter, and shortly withdrew. That it was no imaginary danger in which he had been placed was shown by the fact that an old Comanche chief, who was friendly to him, went of his own accord to the fort to beg the officer to come down with soldiers to protect him.

"A few days after, information reached James M. Haworth that the Kiowas had held a Council and decided to take him prisoner and keep him as a hostage for the return of their chiefs. He was now again urged to seek the protection of the fort, but refused, and waited the issue. The next evening White Horse and Fast Wolf, two of the worst of the Indians, with three others, made their appearance at the Agency,

armed, and with other indications suggestive of evil intent. James M. Haworth, however, met them cordially, gave them a good supper, had his usual family worship along with them, and prepared them beds for the night, not giving them the smallest indication that he knew the object of their visit. They returned in the morning, after receiving other kindnesses, and reported to their people, in Indian *parlance*, that 'Simpoquodle's* medicine was too strong for them.'

"'My heart is humbled with gratitude and thanksgiving to God,' writes James M. Haworth, 'when I review the many trying scenes through which I was safely covered by the shadow of His wings. He did so mercifully care for me and the dear ones associated with me in that work. His love and protecting care were ever near us, and underneath were the Everlasting Arms.'

"The Kiowas and Apaches have interesting traditions respecting the creation and deluge. They worship a Spirit whom they call the Great Kiowa, whose visible manifestation is in the Pleiades. He made the world, then he put animals upon it, and lastly man. He struck a tree, and men and women came out. They were not rightly formed, so he struck it again, and others came out who were right. Men displeased the Great Kiowa, and he overwhelmed them with a flood of water. One man was saved. He looked very lonely, so the Kiowa took compassion upon him, cut him in two, and of the

* This was their name for James M. Haworth; it signifies Red Beard.

halves made man and woman. They believe in future rewards and punishments, but their heaven has little of a spiritual character. The earth is their mother, and when the last Kiowa is gone, it will burn up with grief. The Indians under the care of the Agency at Fort Sill are three of the wildest tribes, the Kiowas, the Comanches, and the Apaches. The Indians say, 'Fort Sill is bad medicine for us.' We spent an afternoon and evening at the school, where about seventy children are boarded and taught, under the care of an English Friend, Alfred Standing, and his wife.

"After our return we started in another direction, to visit the camp of E-sa-bo-cum, a Kiowa chief. We found the tents pitched by a wood-skirted stream, with a meadow-like portion of prairie in the front where their horses could range and graze. There were about a dozen wigwams. The framework is formed of poles, meeting at the top and bound together at the top with thongs of hide. Over these are thrown buffalo skins sewn together. An opening at the top lets out the smoke; a hole in the skin covered by a loose flap lets in the occupants. You enter without giving any alarm, offer your hand and say 'How do?' which they answer, 'How, how,' that being as far as they have learned the sentence. The little children alone manifest any uneasiness at the approach of the white stranger, and hide behind their mothers. The youngest 'papoose' is strapped to a flat board to be carried on the mother's back. There is a fire on the floor in the centre, and while you sit you are out of the way of the smoke, and feel warm

and comfortable. The mattresses are round, smooth sticks, fastened together with thongs, over which the buffalo robe is thrown. I have tried many a more uneasy resting-place. A large proportion of the tribe have sixty days' leave of absence, and are therefore gone to hunt the buffalo. Their Government rations consist of 1½ pounds of beef per day for each man, woman, and child; ½ pound of flour; and with every 150 pounds of beef they receive 8 pounds of sugar, 5 of salt and soap, 4 pounds of coffee, and 2½ of tobacco and soda. The allowance of meat is purposely large, in consideration of their previous mode of life. Much suffering has been repeatedly caused to these wards of the Government, who have been driven from their original lands, by the irregular supply of their food.

"The tribes have different languages; though some, like the Choctaws and Chickasaws, are so closely allied that they can understand each other. They have, however, all of them a common language of signs by which they communicate, and they may sometimes be seen talking to each other with their hands by the hour at a time. The Cheyennes make great use of this sign language, even when they are speaking, and it was very intersting to watch the animated gestures of Big Mouth while holding forth. Our young interpreter, after officiating for us for an hour, complained that his arms were very tired.

"On leaving the Cheyennes we were obliged to camp out, as we had a journey of eighty miles through the prairie and across the north fork of the Canadian River. Amos, a coloured man, was our

guide. We found a level place, sheltered with trees, and here a fire was soon lit. Amos boiled our coffee, and we were soon enjoying our supper. We sat and talked for a couple of hours, our guide telling stories about the animals of the district. I repeated the 34th Psalm and Addison's Traveller's Hymn. Then we spread our buffalo robes and blankets, rolled up our overcoats as pillows, and laid down to rest. I slept well until after one o'clock, roused to find our fire burning low, and got up to gather fresh wood and logs. The flames soon rose up and lighted our camp, and showed where my companions were sleeping peacefully. Amos had placed himself within a foot of the fire, and I had to take care that the straying embers did not burn his blanket. He appreciated my attention, showed his dusky face from behind the folds of his blanket, observed 'I call this real splendid,' and went off to sleep again.

"The moon had now risen, and lighted up the river as it curved away beneath the trees. As I lay down again, the Pleiades were right overhead. I thought how the old natives of the land had revered them as their God, and how true were the words spoken lately by one of them, 'We must look higher.' I thought too of Jacob—

> "As he from Esau fled
> To Padanaram, in the fields of Luz;
> Dreaming by night under the open sky,
> And waking cried, 'This is the gate of heaven.'

"I remembered that the God of Jacob was my God, and I believed the promise made to the Patri-

arch had been mercifully renewed to me: 'I will be with thee and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again to thine own land, for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.'"

At the Pottawatomie Agency, which Stanley Pumphrey afterwards visited, he says: "The Indians took a fancy to me, and wanted to know if I could stay with them always. Their chief said my words would be 'repeated to every member of the tribe and be handed down for a hundred years.' He gave me a war club and a handsome piece of bead-work in token of his goodwill.

"When we had crossed to Kansas, the marks of civilization multiplied. Things often look larger in the mist and fairer in the gloaming, but as I saw the road fenced on either hand, crossed a bridge, instead of being paddled across a river in the scooped trunk of a tree, passed a well-tended flock of sheep, and saw houses with lights in their windows, I seemed to catch glimpses again of domestic comfort, and I saw that a cultured country excels a wilderness as light excels darkness.

"Our trip in the Indian Territory was over. The Lord had enabled us to scatter much seed among its many tribes. He had kept us safe in all our weary journey. These Indians are like children growing up, and they need kind, wise, firm, and energetic care for years to come. With such care, what has been accomplished for the Cherokees and Creeks may also be accomplished for them all, and the territory be occupied as an Indian confederation, all

speaking the same language and enjoying the blessings of Christianity and civilization under a united Government.

"Two hundred years ago, within the bounds of the city of Philadelphia, occurred a scene to which the poet and the painter, the statesman and historian, have alike delighted to do honour. Beneath the elm tree of Shackamaxon, William Penn enunciated those pure and holy principles which he had learned from the Sermon on the Mount. Having faith in the universal applicability of these principles, he tried 'the holy experiment' of putting them in practice towards the white man and the red man alike. 'We meet,' he said, 'on the broad pathway of faith and goodwill, where no advantage is to be taken on either side, but all is to be openness, brotherhood, and love.'

"The treaty that was there signed was kept. 'The only treaty,' Voltaire said, 'made without an oath, and the only one that was never broken.' Bancroft has done justice to our relations with the Indian tribes, and records that no drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by them. They still look on us as their friends. A Quaker is received by them with confidence because he is a Quaker. 'The Quakers are our friends,' said Black Beaver, of the Delawares, in 1872. 'Their fathers and ours bound themselves to be friends for ever. Their treaty was never broken. The Indians have never taken any Quaker's blood, and the Quakers have always been true friends to the Indians. Our grandfather at Washington knew this, and for this reason has sent them among us. He knew that they would do right by his red grandchildren.'

A prominent share in the care of the Indians has been assigned to us. It is a great trust. The Chief Clerk of Indian affairs bears testimony that we accept it 'as a great trust,' and I am thankful to know that the encomium is merited. We cannot be too earnest in the right use of means. The old maxim, 'civilize first, then try to Christianize,' must be thrown away, and we must accept the axiom that 'Christianity is at once the shortest road to civilization, and the best security for its maintenance.' We cannot be too careful in our choice of men. To quote the words of my friend Joel Bean, when writing on this subject, 'our eye must be kept single, our object pure, and our trust fixed upon the Lord. We need divine counsel to direct; and men that can stand like flint against temptation, men of clean hands and pure heart, to represent a holy cause among a benighted people.'"

CHAPTER XVIII.

IOWA.

VERY wisely Stanley Pumphrey concluded to come home for a short change and comparative rest in the midst of his American labours. He had been working persistently for many months, and the continual exercise of mind in attending so many meetings and visiting so many scenes made a pause essential. He arrived in England the middle of May, 1877. He was evidently worn with all he had undergone, and hastened to those he loved at Worcester. Attending the usual week-day morning meeting there, he took for his text the query of the Lord Jesus Christ to His disciples when they returned to Him after their first great missionary journey, "Lacked ye anything?" and with tears in his eyes and his voice quivering with emotion, he joyfully gave his own experience in the answer, "Nothing, Lord." He reviewed some of his American experiences, the occasional want of sympathy, the much more frequent welcome that had so cordially been given him, the rough life in the Indian Territory, the vicissitudes of climate and of travel, and yet most emphatically true was it that through all *he had lacked nothing*. "It always is and always will be true," he exclaimed,

"that when the Lord sends forth His servants He will abundantly supply *all* their need."

From Worcester Stanley Pumphrey proceeded to meet his beloved friend Sarah Grubb, to whom he was betrothed, and thence proceeded to the Yearly Meeting of Friends in London.

At the Yearly Meeting he interested himself very much in pleading for Friends in North Carolina and Tennessee, and a subscription was set on foot to assist in the schools and mission work in those States and in the repair of the dilapidated Meeting Houses. He also gave an outline of his visit to the Indian Territory, and some account of the lectures on Friends' principles which he had given in various parts of America. At the conclusion of the Yearly Meeting he gave a vigorous address on the temperance question, showing how much ahead of England America was at that time, in energetic effort to restrain the sale of intoxicating liquors and to discountenance the use of stimulants among the members of Christian churches.

After Yearly Meeting, he paid rapid visits in Suffolk, Kent, Yorkshire, and Oxfordshire, and attended the Western Quarterly Meeting of the Society of Friends at Cirencester. Well pleased to be again among so many old acquaintances, he was actively engaged in witnessing for Christ, and it was evident to his friends that his gift in the ministry of the Gospel had enlarged with use.

At Cirencester and two or three other places he gave a lecture on the North American Indians, and then again repaired to Sudbury, in Suffolk, where he

was married to Sarah, the eldest daughter of Jonathan Grubb, on the 17th of July. Their wedding tour was in Cornwall, among scenes of natural beauty that Stanley had enjoyed years before; and on the 15th of August he sailed again for America, with his beloved wife.

The final leave-taking at Worcester was a sorrowful one. His much loved sister, Helen, was evidently sinking in consumption, and there was no human probability of his ever seeing her again on earth. The family and relatives gathered for prayer in the drawing-room at his own house at 41, Britannia-square. He commended all he was leaving to the protecting care of God; and his invalid sister also offered one of those near-heaven prayers that mark close communion with our Father in heaven. With tears they bid each other farewell in the Lord, the sister so soon to be called up higher, the brother turning his face steadfastly to the work to which the Lord was calling him in Iowa.

The Friends of Iowa Yearly Meeting are chiefly to be found in the southern half of the State, though there is one Quarterly Meeting in the north-east corner, and another small one in Minnesota. "There is no State in which I travelled," Stanley Pumphrey observes, "that impressed me as more strikingly illustrating the rapid development of America than the State of Iowa. Forty years ago it was all but unbroken prairie; now it has large cities, many railroads, universities, and other public institutions, and something like a million and a half of people. Of course a prairie country has facilities for rapid de-

velopment such as are not enjoyed by a forest country, where there is so much to clear out of the way."

The Friends' Yearly Meeting for the State of Iowa commenced on the 5th September, 1877. The house in which it was held is a large two-storied brick building, standing in a grove about a mile from Oskaloosa. The upstairs room is occupied by the women, the downstairs room by the men. Each room seats comfortably about a thousand persons. A meeting for worship was held at the commencement, in which the Friends from England were engaged in ministry, Walter Robson, Helen Balkwill, and Susan Doyle being also present from this side the Atlantic. A warm welcome was given to the visitors, Joel Bean acting as clerk. The reports that came up from the subordinate meetings were not altogether satisfactory. There was evident disunity in some districts; and amid the pressure of the times there appeared to be laxity in too many families in regard to family worship. The Yearly Meeting sent down urgent advice on this head, reiterating the well-known testimony of the Society on the subject. "We esteem it a duty incumbent on us to *pray with* and for, to teach, instruct, and admonish those in and belonging to our families, this being a command of the Lord." On the other hand, much earnest life was manifested in many meetings, and many of the young people had lately given themselves to the Lord and were devoting themselves to His service. The membership within the compas of Iowa Yearly Meeting was 8146, and of this number only six mem-

bers were reported as having used intoxicating drinks, and the number addicted to the use of tobacco was on the decline. A coloured brother, Horatio Nelson Rankin, the director of the West Tennessee University at Memphis, pleaded for the education of the Freedmen ; and John Frederick Hansen and Stanley Pumphrey advocated the foreign missionary work, the fulfilment of the loving charge of the Saviour to preach the Gospel to every creature. One of the most stirring sittings of the Yearly Meeting was on higher education. One minister referred in touching language to his own scanty education and to his sense of the continual disadvantage under which he laboured in consequence. He felt that his usefulness might have been so much greater if he had received a better education ; and the work of the Lord demanded the exercise of all our powers at their best. God can and does make use of an ignorant man who consecrates himself to His serviee ; but consecrated intelligence is much better, and in these days of advanced education has become essential.

The Yearly Meeting concluded with a time of special blessing. The grey-headed fathers of the church had laboured together with the sons in loving fellowship, and parted from one another trusting that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ they were entering upon a year of better and more fruitful service.

Stanley and Sarah Pumphrey afterwards visited a few places in Minnesota. The Friends of Howard Lake, not getting more than two or three visits a year, appreciate the company of strangers all the

more. The evening meetings were consequently crowded with an attentive and appreciative audience. Winneshiek is another remote Quarterly Meeting which Stanley visited alone. The road was very rough where it was stony, and in other places miry in the extreme. The driving resembled that of the son of Nimshi, and both driver and visitor were tremendously bespattered with mud before they reached their destination. The wheat crop in these parts was almost a complete failure that year, so that nearly half of it was not cut, but simply burnt off the ground. Of course this caused much depression among the people, and to many it was ruinous.

In Bangor Quarterly Meeting there were eighteen recorded ministers, several of them being young men in their prime, whose discourses were probably lengthy. On arriving at one of their meetings, Stanley Pumphrey found the following message chalked on the black-board which was used in the Sabbath school :—

"Ministers please notice,
We, us, and Co., and others say,
Have your sermons short and sweet next time;
Don't swing on so long;
We get tired;
Don't forget it."

Thence Stanley went over to Stavangar, which is the principal settlement of Norwegian Friends in America ; indeed there are more friends here now than at the original Stavangar. They occupy a tract of country about six miles long and two wide, and

most of them live on their own farms. They are well-to-do and industrious, and stand well among their neighbours. Long before the meeting they began to come, and by ten o'clock the house was filled. Sarah B. Satterthwaite of Allonby, and Mary White of Glasgow were also present and took part. "There was a very blessed sense of God's presence, and I knelt down in thanksgiving and prayer. Then I rose to speak, and Soren Olesen stood up beside me to translate into Norwegian. My heart was so full, I found it quite difficult to speak, but Soren translated for me well. He did not like to have more than about ten words given him at once. We had two or three addresses from Norway Friends, and Andrew Olesen knelt in prayer. At the close they all gathered round to shake hands, and many made enquiries in their broken English about Friends they had known."

On Stanley and Sarah Pumphrey's second visit to Iowa, in 1878, they also attended the Yearly Meeting at Oskaloosa. At that time they were rejoiced to meet their English friends, J. B. Braithwaite and Richard Littleboy, Joseph J. Dymond and George Tatham. The sittings opened with large meetings for worship. John Scott of Baltimore, who was just returning from a visit to Oregon and California, commenced the meeting with prayer, and then Joseph J. Dymond spoke on the words of our Saviour's prayer, "That they all may be one," dwelling on the blessing of Christian union and its hindrances. Stanley Pumphrey followed, taking for his text, "Be always ready." "Be always ready for

death; see wherein this readiness consists. Be always ready to give an answer concerning the hope that is in you. If we have the true hope, we shall not be ashamed to confess it, and shall confess it with meekness and with the deep feeling that there is no room for boasting, because it is *all* of grace. Be always ready for service. Remember the Bible curse on those who do the work of the Lord negligently. Hezekiah charged the priests and the Levites to be ready, saying, 'My sons, be not now negligent, for the Lord hath chosen you to stand before Him, to serve Him, and that ye should minister unto Him.' Christ says, 'That servant which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes,' and even Artaxerxes exclaims, 'Whatsoever is commanded by the God of heaven let it be diligently done.'"

A proposition was brought before the Yearly Meeting from one of the Quarterly Meetings, "for the establishment of a Ministers' Fund, out of which such might be assisted as are called to give their whole time to the work of the Lord."

In the meeting of ministers and elders Stanley Pumphrey gave an address on the exhortation, "Speak thou the things that become sound doctrine." "Those who have read the Epistles of Paul to Timothy and Titus cannot fail to have been struck with the stress he lays on the importance of maintaining sound doctrine. And those who have noticed how close is the connection between men's belief and their actions, will see how reasonable it is

that this stress should be laid on sound doctrine. If we would preach sound doctrine we must diligently search the treasury of Holy Scripture, wherein we have the written record of the will of God. All doctrine contrary to the teaching of Scripture is to be unhesitatingly rejected. In the Old Testament we have a record attested by the authority of Christ; in the New Testament we find the very words of our Lord and Saviour and the words of the Apostles written by the inspiration of His Spirit. It should be the aim of the Christian minister to present the truth as they presented it, the truth as it is in Jesus, in its completeness and harmony. In doing this we shall, after their example, lay the greatest stress on the most important truths. We shall lay the foundation of repentance and faith in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We shall teach that except a man be born again through the agency of the Divine Spirit, and his soul cleansed from sin, he cannot see the Kingdom of God. We shall teach that this cleansing comes through faith in the Son of God, who became man, and died on the cross for men, shedding His precious blood there for the remission of our sins. We shall teach that He rose again, and ever liveth our glorified Mediator, High Priest, and King. We shall also teach the necessity for receiving the Holy Spirit and for sanctification. We shall teach that sanctification means holiness of life, and, after the example of Paul, we shall enforce whatever things are true and pure, just and honest, lovely and of good report. We shall draw a clear distinction between what is of primary and what of subordinate

importance ; between those things which are matters of human opinion and those which rest on the clear declaration of our Lord. We shall be careful not hastily to take up novelties of doctrine, and never to dogmatize where our opinions do not rest on solid grounds. Perhaps an illustration may be permitted here. A subject that has claimed much attention in this Yearly Meeting is the doctrine of the resurrection. Of the importance of that doctrine there can be no question. It was a cardinal feature in Apostolic teaching. They taught that the dead shall rise ; that all shall stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, and shall then receive the things done in the body ; the wicked going away into everlasting punishment, the righteous into life eternal. These things have not always been clearly apprehended, and in zeal against some who *seemed* to think we should not retain our personality in the other world, some have gone so far in a material direction that they have *seemed* to deny the Scriptural statements that we shall all be changed ; that this corruptible shall put on incorruption and this mortal shall put on immortality ; that this natural body shall become a spiritual body and this body of our humiliation be fashioned like unto the body of His glory. And these teachers have been impatient of those who could not accept their way of stating the doctrine, and have unjustly accused them of denying the resurrection altogether.

"As we should be careful with regard to introducing novelties of doctrine, so also we should be careful in introducing novelties of practice. In these

matters a tender regard should be paid to one another's judgment. We ought not roughly to override the convictions of others, and should be very careful not to adopt the proud assumption that we know infallibly the mind of the Holy Spirit. His will is manifested to our brethren as well as to us; and we shall find that there is wisdom and peace in obeying the inspired precept, 'All of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility.' Thus will be promoted that unity of spirit and of action for which the Yearly Meeting is solicitous."

Ere the Yearly Meeting closed John Frederick Hansen was liberated to work in Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, with other service.

Near Bloomfield, Stanley and Sarah Pumphrey called on Charles Williams, whose house lies up a shelving bank. On getting into the conveyance it overbalanced in returning down this bank; the roof of the conveyance was broken to shivers, and the occupants and seats precipitated into the road. The horses got off with the main body of the wagon, and when Stanley regained his feet, the wagon was lying bottom upwards a hundred yards off, and the horses with the broken pole were galloping up the next hill. A few bruises and a thorough shaking of the nerves seemed to be all the personal injury sustained, and, thankful for their preservation, they proceeded on their way.

In passing from Iowa amid many loving leave-takings, he felt that while the condition of the Society there was not altogether satisfactory, there were a good proportion of excellent people and some promising young ministers among them.

CHAPTER XIX.

INDIANA.

"INDIANA is the largest Yearly Meeting of Friends in the world, having nearly 18,000 members, distributed over the eastern half of the State of Indiana and the western third of the State of Ohio. What impressed me in Indiana Yearly Meeting was the number of interests it considers of a missionary and philanthropic character, and the energy with which they are handled; and especially its evangelising power, arising from the large number of gifted men and women in the prime of life who for many years have given their time mainly to the work of the ministry. The way in which many of these evangelists work, is, I think, better adapted for building up the churches than the old plan of going hastily from place to place; for, however refreshing and helpful such visits may be, and however right it may be for some to give themselves to service just of this character, more than this is often needed. Many of our ministering Friends in America remain two or three weeks in one place, holding meetings morning and evening from day to day. The situation of the people in an agricultural community during the winter months favours this mode of working: it is not difficult for them then to release themselves from other

engagements to attend such meetings; and they do it gladly. I do not say that all I have seen done in connection with these meetings has been done just in the way I should have thought best; but I gladly bear my testimony to the great blessing that has very often attended them, and the solid lasting good that has resulted from them. As regards what we may not be quite prepared to unite with, the spirit indicated by the words of good old Nathan Douglas appears to be the right one, when he says: 'I cannot work like this dear Friend: but he is doing the Lord's work; he is my brother, and I love him.' If a spirit like this had always been manifested on the one side, and a little more forbearance, patience, and yielding on the other, much difficulty might have been avoided. One result of the successive meetings I have alluded to, has been large accessions to the membership of the Society of Friends in many places. Many in connection with these meetings have been awakened to a concern about their souls. They have had no previous connection with any Christian church, and the ministers have wisely encouraged them to join some church. They have been asked what society they would prefer, and have often very naturally elected to unite themselves with the denomination through whose instrumentality they have been helped; and thus it has happened that twenty, thirty, fifty, and even larger numbers of names have been handed in at once to the overseers as applicants for membership. These new converts may often have been taken in too hastily without receiving the amount of care and teaching that was really due to them;

on the other hand, in very many instances, those thus received have proved solid and serviceable members.

"Our own line of service, in this as in other Yearly Meetings, lay largely in the attendance of Quarterly Meetings. These are generally arranged one week apart, for the convenience of travelling ministers. The Meeting Houses are usually built of wood, and are very wide in proportion to their depth, so that when the sliding shutters are drawn down between men and women's side of the house, they form two square apartments. The number of seats facing the meeting strike an English eye as out of proportion to the size of the congregation, and in the more modern houses this arrangement is being modified. The Meeting House commonly stands in a large enclosure, with sheds and hitching-posts for the horses. Often the whole available space is occupied, and it is not an unusual thing to see the road also for a considerable distance lined with vehicles. The meetings for worship are often long, and in the business meetings important subjects sometimes require a little more careful discussion, but I enjoyed the rapid way in which the judgment of a meeting was often arrived at after two or three Friends had spoken, by a number of Friends following one another with such brief expressions as 'That's my mind!' 'I unite with Simeon!' and 'So do I!' There is also something we may learn in England from the way in which the women Friends take an equal share with the men in the deliberations.

"The meetings on the succeeding Sabbath are re-

garded as a part of the Quarterly Meeting. They are great occasions, and often attended by the whole population round. I always felt the responsibility of them, and very generally enjoyed much freedom in the work of the ministry. On these occasions I usually gave my expositions of the distinguishing principles of Friends, endeavouring to show their harmony with Scripture teaching. Notice that such an opportunity would be afforded had usually been given the day before, and Friends were invited to bring their 'basket dinners' along with them. At the close of the meeting for worship, the house would be turned into one large refection room, and groups would be seen all over enjoying the fried chicken, pumpkin pie, and various other delicacies, which American housekeepers so well understand. If there were no knives and forks, and if one bucket of water and dipper served for the wants of many, what did it matter?

"My lecture occupied about two hours, and it was an effort to speak thus in a large house, with frequent interruptions from crying babies.

"There are many districts in the limits of Indiana Yearly Meeting in which Friends form quite an important element in the population. In Clinton County, Ohio, from which Robert Walter Douglas and John Henry Douglas come, out of a population of 24,000, there are about 4000 Friends; in Wayne County, Indiana, there must be over 3000. A Friend living a few miles north of Richmond told me he could take his choice of thirty meetings, to any of which he could ride on First-day morning; and

round about Spiceland, New Garden, and Walnut Ridge, the people are chiefly Friends. I was particularly interested in the last-named district, a purely agricultural one, where not less than a thousand members are found in a radius of about six miles. It is a neighbourhood in which, a few years ago, there had been a good deal of excitement, and some extravagances. We rejoiced in the evidence we saw that Friends had seen their mistake in some of these respects, and they appeared to be in as sober and healthy a condition as almost any we visited. This arose to a great extent from the leading Friends not throwing themselves out of sympathy with a genuine religious movement because of its exuberances, but being ready to recognise that in it which was of the Lord."

One of the subjects that came prominently before Indiana Yearly Meeting was, the necessary provision for the support of the ministry. Robert Douglas, and his brother John Henry Douglas, and Mary Rogers pressed home this important question on the attention of Friends.

"There are now in Indiana a considerable number of ministers without, or almost without, any regular means of livelihood. The work of the church has pressed upon them more and more, and they have been so much withdrawn from their usual occupations that they can no longer pursue them with the regularity that is essential to success. These evangelists have gone into districts where there has been little or no previous provision for public worship, and an interest in religion has been stirred up through

a succession of gospel meetings being held; and the people thus impressed need regularly looking after, or the good effect may very much evaporate. Thus in some places there is the need for a settled pastorate to follow up the work of the evangelist; and there is plenty of constant religious work for a pastor. The position many leading Friends in Indiana take on this question is that while none should preach for money, none should be hindered from preaching for want of it. That some men should be entirely set apart for the work of the ministry is, I think, clearly right. The danger is that others, the proof of whose apostleship is by no means so evident, will claim that they ought also to be similarly supported, who would do better service if they gave half or two-thirds of their time to the plough."

Many of the intervals between the larger meetings were employed by Stanley Pumphrey in visiting the country Monthly Meetings. He says:—

"We have attended five of these during the last eight days. Ministers are plentiful hereaway, and we have heard a great many ministers' certificates for travel granted and returned. The Friends here do not waste time over either. The reports of the journeys are given with great brevity, and the meeting expresses itself satisfied. Requests for certificates to travel are stated with still greater brevity, and Friends respond, 'I am free that John should go,' or 'I have unity with Benjamin,' and then others answer 'So do I,' 'So am I,' 'I unite,' &c. An important proposal of this description was thus disposed of this week in a minute and a half."

Later on, visits were paid to Fairfield Quarterly Meeting, an agricultural district, in which there are more than 2500 Friends within a radius of a few miles.

At the Monthly Meetings of ministers and elders in these parts Stanley Pumphrey occasionally gave very useful Bible lessons. At Martinsville the Bible lesson was on the twentieth chapter of Acts, and at the following Quarterly Meeting of ministers and elders he gave a Bible lesson from 1 Timothy, 3rd chapter. These lessons were much appreciated, and helped to encourage ministers in systematic Bible study.

"Our visit to Spiceland," he says, "was a time of much interest. It is one of the most important meetings in America. The place itself is only a small scattered village, but the farms for miles round are chiefly occupied by Friends, and they have a membership of 600. In addition to this, there is an Academy under the charge of Friends, and a large proportion of the 200 students attend the meeting, so that there are often 500 people present on First-day morning. They have fourteen ministers, and often receive visits from those from other places. They need, however, a good *teaching* ministry. People may be very useful and successful as evangelists, and may be listened to with interest in places to which they go as strangers, but it requires other qualifications constantly to minister instructively to the same congregation."

Stanley Pumphrey spent a week in Cincinnati which he called "the idlest week he had in Amer-

ica." "I went there to rest, and did it. It was a great treat to be in a house surrounded by all the comforts of an English home. My dear friends Murray and Catharine Shipley did all for me that kindness could suggest, and their society and that of their children was truly congenial. The city is finely situated, with large buildings and mercantile blocks, and huge hotels. The Ohio is a fine river, and is spanned by two noble bridges. A large proportion of the inhabitants are Germans. The Friends' Meeting House is a substantial building, well fitted up. Following the example of George Fox at Swarthmore, they have placed a Bible on a stand in the middle of the gallery. This arrangement is now common in the West. There was a precious sense of communion and true worship in the meeting. I spoke from the words, 'Not I, but Christ,' tracing the connection in which they stand both as to justification and sanctification."

As the conclusion of Stanley Pumphrey's service in Indiana approached, he again attended the Yearly Meeting at Richmond. During these final visits to the Yearly Meetings, he laid before Friends a subject which had taken a firm hold on his own mind, as to the duty of the Church to engage with more energy in Foreign Mission work, in fulfilment of the great commission of Christ to His people, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

The proposal he threw before the American Yearly Meetings was to the effect that a Central Missionary Board should be formed, consisting of delegates from all the contributing Yearly Meetings in the

United States. Charles F. Coffin, clerk of Indiana Yearly Meeting, kindly made way for the matter to be brought forward, and Stanley delivered his missionary appeal to both men and women Friends. The Friends of Indiana were deeply impressed with the importance of the subject, and gave it their candid deliberation. They finally appointed five delegates, with the understanding that the first meeting of the Board should be one for conference only, and to suggest, if they saw it desirable, some plan for future organization.

In bidding farewell to this large body of Friends, he says:—"I was assigned to the east end of the large Meeting House, and having expressed a wish to meet the Christian workers, I had a very unusual audience. About a thousand were present, including a great many of just the class I wished to meet. I felt the responsibility of the occasion very much, but the help of the Lord was granted in answer to prayer.

"We have now pretty much completed our work in Indiana, and have visited all their Quarterly Meetings. We have been to a large proportion of their particular meetings, and not unfrequently have had two to six meetings in a place. Probably all through the winter I have averaged twelve meetings a week. We have asked our Heavenly Father for bodily, mental, and spiritual strength according to our need, and can gratefully record the answer to our prayer."

CHAPTER XX.

WESTERN.

"WESTERN Yearly Meeting contains 12,000 members, and consists of Friends residing in the western half of the State of Indiana and in two Quarterly Meetings on the eastern edge of Illinois. The Yearly Meeting is held at Plainfield, nine miles from Indianapolis, and is very largely attended. Just to the north of Plainfield, in a district fourteen miles by seven, in Hamilton county, there are three Quarterly Meetings with 2500 members, and in the neighbourhood of Plainfield, to the south and west, there are three other Quarterly Meetings with 3500 members. Thus a very large number of Friends are within easy distance, and the attendance of their neighbours is also large. The number of people present on the camping ground at one of the Yearly Meetings was estimated at 12,000, and as the estimate was based on the number of conveyances which were counted coming into Plainfield that day, most likely the figures are approximately correct. The camping ground covers several acres. The open-air meetings are a great feature in these gatherings.

"Western Yearly Meetings is ahead of all the Yearly Meetings as regards First-day School work, largely in consequence of the persevering labours

and efficient systematizing of one or two zealous teachers. They have scarcely a meeting without a First-day school, and a larger proportion of their members are in regular attendance than anywhere else."

In November, 1877, Stanley and Sarah Pumphrey attended the Biennial First-day School Conference at Indianapolis. Delegates from ten of the American Yearly Meetings were present. One of the fine addresses at this conference was on work, by Benjamin Frankland of Chicago. His thoughts ran in the direction of the words of Smiles: "Blest work, if ever thou wast curse of God, what must His blessing be," and the line of E. B. Browning's poem—

"I hold that heaven itself is only work to surer ends."

He spoke of Paul the veteran apostle working with his own hands in the shop of Aquila, at Corinth; and dwelt on the nobility of toil. David Updegraff, Timothy Harrison, Dr. Rhoads, and many others took part, and a large number of subjects were introduced and discussed.

Later on we find Stanley and his wife at Chicago; and he writes from there of his thoughtfulness respecting the churches in the West; so much real life and vigour, yet so much need of an evenly-balanced judgment. "I preached to them," he says, "from 1 Peter iv. 10, 11: 'As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another as good stewards of the manifold grace of God;' backing up the sentiments of Peter with the words of his

dear brother Paul to Rome, Corinth, and Ephesus. I urged them to faithfulness to the Lord who bought them; not to despise the day of small things; not to become trammelled with the pursuit of the things of this life, but to let the Lord's cause be foremost."

Perhaps no spot in this Yearly Meeting claimed so much of Stanley Pumphrey's attention as West Union, in the compass of White Lick Quarterly Meeting. He felt called to tarry there, and with the help of his wife, to hold a series of meetings day after day. Of these he thus writes from Valley Mills:—

"We continued to hold meetings twice a day. The interest deepened and the attendance increased. We had the company of John Carey, an elderly minister from Grant County, who had felt he must come to West Union and stay awhile, so that his service and ours tallied exactly. We preached the Gospel as simply, forcibly and earnestly as we were able. We were careful to lay the foundation of repentance from dead works and faith towards God, and set forth the freeness of the Gospel message, that the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him. Twenty-six meetings were thus held. At the end of the time came the Quarterly Meeting. Out of 1000 members they have only one recorded minister, a condition of things probably without parallel in the West. One of the most interesting meetings was held on Second-day morning. I brought forward the Scripture teaching on confession: 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath

raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.' This had the desired effect of leading a large proportion of the adult members present to give their testimony, and they did it very feelingly, without any one urging them unduly. One dear old woman said that from the time she was a little girl she believed she had never been ashamed to confess her Saviour. Several expressed the goodness of the Lord to them, and others determined by grace to lead more devoted lives.

"In the evening meetings there was usually singing, and often several prayers and testimonies. Those who felt anxious were asked to rise to their feet. They will not do this unless they are in earnest, and then we knew who wanted talking to at the close of the meeting. We afterwards gave invitations to any we knew were impressed, to come in the afternoon to the friend's house where we were staying, so that we might have private conversation and a meeting with them. Most of them came again the following afternoon, and a good many other young Christians with them. There were almost more than could get into the house. Some were led to decide for Christ, others were afresh aroused, and the working members acknowledged the benefit they had themselves received."

CHAPTER XXI.

OHIO.

JONATHAN TAYLOR and his wife removed to Ohio in 1800, and settled near the site of the present town of Mount Pleasant. For eighteen days, while building a cabin, they lived in a tent, and during this time the first meetings west of the Ohio River were held in and about this tent, the people sitting on logs, surrounded by a magnificent forest. The present membership of the Yearly Meeting in Ohio, with which London Yearly Meeting corresponds, is between 3000 and 4000.

On the 17th July, 1879, Stanley Pumphrey and his wife were at Cleveland, Ohio. It is a rapidly increasing city, and a seat of the iron trade. The viaduct is a remarkably fine structure, just completed. It is something after the style of the Holborn Viaduct, but is much larger, and has to be provided with a tremendous drawbridge, as it crosses a navigable river near its entrance to Lake Erie. The number of vehicles that pass over it in a day compared to foot passengers presents a singular contrast to the average in England, 5000 vehicles passing to every 8000 who walk over. Euclid Avenue is considered one of the finest streets in the world. It is seven miles long, with a succession of beautiful residences

the whole way. There is generally only a light iron fence to protect the gardens, so that the lawns and shrubberies, flowers and fountains can be enjoyed by the passers-by.

"We went on to Van Wert, where there has been a larger accession of members than in any other place we have heard of. This Monthly Meeting, which belongs to Indiana Yearly Meeting, but is situated in the State of Ohio, was only set up about five years ago, and they have now 700 members. They built one Meeting House and had to enlarge it. They built a still better Meeting House seven miles from it, at Middlepoint, and they are now preparing to build a third house and establish a third meeting, midway between the two. They are continually receiving applications to go and hold meetings in other localities, and if they had an adequate staff of workers to organize and build up churches as well as gather them, they could rapidly make headway.

"Our meetings at Van Wert were well attended. On First-day evening more came than could get in. They have a good deal of singing in their meetings, and little silence. They value the liberty of preaching, and many of them exercise it. They enjoy their meetings, and are very hearty in their greetings of one another, and the expression on the faces of these new converts shows that many of them have really found the true treasure. The people are mostly poor, but the best hospitality they can give is most cheerfully accorded.

"The mercury is at 90°. In the old forest lands

of Ohio and Indiana sufficient wood has been left to intercept the full current of air, and there is not the freshness in the atmosphere of the prairie lands of Iowa and Kansas, or of the New England States."

At Damascus Stanley Pumphrey gave a Bible lesson in the meeting of ministers and elders on Malachi ii. 5—7. "I have been thankful," he says, "for the liberty on these occasions to offer special instruction on subjects connected with ministerial and pastoral work; and these Bible lessons have met with emphatic approval. While careful not to lose the devotional element from these meetings, I am convinced they ought to be more practical, and more used as a school of the prophets."

In the summer of 1879, Stanley Pumphrey and his wife attended Ohio Yearly Meeting. The meeting of ministers and elders was a remarkable occasion.

"A Friend gave a powerful address, calling on all present to consecrate themselves completely to the Lord, and to trust in the Lord to deliver them from all sin.

"Elizabeth Malleson followed, and proposed that all should kneel down together before God. This was done, and the whole meeting, with very few exceptions, remained upon their knees, while brief petitions rose up from full hearts. The power of the Lord was over all."

Elizabeth Malleson has since been called away to heaven, there to mingle with the spirits of many with whom she held communion on earth.

"In another of the meetings on ministry and over-

sight, a minister brought forward the great concern he felt for more stability in our religious work. He was tired, he said, of going back to the same place time after time, and having to dig out the same people from their old holes. People must be made to understand that religion is a life, and not simply a periodical emotion.

"In an impressive meeting for worship held during this Yearly Meeting, Elizabeth Malleson stood up and said, 'The word of the Lord to me to-day is, 'Do not preach, but tell thy experience.' Brought up in the Church of England I early became religious, and went in for the complete and scrupulous observance of the whole ritual, being regarded as a model of devotion to the services of the Church. Yet I was unsatisfied, and at last became so bitterly disappointed at my failure to realize peace within, that I threw the whole thing up, and went in for the world. After coming to America, I was induced to go to a Methodist meeting, but for a considerable time it was my delight to mimic and ridicule those who went there. My conversion took place at my own house, under the immediate influence of the Spirit of God. I then had to confess it before the people. At a holiness camp meeting I received a second experience, and found deliverance from the power of sin, and had also to confess this before the people. In this I was going further than the minister or any of the congregation, and this confession brought down upon me severe criticism and opposition, but the reality of the experience was evidenced, when, under the loss of our property, I remained unmoved, and was still able

to witness to joy, and peace, and rest, and triumph. After this, however, I lost the brightness of this happy experience, but recovered it again through the influence brought to bear upon me at the Friends' revival meetings at Glens Falls, New York State. It was the Lord who guided me to Friends, and it was the Lord who brought me out in the ministry among them.' The narrative was listened to with profound attention. It was searching, and came in the power of God, and many were led to cry to God for a deeper heart-cleansing, and for power-imparting grace. Harriet Steer asked for silence, and David Updegraff prayed, 'Oh God, keep us still before Thee.' Then followed a solemn pause, in which the presence of God was realized, and the meeting concluded with brief testimonies and earnest prayers.

"One evening was devoted to the meeting of the Missionary Board. Interesting accounts were given of the work that had been done in the limits of their own Yearly Meeting, and in Tennessee. Half an hour was given to me, to bring forward the proposal for an American Friends' Missionary Board. Micajah Binford was the next speaker, on the Mexican Mission and its need of support. Elizabeth L. Comstock addressed us. Her heart has been touched with the needs of the coloured refugees who are pouring from the South into Kansas. They are in deplorable destitution, and she is going to look after them.

"Next day the Missionary question came before the Yearly Meeting, and was united with as it had

been the evening before, and a minute was adopted placing the subject on a wide basis, so as to include work among the Indians, Freedmen, Tennessee mountaineers, etc.; and five members of the Yearly Meeting were appointed as delegates to attend the next meeting of the Missionary Board.

"I called on Caroline Talbot before leaving town. She had a severe attack during the Yearly Meeting, which prevented her attending the concluding sittings. She looks very frail. Elizabeth L. Comstock is also a member of this Yearly Meeting. Fervent prayer was offered for us ere the meetings closed. Friends were very loving, and in parting from them I felt more warmly towards Ohio Yearly Meeting than I had ever done before."

As Stanley Pumphrey passed away from this district, where he had formed so many true-hearted friendships, he makes the following entries in his journal:—

"I am much struck with the dying words of Sir Harry Vane, as quoted by Joseph Cook. 'Be not troubled,' he said to his children, 'for I am going home to my Father. Suffer anything from men rather than sin against God: ten thousand deaths rather than defile the chastity of conscience.' 'Blessed be God,' he said, as he bared his neck for the axe, 'I have kept a conscience void of offence until this day, and have not deserted the righteous cause for which I suffer.'

"Kingsley's dying words were—'It is not darkness, for God is light. It is not lonely, for Christ is with us. It is not an unknown country, for He is

there.' And in beautiful accord are the lines of Faber—

> 'Tis not alone we land upon that shore,
> 'Twill be as though we there had been before.
> We shall meet more we know
> Than we can meet below,
> And find our rest, like some returning dove,
> And be at home at once with our eternal love.'"

CHAPTER XXII.

WORK AMONG THE COLOURED PEOPLE.

"A HUNDRED years ago, a deep sense of the iniquity of slavery, and a noble willingness to do, for the Lord's sake, what they saw right to do, even though involving great pecuniary sacrifice, led the Friends of America to give freedom to all they held in bonds. From that time the coloured man has looked upon the Quaker as his friend, and the Quaker has regarded the coloured man as one he loved to help.

"When Lincoln's memorable proclamation had decreed that 'on the first day of January, 1863, all persons held as slaves shall be free henceforward and forever,' Friends were among the first to hasten to the help of those who were cast, ignorant, starving, and in rags, upon the pity of the North. The story of those days ought to be written while we have still among us the self-denying men and women by whom succour was conveyed to the freedmen; men and women whose labours were often accomplished at the peril of their lives."

The very valuable work of the Baltimore Association, and the part taken ever since the war by Philadelphia and New York Friends and other Yearly Meetings on behalf of the coloured people, are well known.

From his first landing in America, Stanley Pumphrey felt deep interest in the coloured population, and had meetings with them in many places. Although these meetings with the coloured people occurred at intervals during his four years' service in the States, it has seemed best to concentrate them in one chapter, in order that his impression of them may be the more clearly portrayed.

In the first meeting he had with them in Carolina he preached from the story of the centurion. They warmed up and wanted to shout, but restrained themselves in deference to the Friends. They crowded up afterwards to shake hands and to press for another visit. Their faces showed their delight, and they laughed for joy, exclaiming, "We thought, maybe, as he'd come so far, that he'd have some new way to tell us; but, bless the Lord, it's just the same old way we've known about so long!"

In North Carolina, Stanley Pumphrey called on an aged Friend, Delphina Mendenhall, whose husband was not a member of our Society, and had owned eighty slaves whom he had inherited. At the time of Benjamin Seebohm's visit in 1847, both husband and wife attended the meeting at New Garden where he preached. Before a congregation of 800 people he was led to address one person pointedly with the words, "What is it that lies between thee and thy God?—Is it any portion of estate, or *supposed* estate?" The singular expression, "supposed estate," was just the one by which George Mendenhall was accustomed to describe the negro part of his inheritance; and the message struck home. It was re-

peated at Springfield a little later: "What is it that lies between thee and thy God?—Is it any portion of estate, or of supposed estate?" From that time this slaveholder endeavoured to secure the emancipation of his slaves. He had to send them across the country to the free States, a long journey in wagons, and at a great expense. They could only be sent in detachments; and one of these detachments the Mendenhalls themselves accompanied. In his will the husband directed that all who remained should be set free; but just when he died the civil war broke out, and it was impossible to carry out his wish; so that during those four years the widow had to care for them and provide for them as best she could. The provision came like the manna. She carried out her peace principles consistently; and when an order came to her saw-mills for a quantity of timber to erect shops for the manufacture of guns, she refused to allow the work to be done. As soon as the way was open, she liberated her slaves, accompanying them herself to the Federal lines, where she had to entrust an officer with the large sum of money needed to convey them to their destination. She sought God's guidance, and trusted them in His hands, although she never heard one word of them again for six months.

"At another meeting in their neighbourhood, Benjamin Seebohm stopped short in his address, and spoke to some who were present: 'You have been tempted to put your hands to that which is not your own, and it is now in your possession. You are trembling upon the seats before me. So great is the

mercy of the Lord, that if you repent and make restitution, He is ready to forgive you ; and so great is His mercy, that if you accept this warning, you will not be publicly exposed.' At the close of the meeting a woman present said she did not believe a word of what the old Quaker said ; she knew all who were there, and there was not one of them who would do such a thing. It soon transpired that her own husband had been robbed ; and in three weeks the three offenders, who had all been at the meeting, were in the hands of the police.

"I spent the afternoon at Warnersville. At the close of the war Yardley Warner started this colony, where the coloured people have a fair chance, and are located. We walked down the long street of the settlement, and gladly noticed the comfortable dwellings, with an acre or so of land attached. Most of the people here can read and write ; and they have a capital school. I stopped to talk to one of these, who is living in his own house.

"'They tell me,' I said, 'that some of your people are worse off than they used to be when they were slaves.'

"'There may be some badly off,' he replied, 'without enough food or clothing : but so there were in the old times ; and more so than now. Generally speaking, we are much better off.'

"'Then it is not true,' I queried, 'that you wish yourselves back in slavery?'

"'True!' he exclaimed ; 'ha, ha, ha! Let them put it to the vote. They wouldn't find one in all Carolina!'

"'I suppose you were both slaves,' I said to another couple.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Well, they tell me that husband and wife were not often parted in those days.'

"'Indeed, sir, they were, it happened every day,' answered the woman; 'I was sold several times myself, and my little child of eight years old was sold away from me, and I never saw him more.'

"Yet there is no doubt that many of the Freedmen are shiftless and improvident; others are lazy, and seem to have no ambition to do better. In other places they mortgage their houses and their agricultural implements, get into debt, and move from place to place. Never trained to take care of themselves, many of them have little notion how to do it. But with judicious help and education noble results are being achieved."

At the annual meeting of the Institute for Coloured Youth in Philadelphia, in which Marmaduke Cope and other Friends have so long taken an active interest, Stanley Pumphrey found 1500 people assembled, almost all of them coloured citizens, all respectably dressed, and listening with great attention, in perfect order. Such occasions and such institutions are full of promise for the future of the coloured race.

Stanley Pumphrey was deeply interested in his visit to Southland College, near Helena, in the State of Arkansas. This institute for the training of coloured teachers has from the first been under the care of Indiana Friends. Calvin and Alida Clark have

been stationed there since 1864. The traveller along the road from Helena to Forest City, after leaving the succession of low, timbered hills, which at this point skirt the great basin of the Mississippi River, looks down from a wooded slope upon a broad tract of country which has all the marks of fertility.

Dotted about are the cabins of the coloured people, through whose toil this district was conquered from the forest, and turned into cotton fields, where they worked as slaves. The process of clearing is still going on, as indicated by the tall, bare poles of deadened timber. "You will know Southland directly you see it," said his driver, "for it looks quite like a town;" and he soon spied it with its important buildings. Here in 1864 an orphan asylum was opened by Indiana Friends.

Colonel Bentzoni, who was then stationed at Helena, in charge of the 56th U. S. Coloured Infantry, became warmly interested in the institution, and, together with his officers and men, purchased the thirty acres of land on which the college now stands, and conveyed it in trust for the coloured people to Indiana Yearly Meeting, and fifty acres have since been added. The soldiers had the option of hanging about Helena doing nothing, or of working for the interests of their own people, and, much to their credit, they erected the first buildings for the orphans themselves. Day schools were added, and 2500 children have been taught to read and write. The orphan asylum was afterwards changed into the Normal Institute, for training coloured teachers, which has been very successful. About one hundred have gone out as teach-

ers, and fifty of these are now teaching in Arkansas and the adjoining States of Tennessee and Mississippi.

When Stanley and Sarah Pumphrey visited Southland, in 1878, they attended the annual temperance meeting. "The enthusiasm of the proceedings reached its height when several of the older coloured brethren sang some of their old plantation hymns. One of these, beginning—

'Go, Jonah, and preach My Gospel,'

related with much minuteness the history of that disobedient prophet; the blanks in the Bible narrative were filled up, and Jonah's experiences from the time he went down to Joppa till he was swallowed by the fish were related with great vividness and force of imagination.

"Another hymn which was sung with ardour runs in this fashion—

'Reign, oh reign, oh reign my Lord,
Reign, Massa Jesus, reign;
Rain, oh rain salvation down,
Reign, Massa Jesus, reign.'

"On another occasion we had a remarkable testimony from an elderly coloured woman, whose deportment had the dignity and refinement that true religion alone can give. A skilful dressmaker, she had earned enough money to purchase her own freedom and that of one of her children. She was imprisoned at Charleston by the Confederates at the

commencement of the war, because in a letter to her son, who was serving in the Northern army, she said she was praying daily for his preservation and that of his commanding officer.

"'I entered the ship Zion thirty years ago,' she added, 'and I am noways tired. The Lord has been very good to me. The Lord has delivered me out of all my afflictions. When I was hungry, He fed me; when I was naked, He clothed me; when I was sick, He healed me; and when I was in trouble, He comforted me. Oh, what would the world be without Jesus! Had I a thousand tongues I could not speak enough in my Redeemer's praise.'"

Stanley and Sarah Pumphrey, in company with Elkanah and Irena Beard, had a number of meetings of a varied character with these people. A good deal of direct religious teaching from the Bible was given. "The interest increased night after night; and by the close of the week many were seeking the pardon of their sins, and others had renewed their covenants. During the daytime we had many private interviews with the anxious and with the unconcerned; we spent a considerable time in the classes, and called on the people in the neighbourhood. Elkanah Beard preached with great earnestness. The power of God was manifest, and as soon as he had finished, numbers came forward unsolicited, with inquiries like those which were made to the Apostles on the day of Pentecost—'Men and brethren, what must we do to be saved?' One young man, for whom prayer had been offered, came and asked the forgiveness of another with

whom he had long had a quarrel, and the two were reconciled.

"Amasa and Lydia Chase are zealously engaged in missionary work in the neighbourhood. When the Indiana Women's Yearly Meeting raised thirty dollars for their support, Lydia Chase at once invested it in tracts, and no salaries are paid to any one in the institution except the teachers.

"The place is still known as the 'asylun' amongst the people around, and some of the orphan children are still with them. One of these, named Emma France, is a teacher in the school. She was a very little girl when brought into the orphan home, and cannot remember much of her life previously. Her name was Emma Hopgood, but she thought it was not pretty, so she changed it to Emma France. This was not found out till she had been in the home some time, so it has been continued ever since.

"Yesterday was the fourteenth anniversary of the institution, and invitations were sent to many of the old students and friends, who gathered in from different parts of the country. These, with forty-five students who are boarding in the home and the friends who had come from Indiana to be present on the occasion, were regaled with a turkey dinner, after which a 'praise meeting' was held in the Meeting House. The object of this meeting was that all might have an opportunity of telling how the Lord had led them, and how they had been getting on spiritually and temporally during the past year, or since they left the school. It was conducted by Elkanah Beard, who was well fitted for the post, hav-

ing been with them many times at the anniversaries and being well acquainted with the students, many of whom had been brought to the Lord at the time of his visits. After singing and prayer, he gave an address on the text, 'We are witnesses.' 'We have seen great things done which our forefathers said were impossible. Steam is made to draw a train of cars along a railroad, or to drive a ship across the sea. The lightning has been tamed and converted into an errand boy to carry messages round the world. We are witnesses of these things. People said it was no more use trying to educate and elevate coloured people than horses, but it has been done, and we are witnesses of the fact. And then we are witnesses of what the power of God can do in saving souls.' Many old students spoke afterwards.

"William Granville said he came to the school in 1865, and was very thankful to God and to Mr. and Mrs. Clark for all the blessings he had received there. He is now taking charge of a school himself, and told some of the difficulties he has to meet in his work. He was sorry to say that he did not enjoy so much peace as formerly, for he had not always been faithful in doing his duty. He felt he ought to have prayer in his school, but he had not done it, and this had been a hindrance to his spiritual life.

"Simon Walker said he too was thankful for the benefit he had received when at the institute. He was trying to serve the Lord, had devotional exercises every morning in his school, and taught the children as well as he knew how from the Scriptures. Some were prejudiced against him for being a Quaker.

The rebel whites did not like the Quakers, and taught the coloured people that they were a bad set and their religion was of no account.

"William Davis said he was trying to witness for the Lord among those around him; he talked to them about temperance, but it did not seem to make much impression. He wanted to be a better Christian and live nearer the Lord.

"Zenas Parrier said he had found a great blessing since he had been in the school; he had found Jesus Christ, while many of his old associates at home had been going to the penitentiary. He had not been as faithful as he ought to have been, and seemed to have lost some of the blessing he once enjoyed: but he was determined to do better. His lessons were very hard—he was studying geometry,—and sometimes he got vexed over it, and gave his teacher trouble: but he wouldn't do so any more; he would pray to the Lord, for God could help him to learn his geometry lesson. He felt he ought to speak in the meetings sometimes, but he had neglected it so long he was almost ashamed to do it now; and this was one reason he had got off the track.

"George Bell had left the institute four years. He was trying to do all in his power to elevate his people and instruct their children. He had taught a school in Mississippi, and he opened the school with singing and prayer. He gave his scholars Scripture instruction, and twenty-five of them had professed conversion and joined the Baptist church. He was now teaching in Arkansas, 300 miles from Helena, and the Lord had blessed some of his schol-

ars there; but they had great opposition to meet with on account of the ignorance of the parents. They said children of twelve or fifteen years of age were too young to get religion, and would even whip them to destroy the good impressions that had been made on them. A director wanted him to give up teaching from the Bible; but he said *no*, he would rather give up the school.

"Calvin Lawry said he had been getting on better the past year in his Christian life than ever before, for instead of bearing his troubles himself, he had learnt to take them to the Lord.

"Many others spoke and gave testimony to the blessings they had received, and as there was not time to hear all, those were asked to rise who had not had an opportunity to speak, but who had been converted since they had been in the institute, when a large proportion of those who had not spoken rose to their feet, thus to testify of what the Lord had done for their souls."

Stanley Pumphrey and Irena Beard then spoke a few words of encouragement to the young Christians to be steadfast and faithful, and the meeting closed.

It is the opinion of many of those engaged in the work, that almost the only hope for the elevation of the coloured population in the South is in the education of the children. The older people, who have been raised on plantations in time of slavery, are so dark and ignorant. The county school inspector remarked to Stanley Pumphrey, "We should not know what to do without Southland; they turn us out the best teachers we can get for the coloured people."

"But it is the religious part of the work that has all along been its prominent feature. There has been an earnest concern that all the scholars should be brought under Christian influence. Comparatively few of the students have left without giving evidence of conversion to God; and about one hundred have been received into membership with Friends.

"In 1873, Southland Monthly Meeting of Friends was established, composed almost entirely of coloured people; and in 1876 a branch meeting was set up called Hickory Ridge, twenty miles further west. Daniel Drew, a coloured man, was recorded a minister of the Gospel there in 1871, and continues to exercise his gift to the edification and comfort of his friends. Other coloured men who have received a gift in the ministry are working diligently among their own people. There are now 175 members, and four ministers; and, beyond doubt, the work is owned and blessed of the Lord to the great good of many souls."

While in the south, Stanley Pumphrey paid a visit to the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Since the discovery of these caves, in 1809, many new passages have been opened and explored. Visitors are taken nine miles under the earth. The galleries vary very much in height, from forty feet to ten and fifteen feet. One of the most interesting halls is the Star Chamber, the roof of which spangles with alabaster, something like the milky way, with its myriads of stars. Another chamber is rightly named the Wild Hall, from the weird irregularity of its walls and

floor. Another is the Chapel, where young couples have sometimes been married. We approached Gorms Dome by a series of rough staircases, till we came to a sort of window, through which we looked into a vague height above, and a dim depth below. The guide threw in a Bengal light, which revealed a cavity some 300 feet in height, the walls being encrusted with stalactite. To the Mammoth Dome we had a much harder scramble. Here we found five natural columns, huge as those of York Minster, supporting a roof whose height and span are truly gigantic; and the stalactites and stalagmites are very grand. Another great gulf that was lighted up for our benefit has received the title of the Bottomless Pit. At the bottom of another unattractive hollow is a pool known as the Dead Sea, adjoining a subterranean river in which are the strange eyeless fish who have never known the privileges of daylight. The spiders also are blind, and the rats nearly so. Inhabiting this huge cave is an entirely distinct variety of bat, larger than the common one, with head like a rabbit, greyish coat, and white feet. For nearly a mile from the entrance bats abound, and hang together in clusters, blackening the roof. They like the warmth of the cave, which stands at an even temperature of 59° summer and winter. Thirty years ago people adopted the notion that owing to this evenness of temperature a residence in the cave would be very useful for consumptive patients, and a dozen houses were built, to which the invalids were brought great distances. But no evenness of temperature could compensate for the unvarying gloom, and the

patients died off one by one ; and we found only the remnants of the walls of two of the houses. We also saw the remains of the saltpetre works which were carried on successfully here during the war of 1812. The return route to daylight is very curious, up the steep and tortuous steps of a corkscrew staircase, reminding me of the lines in which Dante closes the first section of his wonderful poem :—

> 'Rough was the stair we came to
> By that secret way,
> My guide and I did enter to return
> To the fair world ; and, heedless of repose,
> We climbed, he first, I following his steps
> Till on our view the beautiful lights of heaven
> Dawned through a circular opening in the cave,
> Thence issuing we again beheld the stars.' "

CHAPTER XXIII.

CANADA.

An officer in the army, about the year 1714, growing dissatisfied and uneasy in his mind about his soul, returned home and sat down with his family to wait in quiet retirement upon God. Some of his neighbours came and sat down with him, but they did not know any people who held the views they were embracing until someone who had some knowledge of Friends told them they were "Quakers." Subsequently a committee from New York was appointed to visit them, and thus the first meeting of the Society of Friends was established in Canada. In 1809, Canada Half-Yearly Meeting was formed, and as the meetings grew, from immigration and other causes, Canada Yearly Meeting was at last settled on its present basis, in 1867. The first time the Yearly Meeting was held "The Dominion of Canada" was publicly inaugurated, and this singular coincidence gave fresh courage to the gathering, and they embraced the opportunity to send their friendly assurances of loyalty to the new Government. A body consisting to a large extent of immigrants who squat on land allotments, and are engrossed in the hard struggle of colonists is not usually a promising soil for corporate Church action. But difficulties of this

sort are continually mending, and congregations that at one time might seem to present somewhat conglomerate elements become gradually annealed.

"I stayed the night at Buffalo," writes Stanley Pumphrey, "and proceeding the next morning over the magnificent bridge across the Niagara to Canada, was met by William Wetherald, whose preaching is much appreciated through the country. I dined with John Atkins, formerly of Chipping Norton, England. From the hill on which his house stands there is an extensive view of Lake Erie on the one hand, and of Lake Ontario on the other. They can see a hundred miles in one direction. The spray from the falls of Niagara, which is 12 miles away, is often seen, and the sound may be heard on a still winter's night.

"Canada Yearly Meeting is small. There were many ministers present from other Yearly Meetings, and the services of Walter Morris, from England, who has been visiting the Friends at their own homes, was spoken of with warm appreciation. He procured a horse and trap, and had driven himself about the country, for the distances he had to travel were often so great, it would have been difficult to manage any other way. The Clerk of the Yearly Meeting said, 'Walter has done a great work among us.' Every morning during the Yearly Meeting, from 8.15 to 9.45, meetings for exhortation and prayer were held, of the kind that has become characteristic of American Yearly Meetings, commencing with a Bible reading and exposition, prayers and short addresses occupying the first hour, and short

testimonies from all parts of the house the remainder of the time, interspersed with singing. Two evening meetings were held for seekers, including those who desired a higher experience as well as those who were longing for forgiveness.

"The Friends at whose house I was staying suddenly received the intelligence that their son, a promising lad of sixteen, had been drowned while bathing the previous evening. I felt that it was my duty to attend the funeral. A very large company assembled, perhaps not fewer than a hundred carriages being on the ground. The Hicksite Meeting House, as being larger than our own, was thrown open for us, but even then many were unable to get in. The teacher of the High School at Newmarket, brought all the boy's schoolfellows. I took for my text, 'Prepare to meet thy God,' and pointed them to Jesus Christ as the one Saviour, the Lamb of God, our Redeemer and Propitiation.

"With respect to the Indians in Canada, it has often been pointed out that the Canadian Government has far less trouble in dealing with its Indian subjects than the United States. The Indians of Canada, according to the latest census, are estimated at 99,650. Of this number one-third are resident on reserves, and are chiefly to be found in the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick; the remaining two-thirds pursue their old nomadic life in Manitoba, British Columbia, and other parts of the north-west.

"The most important of these reserves is that occupied by the Six Nations, on the Grand River, near

Brantford, where 3300 Indians are settled on 52,000 acres of excellent land. In company with Superintendent Gilkison, I visited this reservation. The condition of the Indians upon it may be taken as a favourable, though not an unfair, specimen of that of others in Ontario and Quebec. They hold the land in common, but lots, not exceeding one hundred acres, are laid off for the benefit of any head of a family. Year by year increasing tracts of land are brought under cultivation, and large crops are raised. Every man has his house, and, in a large proportion of cases, a barn or a stable in addition, a plough and a wagon, a horse and a cow. Their agricultural shows, held each year, rival those of their white neighbours. It is an interesting mark of progress that thirty-eight Indians in the Dominion are in possession of threshing machines worth 200 dollars each, and bought with the produce of their own labour; and that three diplomas and one medal were awarded for wheat and barley grown by them, and exhibited at the Centennial at Philadelphia. The houses and the farm buildings of the Six Nations compare favourably with those that may be seen in many frontier portions of the States.

"Chief George Hill Johnson lives in a genteelly furnished house, at which we were kindly entertained, and enjoyed his company and that of his wife and well-educated daughters. He spoke in decided terms of the improved condition of his people, as also did one Oneida Indian with whom I conversed. The latter had been away for ten years, and was much struck with the change for the better on his

return. The increased use of the English language was specially remarked; and of this an illustration came under my own notice. The old chiefs, in the council I was permitted to attend, talked Mohawk; but the young folks, playing croquet outside, were all speaking English. The progress of education has been less satisfactory than in some other things, the low condition and irregular attendance at the schools being one of the most frequent complaints in the annual reports of the agents; 1985 children are reported as attending school from among the 15,000 Indians of Ontario; but the daily average is only 931. Hence the great value of institutions where the children can be boarded and lodged, and kept under constant supervision. A very valuable work is being done by the Mohawk Institute. Here I found eighty-three children receiving an excellent education, in which prominence is wisely given to industrial training. The girls do all the housework, cook, wash, and sew; the boys work on the farm and in the garden, and are taught carpentering, painting, and other trades. The lady who showed me round the house pointed with pride to the play-room the boys had built, the doors they had made, and the carving they had executed.

"Missionary work in behalf of the Indians has the warm encouragement and co-operation of the Canadian Government, and the agents bear emphatic testimony to its good effects. Mr. Plummer of Toronto, who has charge of the central superintendency, reports that among 2800 Indians belonging to his bands, there are two ordained clergymen of the Church of England, two Methodist ministers,

one Congregational minister, nine school teachers, and two medical men, who have passed creditable examinations. Most of the Indians in the older portions of Canada are professing Christians.

"Under the favourable circumstances in which they are placed, the Indians of the Dominion are slowly increasing in numbers. This, at least, is the case in the two large agencies presided over by J. T. Gilkison and W. Plummer, who are both able to report an increase of something over one per cent. per annum for a number of years. Both these gentlemen bear witness to the hearty loyalty and general good order of the bands under their care. They do not consider that they give more trouble, probably not so much, as a similar number of white people of the lower classes would under like circumstances. Though amenable, like other subjects, to the laws of the Dominion, cases of arrest for crime are not numerous; stealing is too frequent, but acts of violence against whites are almost unknown. The greatest trouble is with the drink; all the care of the agents and all the strictness of the law not being sufficient to prevent its introduction on the reserves, though an amendment to the Act, imposing a minimum fine of fifty dollars on any one selling liquor to an Indian, is reported to have had a very beneficial effect. The strong point in the Canadian system of management is fair play. The Indian knows that the lands once allotted are secure, that funds held in trust will be scrupulously administered, and that even-handed justice and protection will be dealt to him, and he is therefore satisfied and loyal.

"The reserves are the property of the bands placed upon them. No portion can be sold except with the consent of a majority of male adults by special vote, and this must be confirmed by the Government, which in these matters exercises a parental guardianship, and interferes if its wards do not seem awake to their real interests. White intruders are summarily evicted if they venture to settle on the reserves. If mistakes are made, care is taken to rectify them. When Indian lands are sold, the proceeds are held in trust by the Government, and the interest is divided half-yearly among the owners. These annuities are of doubtful benefit to them, but the moral effect of the knowledge that they are being fairly treated and are getting what is due to them, is of the greatest value. The Government gives them full information as to their affairs and moneys, and furnishes them with copies of their accounts half-yearly. Agents are not liable to frequent removal.

"'Confidence begot of faith kept, and justice observed, has ever been and will ever be, we trust,' say the people of Canada, 'the bond of union between us and our red children.' 'We have confidence in you,' the Indians reply, 'for none of your treaties with us have ever been violated.'

CHAPTER XXIV.

RETURNING HOME.

"FAREWELL to Friends in America.

"Dear Friends.—I believe the time has now come for my long service among you to be brought to a close; and I wish to say a few parting words. During the four years that I have spent among you, in the latter half of which I have been accompanied by my dear wife, I have visited much the larger proportion of your meetings; and with the single exception of Walnut Creek quarter in Kansas, I have laboured more or less in all your ninety Quarterly Meetings, while to not a few the Lord has led me repeatedly. Before I left my home I believed that the promise given to Jacob was renewed to me, 'I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into thine own land; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.' 'Thou hast dealt well with thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word,' is my heartfelt acknowledgment as I think how graciously this promise has been verified in my long journeyings, in which I have been kept from all danger, and in almost uninterrupted health, though having greater cause than Jacob to say, 'I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth which Thou hast showed unto Thy servant.'

"Among the mercies of which we have been partakers, the love of our brethren flowing out in thoughtful kindness and willing help, has been specially refreshing. Our Friends may be assured of our grateful love for them, and that we earnestly desire their individual and collective welfare.

"In the last Quarterly Meeting I attended, that at Spiceland, the subject that seemed given to me to present was from Acts ix. 31, 'Then had the churches rest throughout all Judæa and Galilee and Samaria, and were edified; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied.' What a beautiful picture is presented in these words, of a church at rest, because united; holy, because living in the fear of God; happy, through the comfort of the Spirit; multiplying, because faithful in its testimony to the Lord Jesus Christ. Let us ask that we may at least approximate this blessed standard; that our people, united in love to one another in the truth, may be valiant for the truth upon the earth. I am thankful for all true philanthropic effort, and wish that we may abound in it increasingly. I bless God for the love that goes out to the poor and wretched, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, teaching the ignorant, caring for the fatherless, the widow and the stranger, relieving those who are afflicted in mind, body, or estate; but let us not forget that the truest philanthropy reaches forth to the soul of our brother, seeking to rescue him from sin and bring him in repentance and faith to the Saviour's feet.

"This is the highest mission of the church; a mis-

sion to which we must gird ourselves and put on strength in the name of the Lord. Each meeting should be a light in its own neighbourhood. Our messengers should be going forth to the neglected and degraded of the land, and in far-reaching love and obedience, we should unite in helping to carry the Gospel to the dark places of the earth."

Thus Stanley Pumphrey wrote from Baltimore during the last days of the year 1879, and early in the New Year 1880 sailed for England on board the "Celtic." Sitting on the steamer he thus calmly reviews the work which the ocean was now so rapidly separating from him :—

"We are having a magnificent passage ; the sea as smooth and the weather as warm as it often is in summer. We think we were directed rightly both as regards the ship and the time for sailing, and desire in these things to commemorate the goodness of the Lord.

"The distance travelled during the last four years, including the transits across the Atlantic, has been about 60,000 miles. Had I to plan the journey over again, I would try to be satisfied with the attendance of fewer Yearly Meetings ; but in looking over my course, I have ordered it according to the light I had, and I do not feel condemned. I am, however, confirmed in the impression that Yearly Meetings are too much crowded by travelling preachers, and that ministers would do much better to distribute their work more than they do, and also that they would be able to serve more intelligently in the Yearly Meeting assemblies, had their visits to the

subordinate meetings been paid before attending the Yearly Meetings.

"I have attended twenty-two Yearly Meetings during the four years—Baltimore, Canada, and Ohio once; North Carolina, Philadelphia, New York, New England and Iowa twice; Indiana, Western, and Kansas three times. My service has largely consisted in attending Quarterly Meetings. In most of the Yearly Meetings these are well arranged, for the convenience of travelling preachers, being fixed a week apart, and so as not to involve unnecessary travel. The Quarterly Meetings generally include a Sabbath Day, at which time the people from the whole neighbourhood crowd in, so that you see a large concourse, and in no other way can the whole body of the Society of Friends be so readily met with. In the intervals between the Quarterly Meetings many particular meetings can be visited. I have attended 92 of these Quarterly Meetings, some of them repeatedly, and have thus visited 71 out of the 90 Quarterly Meetings in America, and have laboured in them all, except the remote Quarterly Meeting of Walnut Creek, on the northern line of Kansas, which would have taken a month to visit, and I never saw an opportunity of finding the time for it.

"There appear to be 644 meetings of our Society in America, and of these I have visited 440, in the following geographical limits;—In Canada, I visited 11, in New England 46, in New York 33, in Philadelphia 37, in Baltimore 7, in North Carolina 38, in Ohio 27, in Indiana 102, in Western 68, in Iowa 50, in Kansas 21.

"I have also attended a few meetings of the Wilburite Friends, a good many with the Hicksites, especially in and around Philadelphia, and a number of meetings in the churches and chapels of other denominations.

"Often many meetings have been held successively in the same place. Probably ten meetings a week for the whole four years would be a correct average. The cost of my journey, with the exception of the out passages, has been entirely borne by American Friends. The time I have spent in the different Yearly Meetings is about as follows. In Baltimore and Canada, the two smallest, about three months between them; in Ohio, two months; in New York, New England, and Iowa, four months each; in Western, and Kansas, about five months each; in Indiana, and North Carolina, about six months each; in Philadelphia, about eight months. The need of North Carolina and Kansas struck me as being greater than some others, and this accounts for the comparatively long time spent in these two States; and the time allotted to Kansas includes the long trip to the Indian Territory. What little literary work I accomplished was done in Philadelphia: the lecture on Indian civilization was prepared there in the spring of 1877; the lecture on Friends' missions was written there just before I left. In review of all my mercies I can but exclaim, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name.'"

CHAPTER XXV.

AT REST.

In the latter part of January, 1880, Stanley and Sarah Pumphrey landed in England and returned to their comfortable home at 41 Britannia Square, Worcester. His beloved sister Helen Eddington had passed away in his absence, but his sisters Lucy and Caroline gladly welcomed their brother home. In the spring of 1880, Stanley attended the Yearly Meetings of Dublin and London, and paid several short visits. In the autumn his only child was born. Always fond of children and a favourite with them, he had now what he spoke of as the "added treasure of a dear little daughter." Immediately after Christmas he visited Leominster, and gave an address on Bible revision at the annual meeting of the adult Bible class. He also delighted the children at the Orphan Homes with his American stories, and entered heartily into all that was going on, and many could unite in the child's remark, "It was so good of God to let him be with us then."

On the 8th January, 1881, though feeling unwell, he went to Sheffield to lecture on the religious teaching of the Society of Friends. The evening of his arrival he gave an address on America to the adult scholars, and the next day was at the usual meetings

of Friends, preaching impressively on the fulness of blessing which there is in Christ. On the 10th he was too ill to fulfil his engagement. His illness proved to be typhoid fever, and his wife was telegraphed for. He did not suffer acutely, and while keeping very quiet, enjoyed much blessed communion with the Lord. The complaint at first progressed favourably, but a relapse came on, and though all was done that medical skill and thoughtful consideration could suggest, it soon became evident that death was near: "I have clearly seen," he said, "that this sickness has been sent in the goodness of the Lord, and He is blessing it to me in many ways." Stanley wished to recover, that he might glorify Christ more fully, but when told of his danger, said, "If called to go, I am quite ready."

In God's unerring wisdom the call came, and on the 17th February, 1881, in the forty-fourth year of his age, he entered on the "perfect service in the Master's presence," to which he had looked forward as one of the brightest joys of heaven." As a little child his prayer had been, "I know what it is Thou wants; my will." That will had been surrendered to his Heavenly Father, and a truly consecrated life had been the result. His ministry, commenced in early manhood, was cherished and cultivated as a gift from God. With singleness of purpose he had relinquished business that he might devote himself wholly to the service of God, stirring up the gift that was in him, and seeking with unflagging diligence to fulfil the ministry with which he was entrusted.

The announcement of Stanley Pumphrey's death

fell with solemn awe on American Friends, as well as on his friends in England.

"Pumphrey Hall," for which he had diligently laboured, had just been added to the group of buildings for the coloured teachers in the Normal College at Southland, Arkansas, and as the letter arrived with the sorrowful intelligence, it was opened with trembling hand, and read with tearful eyes. At the Bible reading that morning, several of the students rose and testified that it was during his visit to Southland, that they found Christ precious to their souls in the forgiveness of sins.

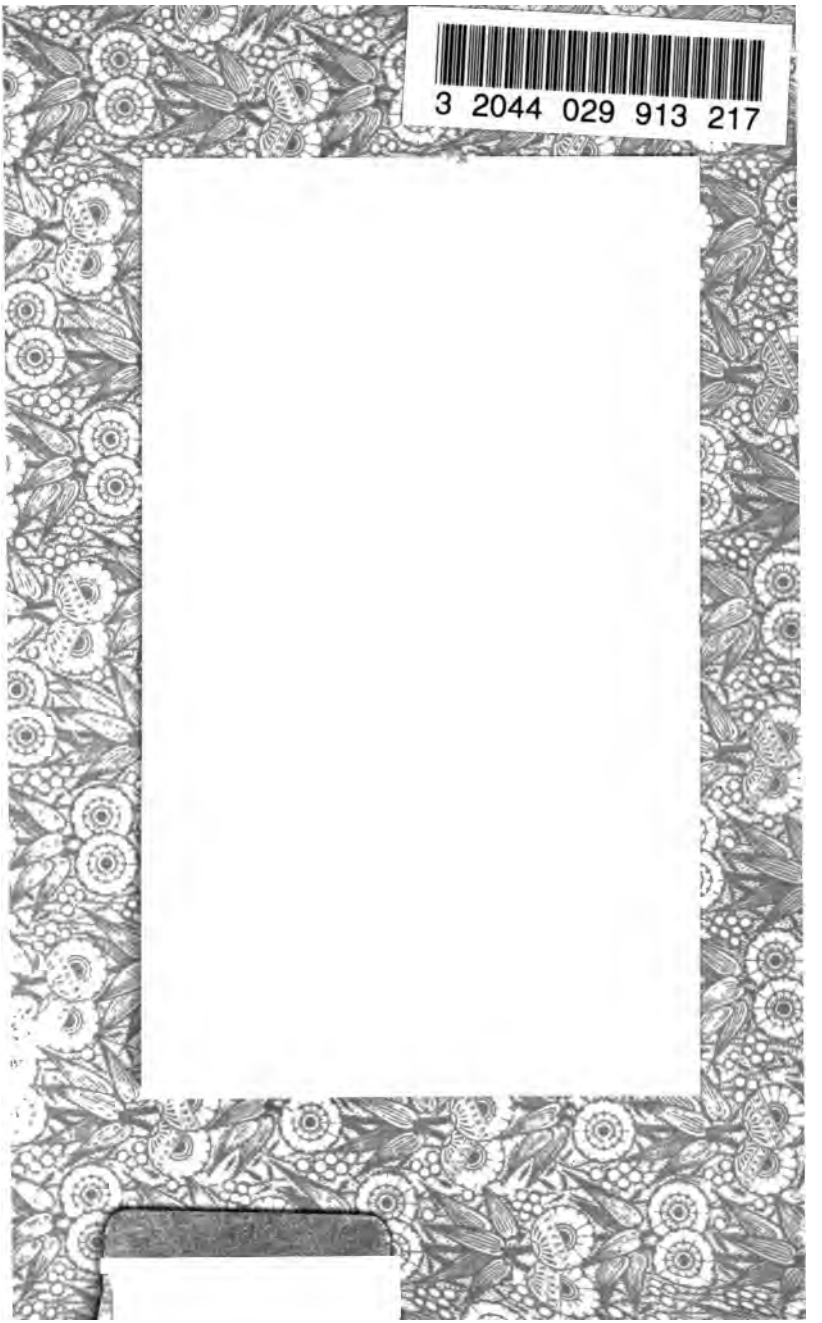
A series of meetings was being held in New York State at the time, and when the preachers returned to their lodgings in the evening, a letter was lying on the library table announcing Stanley Pumphrey's death. They all bowed in prayer and emotion, not a word was uttered, their hearts were too full.

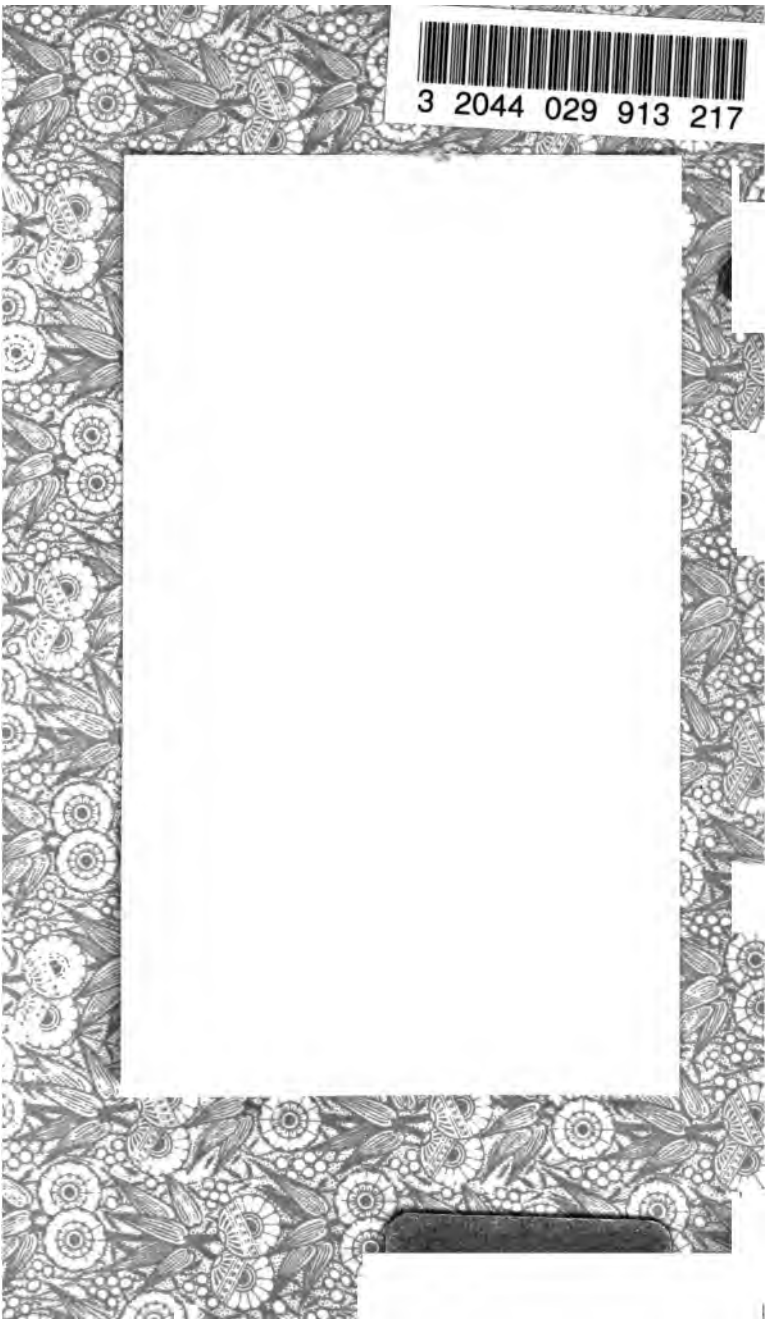
In the cabin of the Freedman,
In the Indian's shelter rude
All unshrinking stood our brother,
Pure in heart with soul subdued.
In our colleges and churches,
With a practised eye and hand,
For the common good he laboured,
Far throughout the wide-spread land.

"The lesson of such a life," exclaimed J. Bevan Braithwaite, "was granted to us in God's wisdom, and He has called us to an equally devoted service. Shall our young men be henceforth entangled in the intricacies of worldly pursuits, or led astray by

the splendid baubles of this world's flattery? Rather shall they not be willing, like Stanley Pumphrey, to count all things but dross, that they may win Christ! The Lord's hand is not shortened. In the devoted service of the Lord Jesus Christ, there are still to be found glorious liberty, and perfect peace, joy and praise."

END.


3 2044 029 913 217


3 2044 029 913 217